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June 12, 1937

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



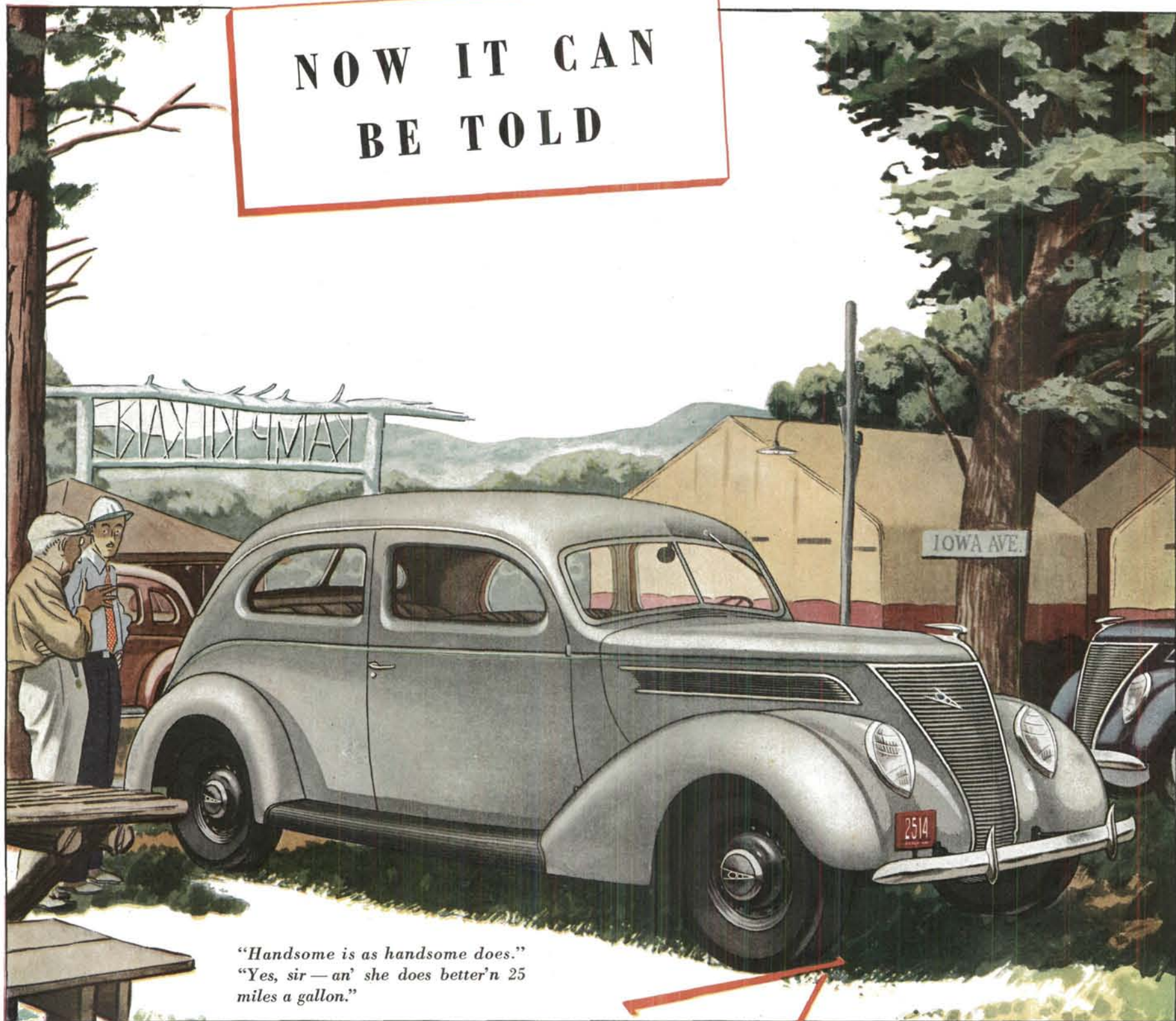
Navy Wings
BY W. B. COURTNEY

MRS. H. P. AUSHMAN
210 N. 22ND
KANSAS CITY
KANSAS
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JUNE 12, 1937

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NOW IT CAN
BE TOLD



"Handsome is as handsome does."
"Yes, sir — an' she does better'n 25
miles a gallon."

FORD "60" OWNERS REPORT 22-27 MILES PER GALLON

Ford V-8
FOR 1937

Long before the 60-horsepower Ford V-8 engine was offered to America, we knew it was capable of unusual economy.

Two years of hard usage in Europe had proved that. Road tests of all kinds proved it again.

But in keeping with Ford policy, no definite mileage claims were made until they could be established by owners in actual service.

Now the story can be told . . . Ford cars equipped with the new 60-horsepower V-8 engine are more than meeting expectations!

Thousands of private owners, cab companies, fleet operators, and others who keep careful records, report averages of

22 to 27 miles per gallon of gasoline. That is the highest mileage in Ford history — and Ford cars have always been famous for economy!

If you want a big car for a small budget, see and drive the 1937 Ford V-8 "60" for yourself.

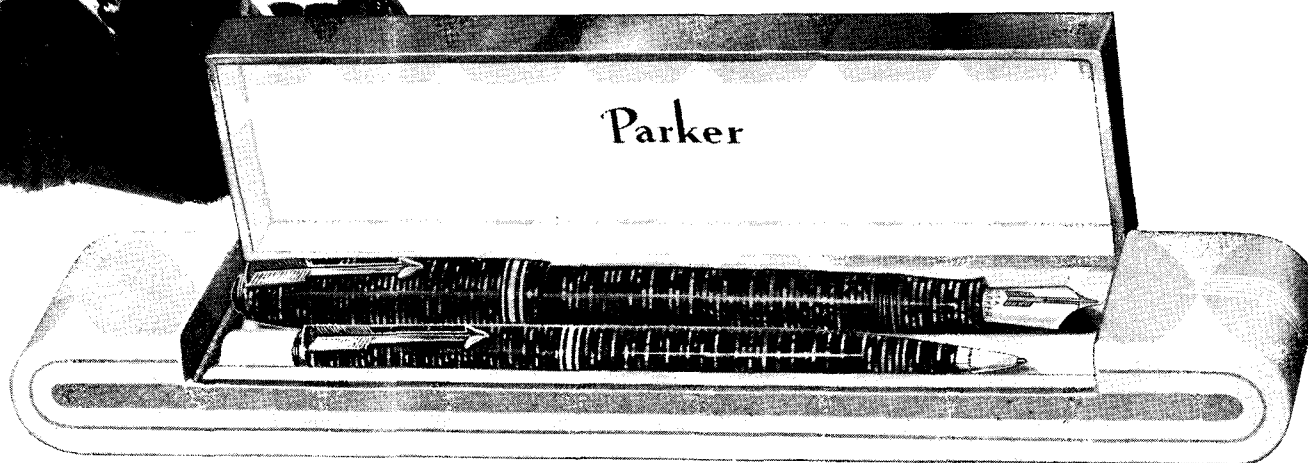
It's available in five standard body types — just as roomy and safe as the Ford "85." It has the same distinctive modern design and all-steel body. It delivers V-8 smoothness and quiet even at speeds up to 70 miles an hour.

And it brings you its brilliant operating economy at the lowest Ford price in years!





*The Gift They'd Pick if
the Choice Were Theirs...*



Parker Now Releases

The World's Supreme Pen \$10

A pen that does what no other pen can do—a Style that's wholly new, original,
exclusive—Luminous Pearl and Jet, streamlined and smartly laminated

The lordliest pen of them all—the Gift-Hit for Graduation!

People who think twice usually select a Gift for budding careers that their favorite Graduates will receive with transports of joy, and use every day!

Can you think of anything that will fill the bill better—or as well—as the revolutionary new Parker Vacumatic at \$10 (or slightly smaller at \$7.50)?

Holding twice as much ink as our famous Duofold, and showing the *entire* ink supply, it's a pen that never puts the brakes on a grand idea by running dry in the midst of writing.

Parker's Full Television Ink Supply performs the same function in writing that the gas gauge in front of the driver performs on your car. Without it you'd often get stalled on a country road, just as you often still get stalled in writing by a pen that hides the ink supply, if any, or shows the last drop only.

One young executive who is "going places" summed it up thus:—"I found I was better off to nick my budget and buy the Parker Vacumatic than to wreck my earnings by using an ordinary pen."

So eagerly wanted by college students is the

Parker Vacumatic that when 4,699 of them were asked by college newspapers, "Which make of Pen do you prefer?" this marvelous new invention received more votes than any other two pens combined!

It's a stand-out in popularity because it's a stand-out in performance. And it's guaranteed mechanically perfect because it's divested of 14 old-time parts still found in ordinary pens.

The Vacumatic's patented filler is based on a simple recoiling Diaphragm, safety-sealed in the top. Its Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and Solid Gold now contains 33⅓% more gold than formerly, yet at no higher price to you.

Treat yourself to the pleasant encounter of seeing it and trying it today at any good store selling Pens. And look for the smart ARROW clip—a clip that holds this lordly pen low and SAFE in pocket, handbag, or sweater. This ARROW identifies the genuine Parker Vacumatic. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

COPY, 1937, THE PARKER PEN CO.

To make your pen a self-cleaner write with Parker Quink, the new, pen-cleaning ink that dissolves deposits left in your pen by pen-clogging inks. 15¢, 25¢ and up at all stores selling ink.

FULL
TELEVISION
INK SUPPLY



HOLDS 102% MORE
INK THAN OUR
FAMOUS DUOFOLD

\$10

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T. M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, \$5; Standard, \$7.50 • Pencils, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5

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Collier's

June 12, 1937

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T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

THE mystery began just before the plane left the field at Las Vegas. It was a very small mystery at first. Peter Banyard's personal problem. What it amounted to was this: Why should the unknown but very beautiful girl who was in the plane when he got aboard be so emphatically and unnecessarily rude to him?

If the girl had been less beautiful or Mr. Banyard less determined the story might have stopped right there. But luckily it moves forward at a brisk pace until you find Park Avenue and the underworld spectacularly involved in a highly exciting serial. It is called, after Mr. Banyard, "Dangerous Young Man." The author is George F. Worts.

THERE may be some uncertainty about the exact method by which the widely advertised dictators in Europe rose to power. But nobody doubts that in each case it was carefully planned by the dictator in question. That's not Colonel Batista's story, however. "I was the most surprised man in Cuba," he says. Collier's sent Quentin Reynolds to Cuba to interview this unconventional dictator. Next week he reports in detail his accomplishments, views and astonishment.

YOUNG Captain Hargrave was a good seaman, but try to get anyone to believe it! Captain Hargrave's trouble was that his mother owned the line. She was a lady with definite ideas. The collision came in the course of an unquiet voyage which witnessed the slugging of a mate, a nicely timed rescue and an unexplained girl in the captain's quarters. Jacland Marmur is responsible.

JIM MARSHALL, exploring the new wonders of the Columbia River gorge, where the government is erecting monuments for posterity, met Mr. Ben Clark, a farmer. Mr. Clark was gazing with dispassionate interest at Bonneville. "Dam of Doubt" was his name for it, and that's the title of Mr. Marshall's article.

NOTHING short of a miracle could have made Bugaboo Jones and Iron Man part with nineteen dollars and fawty centses in the interests of evangelism. The Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, however, was ready to oblige. Roark Bradford tells you about it.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, Henry F. Pringle, Sidney Herschel Small, Arthur Mann, Henry Anton Steig, May Edginton and others contribute stories and articles. Watch closely.

This Week

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COVER

JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

WE ARE notified by Mrs. Juliette Branch of New York City that we've been elected to membership in the What's the Use Society, an organization of despair founded by Mrs. Branch after a somewhat harrowing experience. Mrs. Branch says she attended a meeting of the League for Less Noise. "With what any fair person might call a minimum of furor," says Mrs. Branch, "the league adopted a resolution to present Mayor Fiorella H. LaGuardia with a bound volume of a hundred letters from prominent private citizens and civic organizations commending him for what he has done to eliminate certain unnecessary noises in New York City. That night I tried to tell a few friends about the splendid work but they were unable to hear me, due to a furious roaring in a hall near my home. Had I not learned in the morning that it was Mr. LaGuardia making a political oration, I might have reported the disturbance."

IF THE league had a branch in Bowling Green, Kentucky, it might have achieved complete exhaustion a few days ago. From our Bowling Green scout, Mr. Robert L. Bra-shear, we learn that a colored boy, Wilson Harris, was celebrating something near the residence of Mr. Theo Withers. Wilson was celebrating with such abandon that Mr. Withers, awakened from a healthy slumber, added to the uproar with a shotgun. Somewhat dilapidated,



Wilson was dragged to court, where the judge fined him fifty dollars less one dollar for every shot that Mr. Withers' gun had pumped into him. Amid much unnecessary and highly noisy wrangling, the body of Wilson Harris was examined. Had it been left to Wilson the town of Bowling Green would have owed him a little money—say, a hundred dollars. But all the police would allow him was forty. Wilson Harris tried to ring in several warts, and a flock of old wounds, but he was outwangled.

YOU'VE probably been so busy that you haven't noticed a somewhat nasty situation in Arizona. That state, says Mr. Ray Billsarp of Bisbee, might very easily turn to revolt. Mr. Billsarp is not erupting theory, either. He has just been in New York and feels "that while

Arizona would not make much of a country all by itself, although there are some worse, we would rather be a nation all on our own than go on paying our good money into the national treasury to be shipped to New York to feed foreigners who are reds and spend their nights in night clubs and other un-American activities."

AND another thing—this one from Mrs. J. Obert of Cleveland, Ohio. Beware of pacifists. Mrs. Obert has studied the situation and finds that: "You never find a real pacifist in church. Pacifists are seldom Christians. It is a smoke screen for heathens, idolators and atheists. Prove it for yourself. Go out and ask a pacifist what church he goes to. He will sneer in your face."



NATURALLY we can't give you the name of this department's Italian observer. If we did we'd be put to the trouble of finding another observer. But he reports that "on a crowded motorbus a humble citizen suddenly wheeled and slapped the daylight out of an imposing-looking gentleman clad in the black-tasseled turban, boots and so on of a Fascist militia officer. Before the centurion could recover, an even humbler citizen swung on him from the other side. In the police station, the first humble citizen explained that the Officer of the Regime had stepped on his corn, causing him to lose all control. The magistrate nodded understandingly and turned to the second humble citizen. 'I'm sorry, sir,' said he, 'but I guess I lost my head too. When I saw this other gentleman slap the Officer of the Regime I just thought Our Day had come.'"

SNEERING in your neighbor's face and other impolitenesses may be turned to good account and Miss Lola Parker Penniman of Hollywood, California, is here to demonstrate. "Let all persons," says Miss Penniman, "who scoff at or deride the neighbors and all users of profanity be assessed five cents each time and turn the money in to the government. This would not only help balance the budget but would make us all happier in the broader sense of friendship and brotherhood."

HOW about an occasional sniff?

GETS "24 MILES PER GALLON" AFTER 60,000 MILES IN 8 YR. OLD PLYMOUTH

*The Car that
Stands Up Best—*

Twenty-five times on same 240-mile trip Plymouth gave this sensational mileage...has spent "next to nothing" on upkeep work... says A. F. Carroll, of Union City, N. J.

MR. CARROLL'S Plymouth is a '29 model...one of the first Plymouths ever built...and after 60,000 miles he says it *still* does as high as 24 miles per gallon of gas!

"I've checked that mileage 25 times...on a 240-mile trip I often make. Start with ten gallons of gas in the tank and finish the trip with a little left!

"And," says Mr. Carroll, "I rarely add oil between changes. The paint job is still good. Those hydraulic brakes always stop quick and straight. And my upkeep expense has been unbelievably low. Believe me, that's *economy!*"

BIG, New Plymouth is the Greatest Value of them ALL!

INTO THE BIG new Plymouth *still* more reliability and economy features have been built...increasing Plymouth's famed ability to stand up and save money.

Between the all-steel body and the frame are live rubber cushions...at each wheel, huge shock-absorbers like those on giant air liners.

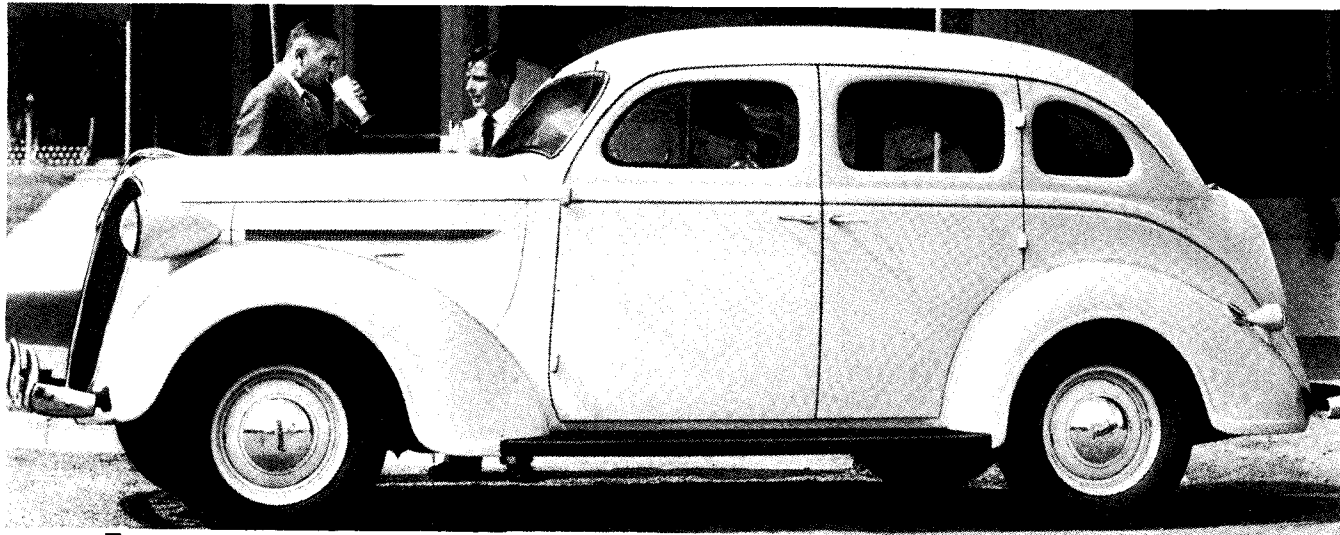
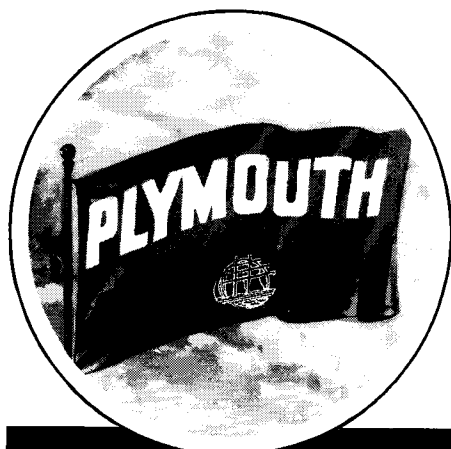
Plymouth's *double-action* hydraulic brakes are self-equalizing...its body is *all* steel. New scientific sound-proofing gives a real "hushed ride."

Drive this new Plymouth yourself...test its sparkling performance, its amazing handling ease...see how extra roomy it is, how comfortable. And remember...it's the car that stands up best! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p. m., E. D. S. T. Sponsored by Chrysler Corporation

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The Commercial Credit Company offers very easy payment terms through De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers.



THE BIG, NEW DE LUXE PLYMOUTH...the most beautiful, comfortable and economical Plymouth ever built.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

YOU GET THE EXTRA WEAR OF A SECOND PAIR



*MILES ahead in wear.....
Dollars ahead in economy*

Florsheim Shoes go a long, long way to maintain their high-mileage, low-cost reputation. And we mean *long* . . . for there's "the extra wear of a second pair" in every pair of Florsheims. Far past the point where the ordinary shoe has seen its last day, Florsheims go on giving days and months and miles of extra service. Florsheims *outsell* because they *outwear*. They're the largest-selling fine shoes in the world. They put you miles ahead in wear . . . and dollars ahead in economy. *Styles illustrated above: The SAXON, S-694, and The SHELTON, S-697; both of genuine buckskin . . . the Shelton with brown calf trim.*

MOST STYLES

\$9.50 AND \$10

THE
FLORSHEIM
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Manufacturers • Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Harpooned whales have been known to dive to a depth of 5,000 feet, where the pressure of water is more than a ton per square inch. In fact, one once plunged downward for more than a mile and broke its upper jaw by the impact on the floor of the ocean.—By Harry Simmons, New York City.

The carving of some small pieces of ivory is such delicate work that it can be affected by the vibration of traffic. Hence, men engaged in this art on or near busy thoroughfares in many large cities are obliged to do much of their work between midnight and dawn.—By John P. Rose, London, England.

After the World War, France honored its criminals who had died on the battlefields by destroying their prison records and immortalizing their names—with those of their fellow countrymen—on memorials and in historical documents.

Although most of the world's writing and printing is done with a black substance on a white surface, this combination ranks sixth in legibility. The first five, which can be read with greater ease under normal illumination, are, in order: Black on yellow, green on white, red on white, blue on white and white on blue.—By Nahum Z. Medalia, Boston, Massachusetts.

The longest part in any drama ever produced is said to be the title role in "Cyrano de Bergerac," which was written by Edmund Rostand in 1897.

Naturalists who have studied the movements of big game in many countries for more than a quarter of a century state that wild animals are usually led by a female when traveling in a pack or herd.

Among the Betsileos of Madagascar, a woman's funeral procession, when nearing the grave, turns around and goes back to her home for an hour to give her ghost its last opportunity to gather up anything that has been left behind. They believe that no woman, even when dead, ever leaves her home without forgetting something.—By Adelin Linton, Madison, Wisconsin.

Probably no set of drawings ever created a greater vogue than that of Charles Dana Gibson's "Gibson Girl," many of which appeared in Collier's. From about 1890 to 1914, she set the style in women's clothing, hairdressing and mannerisms; and her face, figure or name appeared on songs, chinaware, pillows, wallpaper and hundreds of other articles.

Although the law-enforcement agencies of this country are reputed to be highly proficient in the apprehension, identification and prosecution of criminals, 90 out of every 100 persons who commit serious crimes are never caught and convicted.

No position or spot in any ocean or sea in the world is more than 1,500 miles from land.—By B. Holmes, Yeadon, Pennsylvania.

Lithuania is virtually a forest of votive crosses, as nearly every family has erected one or two of these ornately carved symbols of Christianity, which usually range from 15 to 20 feet in height. The boast that they are all radically different in design was confirmed recently by a man who photographed 3,000 of them and found no two alike.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers.



Shaving Oddities

NO.
6

SHAVE OF DEATH!

AMONG THE GERMANIC TRIBES OF LONG AGO, YOUNG MEN WERE REWARDED WHEN THEY HAD SLAIN THEIR FIRST ENEMY, BY BEING ALLOWED TO SHAVE. GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR REWARDS YOU WITH THAT PRESTIGE SHAVE WHICH KEEPS YOUR FACE NEAT ALL DAY.



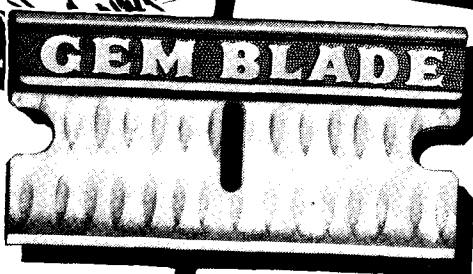
OFFICIAL BEARDS!

THE EGYPTIANS SHAVED FOR CLEANLINESS, WEARING FALSE BEARDS FOR OCCASIONS OF OFFICIAL DIGNITY. NOWADAYS GEM'S CLOSE, CLEAN SHAVES GIVE MEN THE DIGNITY MODERN LIFE DEMANDS.



IDEA FOR WIVES!

IF THE THOUGHT OF SHAVING AGAIN AT NIGHT PREVENTS YOUR HUSBAND FROM ATTENDING MANY A SOCIAL OCCASION WHICH YOU'D BOTH ENJOY, MAKE HIM A PRESENT OF A GEM RAZOR AND GEM BLADES. A MORNING SHAVE WITH GEM'S 50% THICKER BLADE, STROPPED 4840 TIMES TO A SUPER-KEEN EDGE, KEEPS A MAN'S FACE NEAT TO THE END OF THE LONGEST EVENING! SEE COUPON BELOW.



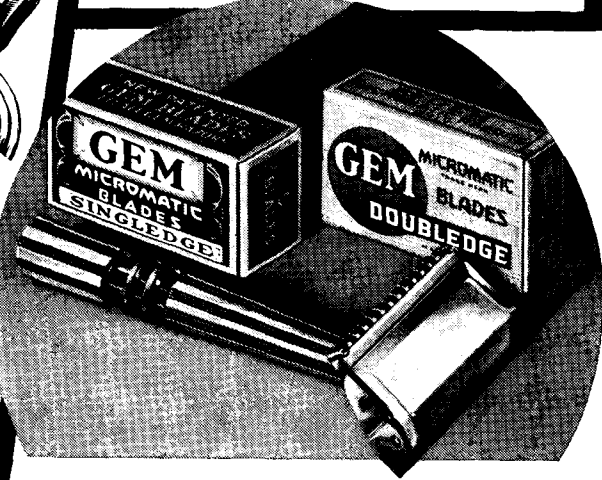
PERSONAL BARBER SHOP!

BUILT INTO THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR IS THE FACE-FITTING BEVEL WHICH COMPELS YOU TO SHAVE WITH MASTER-BARBER'S LONG, TUGLESS STROKE—IN EFFECT, A BARBER SHOP OF YOUR OWN, GIVING YOU MASTER-BARBER'S EASY, REFRESHING SHAVES! THIS IS JUST ONE OF GEM'S EXCLUSIVE FEATURES WHICH COST US \$660,000! GET A NEW GEM RAZOR WITH FIVE BLADES FOR \$1.00 FROM YOUR DEALER, OR SEND COUPON BELOW FOR EXTRAORDINARY 25¢ PROOF OFFER!



BARBER'S THEME SONG!

KOREAN BARBERS AT ONE TIME USED A BIG TUNING FORK TO SIGNAL THEIR ARRIVAL IN A VILLAGE OR STREET. TUNE UP YOUR FACE BY SWITCHING TO GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR FOR THAT COOL, EASY MASTER-BARBER SHAVE!



SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C43, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., Toronto, 2, Canada)

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GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

For perfect shaves—use a Gem in a Gem!

If you would know what comfort is—face shaving undismayed; insist on Gem, look for the name on each and every blade!



"And when the boy grows older - he'll be just as comfortable and safe in a
KNEE-ACTION CHEVROLET!"

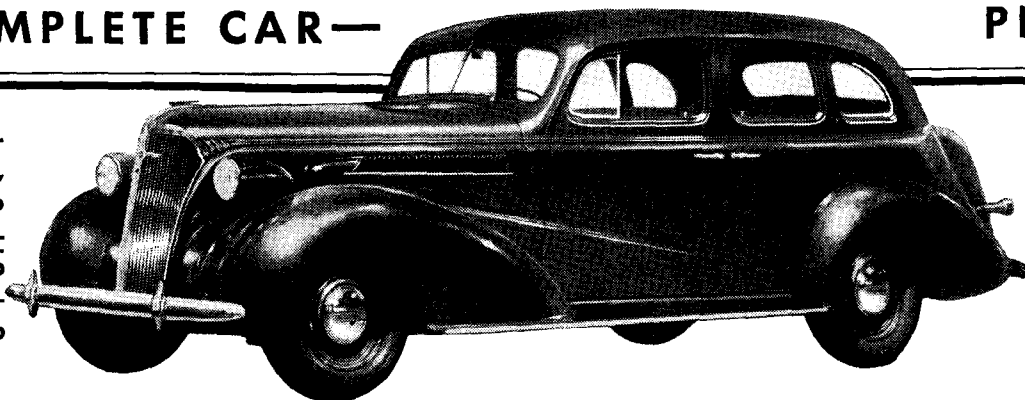
WE'LL VENTURE to say that this boy won't permit himself to become very much older without clamoring for his first ride in that wonderful new Chevrolet! And his parents are right! He *will* be every bit as comfortable in a Knee-Action Chevrolet* as he is in his bed at home. And he'll be *safe*, too! For Knee-Action levels out the ride, keeps the car steady on any road and at any speed, gives the driver *better steering* and *better control* than he could possibly have without it. Visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer today and order the only low-priced car that has Knee-Action*—the new 1937 Chevrolet!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—

PRICED SO LOW

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES—NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING—PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*—SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND



GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION — SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*. *Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only. General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse. 



LIGHT IN DARKNESS

By Thomas Walsh

The gripping story of a man who failed to hood-wink his own conscience

IT WAS raining as Walter came out of the bank—a soft spring rain that darkened the pavement before the steps and made a fuzzy golden glow of the tall street lamp at the corner. Falling on his face it was cool, immeasurably cool, the touch of it delicate and calm on his cheeks, soothing and quiet to his mind. He lifted his pale sharp face gratefully against it, going up Ellinton Street as the voices of young Kennelly and Joe Watts began to sound in the passage behind him, and pretending that he did not hear when Ally Harding shouted something after him about a car—why didn't he come along with them?

Silently and quickly he went up Ellinton Street, past the group in the doorway of the five-and-ten that, protected by umbrellas and the glistening dark shine of raincoats, waited there for the bus. After two blocks he came to the boulevard, where it was darker, colder, rainier, with the high buildings gone, and the open wind-swept space of the river on his right. Cars and buses went by fast with a slithery hiss of tires on the wet roadway; his bus, Number Four, rumbled by before he had gone a hundred yards.

It was, at half past five, stuffed with people, with folded newspapers, with faces and hats and extended arms swinging on their straps. He should have been in it, Walter thought; standing there by the fat man, holding onto his strap. And for a moment, as he looked into it, it seemed that he was there, he was swaying by the fat man, and the fascination, the compulsion, the curious urging tremor that had moved in him all day was strong again—a force that grew and grew until he did not dare to breathe for fear that breath would burst it.

He shivered, not from cold, for his face was hot again under the rain, but because of what might have happened if he had taken the bus. He could picture it clearly; he could feel the thing burst in him, and the flow of words swept from his lips. Listen, he might have said, touching the fat man's arm, and waiting until the fat man's face turned to him. You're reading about Louie Marion, you're learning how and when they're going to execute him tonight, because he killed John Harrington—because they think he killed John Harrington. Aren't you? But he didn't really kill him. I did, he could have told the fat man. I did. I killed John Harrington.

I killed him because he caught me, because he switched on the light and when I turned he was sitting at his desk, holding his gun, and I had to fire before he could. I didn't mean to kill him. I thought the gun would scare him—that's what I brought it for. But when the lights came on and I saw him I fired before I thought, my finger moved before I told it to. Still I killed him; he fell across the desk on his face, and I ran out and across the lawn and got away. No one saw me. But I killed him.

"Why?"—the fat man might have said. And, frightened, he'd have tried to get away. And then Walter could have shouted it out to all of them, to all the faces, to all the astounded eyes, with the thing in him burst now, and irresistible. The guy's Walter Robinson, a

"It took me a couple of minutes to find the paper I had signed. As I was turning to get up the lights went on"

voice might have said. I know him—sure. He lives on Shepherd Avenue and he's got a cute wife and a couple of kids. Maybe he's nuts. Maybe—Call a cop, buddy. Stop here. There's one. Hey! Hey! This guy—

Walter went on, through the rain. A fool would have taken the bus; he wasn't a fool. He knew that all he had to do was keep away from people, stay by himself, and it would be all right. In five hours it would be all over; in five hours Louie Marion would be dead. For five hours he'd have to be very careful; he'd have to fight the thing in him that was soundless and alive, that moved under his thoughts, always, always, as formless as fog, more substantial than light. But he could beat it, Walter thought; he had to beat it. He knew what it was.

Once in a book—a Russian book—he'd read about it. There was a man who'd committed a crime, who could never for-

get it, though no one knew about it; he thought of it all the time until one day, on the street, before a crowd of strangers, he'd got down on his knees and put his face against the earth and shouted out the thing he'd done. It had been fantastic. A man doing that! Yet, Walter thought, it's true. He could see it now. It was the crowd that did it, the people that didn't know, the people that must know. If the Russian had been clever, if he'd stayed by himself. Then, Walter thought, he could have beaten it. In five hours Louie Marion would be dead; between eleven and twelve, the papers said, he'd go to the chair. No one would know. They'd forget Louie Marion, as they'd forget John Harrington. And he'd be safe. He'd be safe until he died.

He wasn't a fool. He'd keep quiet. He'd— It faintly surprised him to find himself in Shepherd Avenue, before his house. Mechanically he climbed the steps and went inside. The clock on the living-room mantel showed him it was twenty to seven. Mechanically he looked at it, and added five hours to it in his mind. He wasn't a fool. No one, not even Eleanor—

The thought seemed to stop in him, frozen, while he walked into the kitchen, and said: "Hello, there," and hit young Walter on the head with his rolled-up evening paper. He couldn't kiss Eleanor because she was bent over the oven, basting the roast, so he said, cheerfully and loudly, "Raining out. That smells good," and touched her elbow for a moment. When he had washed his hands and removed his coat the meal was ready, and all he had to do was sit down, with the paper propped before him, and his head bent over it as if he were reading.

WHILE Eleanor served and poured young Walter's milk, she told him what a day it had been. Young Walter was an imp; and the baby, all afternoon, had been cranky. For a while then, as they ate, she was quiet, though all the time Walter could feel her eyes studying him.

"What is it?" she asked, after he had forced down his last bit of potato and pushed back his chair. "What's wrong, Walter? Why are you looking so queer?"

"Silly," Walter said. He bent over and kissed the back of her neck, and again, suddenly and without warning, the thing in his mind quivered, pressing and enormous. He could tell her now; he could say, "Eleanor, I killed John Harrington." Without effort, those few words—she would know. "Eleanor, listen—"

"Don't go imagining things," he said, with a painful breath. "Don't be childish."

Her eyes were worried and anxious. "But, Walter—"

He went into the living room. She would have been frightened, too, he thought, like the fat man. White, terrified, she'd have drawn away from him in the first reflex of horror, of involuntary revulsion. Even Eleanor—

He mustn't tell her. He knew that. Keep to himself, alone, in a spot where no one would hear him if he shouted it out. All he had to do was walk and walk, in quiet streets, in the rain. In five hours it would all be over. No one knew. After tonight no one would ever know.

Very quietly he took his hat from the peg in the hall and slipped out through the front door. Half an hour later, in a little shop on North Avenue he stopped for some cigarettes and then went on again, downtown, passing Lothrop Street, and Rayner, and Clinton, coming then to the row of tall gray apartment houses, with the little park before them, and McLean Place on the other side of that, dark, quiet, peaceful. All he had to do was walk through the park, not turning

into McLean Place when the paths crossed, not standing as he often had under the big oak, and staring at the third house down, on the left.

HE WOULDN'T do that tonight. He'd go past it to the river, to the benches that would be deserted tonight, even by lovers, to the darkness where he would be alone. And still when he didn't do that, when he turned without hesitation and took the left-hand path, going past the oak to McLean Place, and walking along the pavement there until he was outside the third house down, he felt no surprise. It was all right, he thought; he wasn't going to go in. Anyone could stop here to look at the house. That wasn't a crime. A crank could even go up the small stoop, the way he was doing now, ringing the bell at the top, and asking the maid if Mr. Woolrich was home. He hadn't told; he hadn't said a word; he could slip out now, with the maid gone,

vanished in the dim hall, and no one left to watch him. Or he could even stay, as he was doing, and wait for Martin Woolrich. Even yet there was nothing definite, nothing that could not be changed, taken back. He wasn't a fool, Walter thought; he wasn't going to—

Martin Woolrich, the State's Attorney, was a heavy-set man past forty, rather bald, with dark, sharp eyes and a masterful mouth. Opening a door on the right, showing Walter in before him with a brief smile and a nod of his head, he switched on the lights and took a cigar from his lips and closed the door behind him.

"I'm Woolrich," he said. "You wanted to see me?"

Walter nodded. When he spoke his voice was a little loud, but not shaky at all. It seemed to come out of him with a strength of its own.

"It's about Louie Marion," he said.

(Continued on page 55)



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE



"I knew he was innocent," Walter said. "I was sure they'd acquit him. I had a wife and kids to look out for"



It would come roaring around the corner in an excellent imitation of a racing driver's skid turn

Trial by Marriage

By Lucian Cary

The justifiable guile of Miss Milly Agnew, being the complete history of her pursuit, and capture, of a man named Travis

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

THEY say at other Middle Western universities that Minnewaska is a country club. They say that all they ever think of at Minnewaska is love and liquor. They say that the Greek Letter Council, with one member from each fraternity and sorority, administers all the discipline there is.

When they hear that sort of thing at Minnewaska they recognize the voice of envy and smile. They know it isn't like that. The dean knows it, too. He might admit that at first sight he thought Joe Travis was just another Psi Chi and that Milly Agnew was an unnecessarily pretty Gamma Gamma. But he would add that he soon came to rely on their sound sense and if, in the year they've been running the Greek Letter Council, they've handled a lot of difficult situations without his knowledge, why, that's the function of the G. L. C.

Nevertheless, it is true that the Gamma Gamma sorority house and the Delta Delta sorority house face each other across a narrow dead-end street that leads to the lake; and that between the many lovely girls in the one house and the many charming creatures in the

other house there is never anything apparent but a perfectly poisonous politeness designed to conceal the feud that goes on between them, in a war in which many a tender heart has been broken and many an innocent college boy has found himself suddenly and unaccountably behind the eight ball.

Last fall a Gamma Gamma named Judy Green was going places with a Psi Chi named Hewitt Harrington III. Mr. Harrington had been endowed by nature, as well as by rich and thoughtless parents, to be the object of co-ed contention. He looked a lot like Clark Gable. He was amiable, openhanded, and far less conceited than most young men would have been in his position. His only vice was a habit of getting places from forty minutes to four hours late. His parents gave him a large allowance, so many clothes that half the Psi Chi chapter wore them, and a French car built for road racing but fitted with a two-seated body and no top—an affair shaped like a cigar, all shining black lacquer and chromium plate and red leather upholstery.

From the first of October to Christ-

mas this car stood in front of the Gamma Gamma house whenever Judy Green wasn't going places in it. The Psi Chi house was only two blocks away and when Hewitt Harrington took Judy home he left the car with her and walked the two blocks. Every morning, when a bevy of Delta Deltas came out of their front door at five minutes of eight to run for an eight-o'clock class they saw that car in front of the Gamma Gamma house and were reminded that Hewitt Harrington belonged to Judy Green of Gamma Gamma. There wouldn't be a Gamma Gamma in sight. But as the Deltas reached Main Hall they would hear the machine-gun exhaust of that car far behind them and the next instant it would come roaring around the corner in an excellent imitation of a racing driver's skid turn and the flock of Gamma Gammas who had been clinging to it would hop off and into class.

The Deltas affected to despise the car and might have succeeded in belittling it if it had not been so irresistible to college men. They went for it as

(Continued on page 29)

Navy Wings

By W. B. Courtney

It costs the Navy fifteen thousand to train a flyer; naturally they're choosy about material. Only the best will do. But once you're admitted to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola you're in for one of the best flying courses in the world—and you're paid for taking it. When you finish you're a real pilot. This is what life's like for the baby pelican

SO YOU want to learn to fly? At the government's expense, of course. The need for young fellows like you being what it is today in armaments and science and commerce, you should not find the matter too difficult—provided you have all your teeth, wits, toes, glands and tax receipts.

Don't however, be like that young man from Pawtucket when you take pen in hand.

"Dear Sirs," he wrote to the Navy Department, "please send me at once a full and intelligible description of the uniform of Naval Aviation Cadets: design of buttons, markings, color, etc. Also be sure to enclose a swatch of the actual cloth, so that I may examine its texture. Furthermore, send a chart of the insignia colors and designs of your various type planes and squadrons; and photographs of the instructors. I think it is only fair to inform you that I am requiring the War Department to furnish me similar information with reference to the uniform of their Aviation Cadets and other things. It is my intention to compare all these points exhaustively before I make up my mind whether to go to Pensacola and be a Navy flyer, or to Randolph Field and be an Army flyer. Yours . . ."

The officer who told me about this letter was a bit wistful.

"It's a good thing," he admitted, "that boy didn't want pictures of the landscaping. The Army has got us there."

My own opinion, after prowling through both reservations with a sour eye, is that Navy fellows needn't be jealous. True, the Army had the advantage of a new place from scratch: it got a blob of empty acreage on the Texas prairie, a fat appropriation, and built a station conceived for aviation as well as dedicated to it. The Navy had to start with a moldy old fortress, centipedes, pirate legends and a commandant's house in which Mrs. Wally Simpson

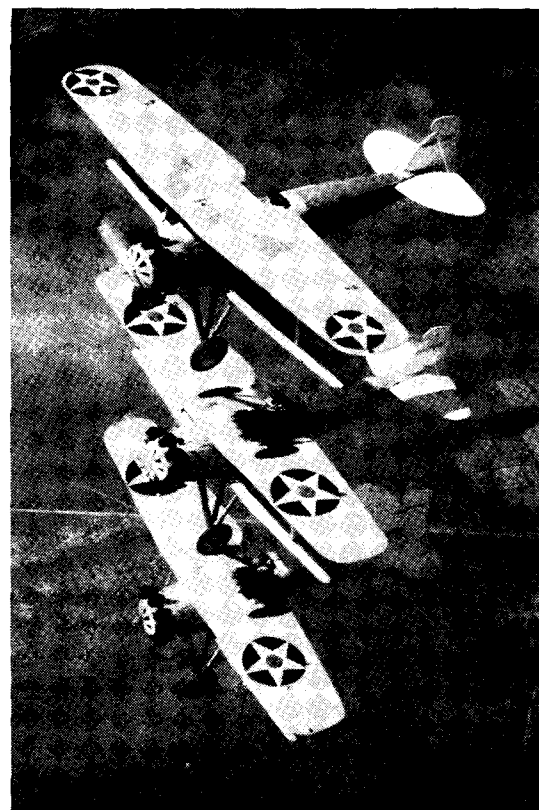
met her first husband. But if the Navy's Air Training Center was not laid out hexagonally, as a city of the future, it is picturesque and has that elusive salty charm.

In spirit, in method, in all the phases of technical education—tangible or intangible—the boss men at Pensacola believe their flight school is ahead of any other in the world; probably they are justified. Indeed, you can't argue with them if you first take an honest measurement by results: by, for example, the efficiency of our Navy in the air, with given equipment; its record, year after year, of safe operations even under necessarily hazardous conditions of mock war maneuvers; and the number of its bright young graduates who have gone into the cockpits of our great domestic and foreign air liners. One thing is certain: it's a most inspiring place to look in on for a day.

A Game Exclusively for Youth

There never has been a time when it has not been nice to be a young lad, with a clear eye and stout muscles, a smart head and a lilt in your heart. However, if you will come down to Pensacola with me now, and walk out upon the United States Naval Air Station there in a springtime morning, when the offshore breeze stirs the harbor into an endless pattern of diamond points, I'm sure you will agree that today's rewards for the qualities of perfect youth are more generous, more exciting, than ever before. I suppose this is because the years are a succession of doors, and the next one faced inevitably promises a wider and brighter room. These young men in Pensacola—on the ramps, where the bay water sloshes; on the runway margins—are training for the doors still unopened; they will bear future commerce, the safety of national welfare, on shining wings.

Only don't tell them so, or they'll make temple



wheels behind your back; because right now their profoundest thoughts are concerned with a game.

It is seven-thirty in the morning, and you are reminded of the scene at the daily opening of any Los Angeles public golf course when cars tear in from all sides and pile up at the gates, while the noise of brakes, ripping fenders, breaking glass, cursing drivers, police sirens and hospital wagons fill the air. Here, every fit airplane—land or sea type—on the station tries to get into the air at once. The commanding officers screw their eyes closed, press hands over their ears, shudder and pray. For the student flyers are playing their favorite game: "The last one up is a pelican!"

It all sounds, and looks, bad for lay nerves; but this school flew 54,000 miles in 1935 without a fatality, and the record for other years is nearly as good. This year some 200,000 hours of instruction and training will be flown. It's a busy place; and while the minutes after seven-thirty are not so boisterous, all day long the landplanes and seaplanes follow one another up, around, down, like elephants holding tails. There are approximately 700 young men fashioning their wings in Pensacola now. They have come from all over the country, and from its possessions; from the Navy, the Coast Guard, the Marines and colleges—officers, enlisted men and civilians. Occasionally there is a courtesy student from abroad, so widespread is the fame of Pensacola's excellence: Lieutenant A. Marengo of the Argentine Navy, for example, was a recent graduate.

A New Rank in the Navy

Classes are rotated like crops at Pensacola; every month a new batch of fledglings is planted—and in precisely one year each tender shoot has either sprouted to full glory or wilted.

You will not fail if you get into Pensacola, of course; so the point now, I suppose, is to find out how you can become one of those fortunates who appear on the first of each month and hand your priceless orders to the Man, then line up with bright and smiling faces and lisp "Good morning, teacher," to Commander Studley.

Once upon a time you had to be a graduate of

Annapolis, or at least a member of the commissioned or enlisted personnel of the floating arms, in order to get Navy wings. Annapolis, in modern times, gives all its boys a taste of aviation—an indoctrination course of ten hours or so of flight, mostly theory and observation, with virtually no handling of the controls. Then, if bitten, you apply for assignment to aviation; but first you must spend two years with the fleet. It is a long-haggled naval principle that naval aviators must be naval officers, just as submarine or mine-layer commanders must be naval officers—that naval aviation is indivisible from the Navy.

While this dogma has not been jettisoned, it has been tacitly relaxed; partly due to the difficulty of finding—without depleting other essential branches of the Navy—enough officers who meet the extraordinary physical and emotional requirements of aviation. Part of the Navy's long-range aviation program and policy is recognition of the need for flexibility; and it is encouraging for a taxpayer to note the admirals do not hesitate to step along with shifting conditions. Thus, in April of 1935, on the recommendation of naval authorities, Public Bill Number 37 was passed by Congress. It created a new rank in the United States Navy—Aviation Cadet of the United States Naval Reserve. The first class of pelicans arrived in July of the same year; and today, of the seven hundred odd students at Pensacola, the majority are from civil life.

You are not a member, of whatever rank, of the uniformed services: just a smart boy graduate of Middlebury College, say. Don't waste your time if you wear glasses or have false teeth. You get an application blank from the commandant of whichever of the Thirteen Naval Districts is nearest your home. You assure him you are between the ages of twenty and twenty-eight; that you will serve four years and not give in within two of them to the blandishments of the girl who is willing to share your lot; that you have a degree (two years of college work, or its equivalent knowledge if you have outstanding experience, might get you if you're an extraordinary fellow; but it is a dim hope) and that the likeness pasted to the left-hand margin is really you. If your photograph and your illiteracy do not scare him off, you may be advised to report to the District Headquar-

ters—at your own expense—for interview and physical examination.

The latter is the most exacting known. Under it, eight or more applicants of every ten fade away. If your muscles and your wits are top-notch and the Bureau of Navigation in Washington accepts your nomination, you will be enlisted as a second-class seaman in the Naval Reserve and given within the District an elimination flight course of thirty days. You get at least ten hours of dual control work and make a solo flight. In other words, you are well on your way to the requirements for a private pilot's license before you are finally accepted for naval flight training; this is a unique feature of the system, and one of the Navy's most important contributions to aviation.

Discipline Comes First

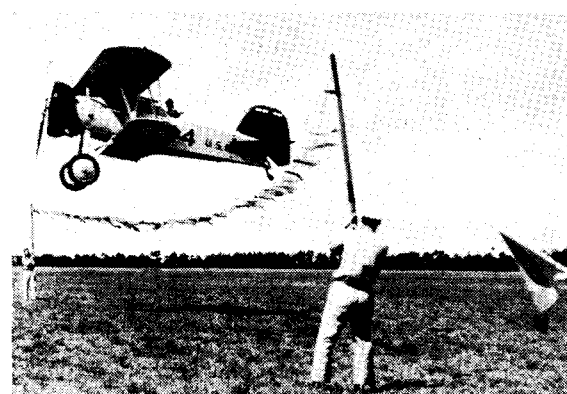
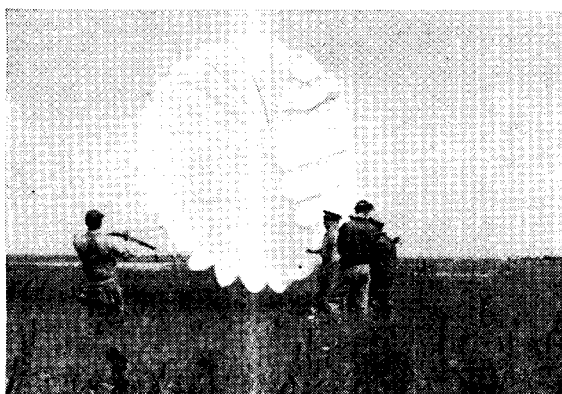
Even though all this is behind you on the great day when you report to Pensacola, don't think your acceptance there is assured or that you are a flyer. First thing, you are herded into the Flight Surgeon's office and the physical examination you got at the District Headquarters is as nothing compared with this one. Three or four men are weeded from each incoming batch of 70; on their way home, with broken hearts, before they have fairly arrived. Moreover, if you are stamped okay by the doctor—and are still sane after tussling with co-ordinators, reaction machines, psychoanalysts and other features of a torture chamber more fiendish than anything devised by the Spanish Inquisition—you still do not fly. You face, instead, a month of "indoctrination"—the new word the Navy has learned from Russia. Any day now you may expect the benzine board, which rubs out backward students, to be named officially the "Liquidation Committee."

During your first month you get squads right, learn which is your left shoulder, how to build a fire without matches, how to lace your own shoes, how to tell a lieutenant senior grade from a movie-theater doorman, how to say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" and be otherwise polite, and how to be seasick in the graceful Navy fashion. The tug Montcalm and a destroyer are kept at Pensacola for this purpose; and you make brief cruises on the near-by gulf, and learn how to fall down

Between the aviation cadet's first trip up with his pilot-instructor (opposite page) and his final solo flights in formation lie four years of the world's most difficult course in aviation

Dropping torpedoes (below), parachute practice and "rope skipping," or spot landing practice, are part of the routine at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U. S. NAVY



hatchways and trip over mainsails. When another naval vessel innocently puts into Pensacola for a visit, it is immediately commandeered for this indoctrination work—and the captain usually has white hair by the time he escapes.

It all sums up: Discipline. Most of the lads take this Boy Scout phase in good part; they make the discovery that "discipline" is merely the military synonym for "courtesy," perhaps a little more formally expressed in a barracks or on a battleship than it is in your office. There was one boy, however, who could not swallow the saluting and the bugles and parades. He wrote a five-page letter of resignation, saying that it "preyed on his mind." He was good material and there really was no excuse for the Navy to accept his resignation. So the officers jollied him along; and now he is among the Wings of the Fleet.

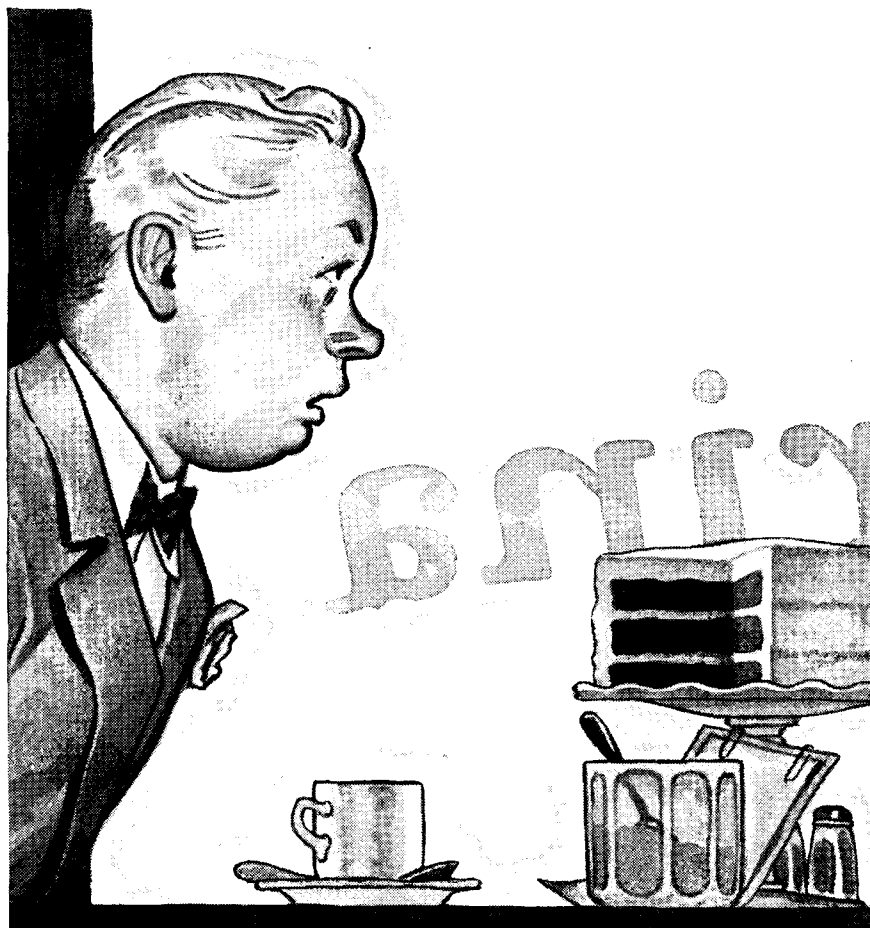
You get complete uniforms and kit, a dollar a day for subsistence, \$75 a month pay, during the year of training at Pensacola. For your three years of active service as Aviation Cadet you get \$125 a month plus a subsistence allowance. All the while, the government carries a \$10,000 life insurance policy for you—and pays the premiums. When your four years are up, you are commissioned Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve—an indignity which is somewhat ameliorated by the gift of \$1,500 in cash. All that, however, is in the far and uncertain future on this morning when you first report to the Pensacola air-training center. Have a good look around before you begin playing sailor; you are on mighty interesting and historic ground.

Pensacola, away down (Continued on page 40)

The Rain Runner

By Frank Condon

One of the few instances in race-horse annals where a woman's perfidy confounded nature. The true story of the miraculous drying-up of the Pernambuco track when mud meant money to Harmony Childs & Co.



When we required the little rabbit, there he would be, drinking coffee and gazing upon Viola like a sick sheep



WE ARE all three of us down there in the town of Pernambuco amid the heat waves, and for once in our wandering lives we are doing elegant. We have at least eight hundred dollars in cash; we reside in a sunny boardinghouse, with a fat woman named Felice; the food is hot, plain and good and there we are slowly getting rid of our colds and lumbago. That is why we are in Pernambuco, which is one of the hottest and driest of towns and is very good for colds.

In the early part of the winter, we catch these colds up in California, the season being chill and dampish and the state of California trying to pretend it is Siberia or Iceland. Everybody has colds, but we have the worst, attached to Harmony Childs, Omar Gill and myself, and, fortunately for us at this time, Omar's Uncle Porter dies up in Canada, leaving an estate of sixteen hundred dollars, half of which goes to Omar's mother.

With the remaining eight hundred, the three of us leave sunny California to its exceptional icicles and head for Pernambuco, where a man can get warm. Harmony Childs is naturally in charge of Omar's eight hundred, as we have always been one for all and all for one, and, furthermore, we long ago learned never to trust Omar in the handling of currency over three dollars. Omar will never be a mental giant and is a perfect idiot about two items—money and women. Harmony therefore carried our community coin and everything went along smoothly, including our colds.

We became acquainted with everybody in the town, the butchers, grocers, barbers, shopkeepers, pool-hall owners, drugstore idlers, soda-fountain lads and all sorts and conditions of casuals. It made us proud to think we had so many friends in one town, a sort of record for our trio. Harmony has a genuine gift for getting people to like him.

The main business of the city of Pernambuco in the winter season is, of course, its horse racing and its lovely track, surrounded by mountains, flowers and tropical trees. The track lies in a natural bowl and the townsfolk are

mighty proud of their plant. Visitors pile in from all over the world to watch the horses run, and although we went over afternoons and looked on, we never wagered a penny—not one. Harmony Childs is a race shark and knows horses and owners from here to the China Sea. It was our leader who warned us against betting, so we wandered over daily, loafed in the stand, drank soda pop, ate peanuts, chatted with our friends, and this was our harmless way of living, when a couple of minor incidents occurred and came to our notice.

Omar Gill began strolling into an eating house called the Golondrina, a reformed streetcar, spending money in the place, despite the fact that he could eat free with us at the Felice boardinghouse. Naturally, there was a simple explanation. He had found himself a new, black-haired, black-eyed, sassy little woman named Viola, last name missing. She ran the restaurant and apparently made eyes at the customers and it takes Omar about fifteen minutes to go utterly insane over a new and friendly dame.

FROM then on, when we required the little rabbit and couldn't find him, we peered into the Golondrina, and there he would be, drinking coffee and gazing upon Viola like a sick sheep.

That was one of the items—Omar and his infatuation with the handsome pie cutter, and we were worried, for when Omar goes balmy over some frail creature, it has always meant one and only one thing—trouble. The second incident happened out at the race track, where we began to notice a strange phenomenon indeed. There was a horse called Jelly Foot, a little brown animal about as large as two St. Bernard dogs, and no matter which jockey rode Jelly Foot, no matter how many horses were in the race, no matter was it a mile or six furlongs, Jelly Foot always came in last. And not any close, or photo-finish last, but a good, remote last, with maybe the length of a coal car between him and the dilatory skate ahead.

We studied this situation for race after



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

race, never wagering a cent of our eight hundred, for, as stated, Harmony knows horses like a moth knows fur.

"It is a queer thing about that Jelly Foot horse," he said musingly, on a day when the little brown loafer had finished ninth among nine horses. "I have a good notion to walk over to the stables and have a look at him."

"For what?" asked Omar. "Why would anyone be interested in looking at such a delayed horse?"

"He cannot be as bad as he seems," replied Harmony, who for years has been the real brains of our trio. Harmony is a natural thinker and planner and if we have avoided starvation and county jails all these years it is largely due to the brightness of our leader's mind and his alertness in emergencies.

The next morning, we accompanied him on his curiosity trip to the barns, as I like the smell of horses anyway and Omar had nothing to do until Viola went on duty. A horseman named Ben Driscoll was the owner of Jelly Foot, and with Ben we already enjoyed a nodding acquaintance. He was a pleasant, fat, rosy old coot, owner of a number of horses at Pernambuco track, none of them sensational.

AT OUR first visit to the barns, Ben was absent, but there was a handler in charge and I would venture to say that Harmony spent at least one hour walking around and around the brown horse, looking into his mouth, eyes and ears, poking him mildly in the ribs, feeling his legs and otherwise acting like a man who knows horses. I know nothing about them, and neither does O. Gill, except that you bet on them and the bookie keeps your money. Omar is furthermore afraid of ponies, as he is afraid of almost everything.

When we finished the scrutiny and headed back to town, Harmony wore a broad grin, and seemed tickled with himself, like a boy who has just found a two-dollar baseball in the ash can. He chuckled aloud, broke into "ha-ha's," slapped himself on the leg and was generally annoying.

"Well, what is it?" I inquired.

"I thought all the while there was something screwy about that little racing flea, and there is. He's a ringer, that's what he is. That horse isn't Jelly Foot at all. That horse is rightly a three-year-old called Badminton and has run on the Eastern tracks as such; and now look at him out here, parading around as Jelly Foot. . . . Ho-ho. Joke on Pernambuco."

HE BROKE into further mirth and Omar glared at him.

"I don't see what difference it makes," said our penance. "whether his name is Jelly Foot, Badminton or East Aurora, New York, for he can't beat any other horse in any race, or even a good, fast goat, so why even discuss the poor animal? By rights, they should put him on pension in some quiet home for horses."

"Nobody expects you to know it," continued our head man, "but the horse is Badminton, and I know it, and Badminton is a horse that runs in the rain and nowhere else but the rain. Badminton is a wet-weather gee-gee and will not even try to get his legs going in dry times. He is probably the greatest mud runner in existence today, a miracle horse, and I will bet you four dollars Ben Driscoll doesn't know it. There is some kind of racket going on out here."

"All right," said Omar with an air of finality. "Let us just forget the whole thing. It is none of our business."

"Forget nothing. We are going to buy Badminton, alias Jelly Foot."

Omar suddenly stopped walking and began making hoarse noises in his throat. He glared fiercely at both of us, although I had nothing to do with it.

"You're going to buy him," he howled. "With my money? With the money left me by my uncle Porter? Over three dead bodies and all mine! There is a skate that never yet saw anything but the back end of other horses and you talk about buying him. Well, you have done a good many things to me, but you cannot buy that hay burner with my money."

"It isn't your money, my fat friend.

It is community dough, one third belonging to each of us, as has always been the case. For safekeeping, I happen to hold it, for you would lose it between here and the next green light. About that horse, we buy the horse, instantly and for a song."

"That is going to be the saddest tune you ever piped," snorted the little man. "When we get this doodlebug, what do we do with him? Sit around and watch him run last for us, or just stuff him and put him on the mantel?"

"No," answered our chief with a chuckle. "We never watch him run last, for that he will not do again. But we also do not enter him to race in dry weather, not being fools. We are buying the horse to save him for wet weather, and when that comes, we three ordinary citizens can get rich in one afternoon. Do you stop to think of the price against Jelly Foot? You will have more money, Mr. Gill, than you can haul home in a little boy's red wagon."

Omar continued to walk gloomily into town, shaking his head and cursing the day he ever associated himself with us. Having nothing but what you might call a kitchenette mind, Mr. Gill has never thought up any genuinely good schemes for taking money away from an innocent proletariat. . . . He actually did figure out one year a system by which we sold gold or near-gold watches to new-made widows and it was three days before

Harmony could get us out of the local jail. Nevertheless, he doubts Harmony and me, sneers at our finest efforts to live without actually working. On his fat countenance is a bright look that fools people until they know him.

"In the first place," he grumbled, "the scheme is cockeyed from start to finish and will never make us a dime. It hasn't rained here, has it? It never rains here. This is a hot and dry town, which is why we came. You are talking about rain and a muddy track. That's nonsense. And if you ship that skate to some other track, they will find out he's Badminton and not Jelly Foot and we'll all be pinched. You're getting old and silly."

"It will rain," said Harmony, "and we are going to buy the horse. It always rains down here, if you wait, so shut up. We are trying to make you wealthy and you fight us."

NEXT morning there was a horse deal in Pernambuco and the negotiations were few and simple. We paid a call on Ben Driscoll, who was at the track watching another of his four-legged assets, and Harmony wasted no time.

"That Jelly Foot thing of yours, Ben," he began. "For sale or not?"

"Sure, he's for sale," returned Driscoll, with just the sign of a smile. "There might be a champion race horse."

"Yes," said our leader. "I've been

(Continued on page 51)



Emergency Wife

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

The Story Thus Far:

LINNET MARCH will lose her job in London if she marries. So, when Kenneth Basil, a small-salaried young engineer whom she loves, proposes to her, she remembers the relatives who are dependent upon her—and gives him an emphatic “No.”

Hearing of Basil, Max Faverel, an executive of an engineering firm headed by the powerful Sir Andrew Porter, decides to offer him a position in Roumania—if he is married!

And Basil gets the job, thanks to Linnet, who succeeds in convincing, or half-convincing, Faverel that she and Basil have been secretly married. To carry out the deception, she persuades Basil to carry with him a key to her flat—he may, she realizes, need one when he and Faverel are together. Then, called away from London by the illness of a great-aunt, she sends her “husband” a note. Basil replies, using Linnet’s London address. His letter is not forwarded.

The great-aunt dies. But before Linnet can return to London, Basil leaves for Roumania, by plane. With him, seeing him off, is a man whom he has met through Linnet: Hero Winter. Having tagged and addressed Linnet’s key, he has forgotten to mail it. Winter, a thorough-going scoundrel, promises to put it in a mailbox. And the plane roars away.

Winter goes at once to Linnet’s flat, lets himself in with the key, and, finding Basil’s letter, appropriates it. A few minutes later, a caller arrives: Max Faverel! And a few minutes later, Faverel is dead—killed by Winter in a drunken rage! . . . Linnet returns. She finds Faverel’s body. And she finds Basil’s key (carefully placed by Winter where it will be seen)!

Desperate, in need of advice, she telephones Winter and implores him to come to her. He comes, pretends to be frightfully shocked. Then, with the key in his possession, he disarranges the flat, calls the police and convinces them that a burglar has committed the crime. After which, he calmly informs Linnet that she will marry him, or he will expose Kenneth as the murderer.

A week end with Sir Andrew and Lady Porter in the country comes as a welcome relief to Linnet. But, seated with them, she finds herself thinking: “I shall never see Kenneth again!”

VI

EXPECT ye are longing to rejoin yere husband,” Lady Porter said firmly.

“What we’d both like to ask,” the old man put in with infinite kindness, “is why ye and yere young man wanted to make a secret of the marriage.”

So, feeling her way, Linnet sensed that Faverel had given no hint at all, had kept intact such meager confidence as she had been obliged to make. “Had I been in yere husband’s shoes, I’d have been so proud that I’d have wanted to boast about it everywhere,” Sir Andrew said emphatically.

“There were—difficulties.”

“Ye’ve only to tell us if ye care to, my dear,” Lady Porter answered.

Linnet allowed herself the impulse of partial revelation at least. “The business world has to be pretty hard; we’ve both been very poor, Kenneth and I. And we’ve both had responsibilities, you know. Relations.”

Lady Porter said, smiling: “We had relations oursel’s, verra, verra long ago, when we were young like you.”

Sir Andrew remarked quietly: “If yere brother-in-law gets this living, ye’d be easier, eh? Ye help with the children, eh? Conseedering yere brother-in-law’s wife, and his verra nice sister-in-law, the living’ll be his.”

She thanked him, smiling: “It’s wonderful.”

Yet nothing could be wonderful any more. The thing that had festered in her mind, from the moment Hero had shown her the latchkey, was this:

Kenneth left Faverel lying in my flat—for me to explain.

Yet she did not find herself loving Kenneth less. She even loved him more for this outrageous trust in her ability to explain; to handle any situation—however terrible.

It showed him to her as weaker than she had ever guessed, but a stronger maternal tenderness informed her love; reinforcing it. She felt that her love for Kenneth was deathless.

Lady Porter was watching her.

“Ye’re a workingwoman, my dear?”

She could easily tell them about her five-hundred-a-year job at Pelham and Penley’s as against Kenneth’s two-hundred-and-fifty-a-year job at Porter and Bradley’s; and his feelings and her feelings thereon.

“Though I wasn’t at all rich. Somehow it all had to go; every penny.”

She could talk safely about Great-Aunt, too; and Kenneth’s young step-brother.

THEY listened with tender comprehension.

“But if only ye young people knew what we know now about life and what is most worth-while,” Sir Andrew assured her, “ye’d have married and let things sort themselves out.”

“Eh, Andrew, but we didn’t know it at their age!”

“We got married, though.”

“I wasna a five-hundred-a-year executive,” said Lady Porter roguishly.

“Though,” she added to Linnet with

pride, “I always knew my man here could be anything.”

“Ye hear her compliments, Mrs. Basil. Well, now, but do we understand ye married in a hurry because young Basil found himself ordered to have a wife?”

Linnet thought for quite a long while over her answer, stroking the dog’s head.

“We hear,” the old man said, waiting patiently, “that ye couldn’t manage to marry because of yere dependents, but that now ye are married. On the strength of the improvements in yere husband’s prospects, I take it?”

It will be too difficult to keep it up, Linnet thought. And so she found herself confessing. She told them of her rash decision as she waited in Kenneth’s rooms for his return, and how angry he had been; and how it was then too late to draw back; and of coaxing Kenneth to think it such fun; and of his stubborn mind which balked even at a pseudo-wife who was richer than he; and at using her flat and forks and spoons!

The old woman laughed at all this.

“Ye’d have been like it yersel’, Andrew!”

But when the story reached Faverel, Linnet felt a faint frost in the air, and knew that the old people were aware, as surely as if they had been told, of Faverel the *flâneur* as well as of Faverel the partner and businessman.

“This child has had a har-rd time with them all, Andrew,” Lady Porter remarked.

“But it’s over now? Ye’ve dropped all

(Continued on page 72)



“Verra fine; verra fine, Andrew,” the old lady said. And Sir Andrew: “That’s riding, that is.” But it was really for Linnet that Hero rode that afternoon

Nobody Loves the Coxswain



By
**Alastair
MacBain**

Any good crew is in a state of war, with eight husky oarsmen on one side and one diminutive cox on the other. And the cox always wins—as long as they're in the shell. Mr. MacBain, assistant coach of the Columbia crew, describes the woes of this indomitable figure

Coxswain Rosencranz gets his traditional reward after leading Washington's Huskies to victory

THE race is over, the yachts at the finish line are cranking their sirens and tying down their whistles in a single continuous blast, the alumni are leaping and falling off the observation train, waving Dearold pennants and chanting Dearold songs in riotous celebration. A half-mile upstream, before the Dearold boathouse, the eight winning oarsmen stand at the edge of the float, in tight rowing trunks and sagging wool socks, their bodies gleaming with sweat, their chests still heaving after the gruelling four-mile dogfight they have just won.

Are they exulting in their triumph? Are they thumping each other across naked shoulders, hugging each other, capering in sheer joy? Are they anticipating breaking training at last after months of self-denial? Are they planning to polish off a dozen beers, or look up a sweetheart or two back home, or paint the town with Dearold colors tonight? Not a bit. Their faces are grim, their jaws set, their eyes burning with a single thought.

"All right," the stroke mutters significantly, "now let's get that damned coxswain . . ."

Together they close in on a cocky little figure in oversized white ducks and a sun-bleached baseball cap, his tiny megaphone still strapped to his face. One grabs him by a flailing arm, another by the scruff of his neck, another by the laces at the back of his pants, another by a kicking moccasin. In silent unison they swing him once, twice, three times . . . and he end-over-ends into the air, executes an impromptu jackknife, lands with a splash and disappears beneath the surface of the water.

His head bobs up again instantly, he squirts a contemptuous stream of water through his megaphone. "Come on, gang," he orders. "Get hold of that shell. Lift 'er wide. Take it easy, there, you clumsy bunch of . . ."

Who is this stepchild of the varsity squad, this ninth member of an eight-man crew, this persistent little pain in the stern? Why does he take this annual abuse: kicked, cussed, always blamed for everything that goes wrong, never praised for anything that goes right. Why are coxswains?

A Beating from All Concerned

For a coxswain's life is not a happy one. From the middle of March until the end of June he takes a daily beating from the elements, the coach and the crew. When the oarsmen first take to the water, in the freezing spring winds, he sits huddled in his little compartment in the stern of the shell, usually in a pool of ice water that has sloshed over the washboards. Whitecaps break over the stroke's outrigger and roll into the coxswain's shivering lap, up his sleeves, even into his megaphone. He grows numb with cold as he drives the eight complaining oarsmen into the teeth of the gale.

"What are you crabbing about?" he shivers. "At least, you lucky bums can keep warm rowing."

The arrival of spring does not ease his troubles. When the weather grows warmer, a merciless sun arrives to blister the back of his neck, and his eyes ache at night from the steady white glare on the river. Day after day, his body is shaken and bruised by the buck-

ing shell. At each quick catch of the oars in the water, for instance, the base of his spine bangs into the hard slanting board at the back of the washbox, and his head snaps forward sharply at each shoot-away, as though from an invisible rabbit punch. If he pulls a bad boner, moreover, there is always the very visible menace of the stroke's huge fist, gripping the end of the oar and swinging within three inches of the coxswain's nose each time he stretches out to the full reach.

Nor is it only the elements that give him a daily beating. The coach's megaphone seems always to be trained on him from the pursuing launch. "Don't you know enough to take your crew inshore out of rough water, cox? You haven't got brains enough to keep your ears apart . . ." His weight is of vital concern to the eight oarsmen—after all, they have to lug the little weasel around—and they become self-appointed guardians of his diet and exercise. At training table they steal his dessert. They rinky-dink the scales before the coach weighs him in. They hide wrenches and railroad spikes in his hip pockets to make it look as though he had gained overnight. They bundle him in towels and sweaters and jumpers and sweat pants, and make him jog along the railroad tracks in the blazing sun, with oarsmen stationed at appropriate intervals to peg rocks at him in case he is tempted to slow down.

And yet it would not be a winning crew without him. He is as important to the race as a jockey is to the horse. He is the spark plug of the combination. He is at once the trainer, the sparring partner and the manager in the corner

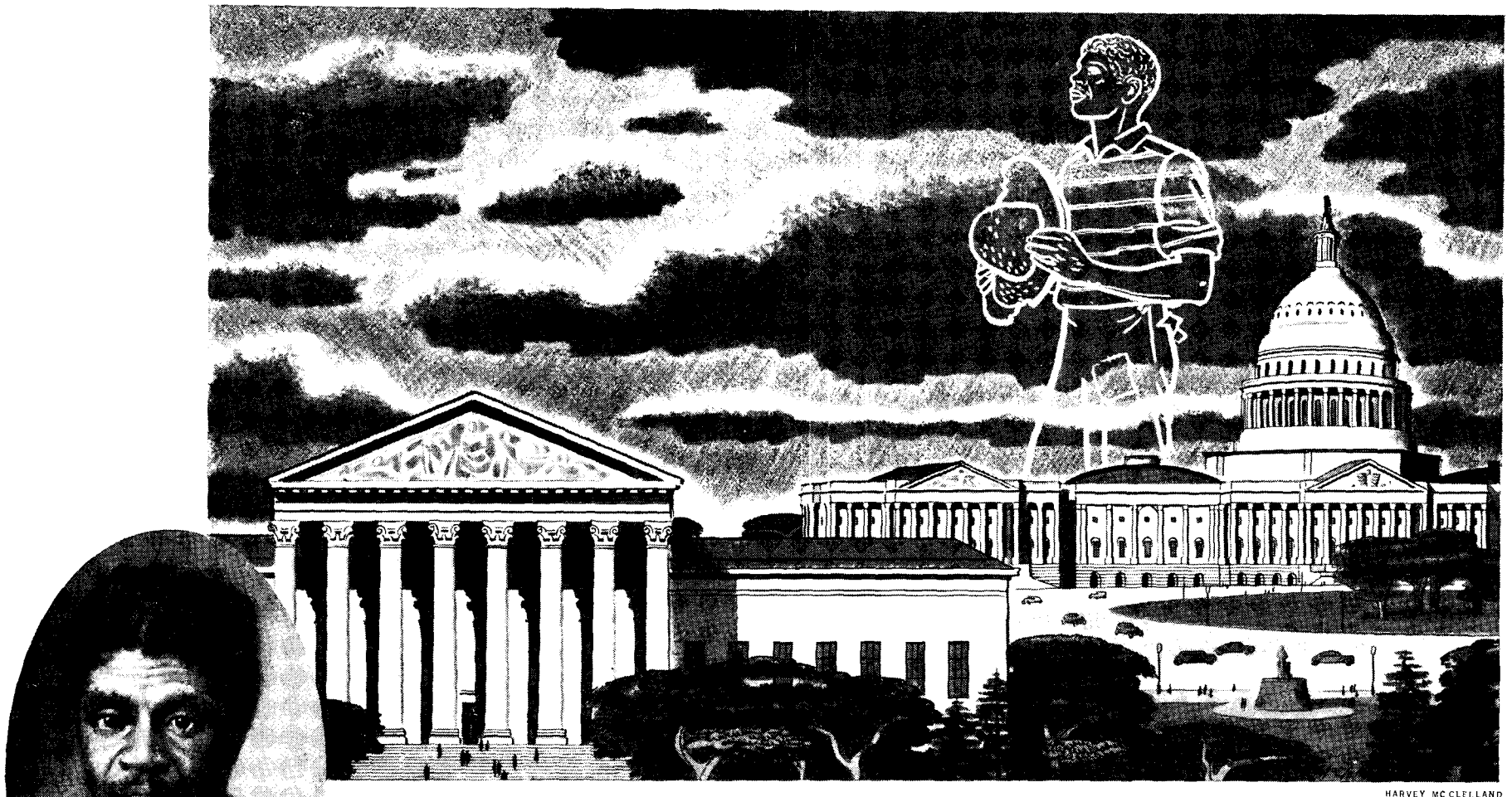
who shouts, "Go on in and slug, he can't hurt us. . . ." He is the buzzing hornet who jabs them mercilessly in the tail in that last half-mile when their corks are pulled and they are thinking of home and Mother. A good coxswain can make his crew win when they ought to lose; a poor one can drop a race despite the best eight oars that ever manned a shell. Once that gun goes off, it's in the hands of the cox.

And Somebody Moved the Bridge

Take Poughkeepsie in 1929, and a strong upstream wind whipping the Hudson into a sea of whitecaps and rollers that tossed the fragile cedar shells like matchsticks into the wave troughs, drowning the bows under big breakers at each stroke, blowing spray that drenched the oarsmen and caught the blades squarely as they fought them out of the heavy water. Already Tech and Syracuse had filled up and swamped before the field reached the mile-and-a-half mark. The Columbia coxswain, seeing crews go down on each side of him in the worst part of the river, was yelling to his crew to hold the beat down, to keep the sweeps in the water as long as possible on each stroke, to carry the feather right out to the full reach, in that disheartening headwind, and cut down the resistance on the blades.

The Cornell shell broke its back and sank, California and Navy were floundering helplessly with their outriggers under water. Washington and Columbia hit the smooth water almost nose-and-nose; but the Columbia coxswain had a trick up his sleeve. He had figured on

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HARVEY MCCLELLAND

Dred Scott Marches On

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

Dred Scott, whose case before the Supreme Court stirred up sectional antipathies which led to the Civil War

Dred Scott's name is immortal. Dred would be surprised to hear it. He gave the Supreme Court a headache and helped free the slaves, but it meant nothing to him. All Dred wanted was not to be free

WELL, well! How misconceptions do persist. After a lapse of eighty years, the Dred Scott case is back in the news, and just about as muddled and misunderstood as in 1857. During those fevered times when Dred convulsed a nation, eventually sending North and South to war, the overwhelming majority of Americans believed implicitly that what they witnessed was the fight of a wretched slave to win escape from the whips and chains of a cruel master. Even today, when he again figures largely in the press and public discussion, this view is accepted without question.

Nothing was ever quite so far from the truth. Dred's owner, instead of trying to keep him in bondage, fought only to get rid of him. Nobody wanted the poor forlorn black, and in its beginning the litigation had no other purpose than to determine who should bear the expense of providing food and shelter for him and his family. As for Dred, there is no indication that any thought of freedom ever entered his woolly head or curdled his happy-go-lucky attitude toward life. From first to last, his one desire was to be owned.

Blundering journalists, however, have an excuse, for everything about Dred himself is so obscure and confused that no two historians are in agreement on facts. Only by piecing together the patches supplied by old newspapers and yellowed manuscripts, diaries and records, is the true story made to stand clear. The start of it goes back to 1833,

when Dr. John Emerson, an Army surgeon stationed in St. Louis, bought the squat slave for a house servant. A year later the master was ordered to Rock Island, Illinois, and in 1836 to Fort Snelling in what is now Minnesota. Here Dred fell in love with Harriet, a comely young Negress, and the kindly surgeon purchased her so that the two might marry. Returning to St. Louis in 1838 on the steamer Gypsy, Harriet was delivered of a child on the boat, and in due course a second girl came into the world on Missouri soil.

Dr. Emerson, dying in 1844, left Dred, Harriet, Eliza and Lizzie in trust for his wife and daughter, but when the widow decided to make her home with relatives in Massachusetts, knowledge of the anti-slavery sentiment in New England made her conclude that it would be wisest to leave the Scotts behind. Unfortunately, this proved less than simple, for owing to the trust provision in her husband's will she could neither sell the slaves nor free them. A pretty how-de-do for one who meant to live among Abolitionists, and after much fruitless stewing Mrs. Emerson solved the problem by flight, leaving Dred and his family to shift for themselves.

No wave of thankfulness swept over the Negro at finding himself his own

master. Not at all! Faced with the grim business of earning his own living, he let out a moan of dismay and hotfooted it to the home of Taylor Blow, son of the old Virginian who had owned him in his youth. There he sat down with his wife and the two children, joyously confident that his troubles were over now that his Young Marse had been found. Mr. Blow was without use for more slaves, nor did he greatly relish the idea of supporting another's property, but having played with Dred as a boy he took care of the derelicts for a year or more.

How Dred Got into Court

At the end of that time he went to a well-known law firm in search of legal relief. How, he asked, could Mrs. Emerson be made to assume her proper responsibilities? Surely something could be done to a woman who ran off and left her darkies to starve?

After considering the facts, the lawyers came to the conclusion that they had a case. Both Illinois and Minnesota were free states, the marriage had taken place on free soil and one of the children had been born in free territory. In their opinion, these matters of record gave Dred and his brood a valid claim to freedom. In 1846, therefore, the illit-

erate black, not knowing in the least what it was all about, made his cross to a petition asking the right to sue Mrs. Emerson for false imprisonment on the ground that removal to free territory automatically constituted manumission.

The first verdict went against Dred, but this was set aside, and a judgment in 1850 granted him the right to sue. Two years later, however, the Supreme Court of Missouri reversed the decision, ruling that while Dred may have been a free man in Illinois and Fort Snelling, return to Missouri made him a slave again.

In the meantime Mrs. Emerson had ceased to be a widow, marrying Dr. Calvin Chaffee of Springfield, Massachusetts, a member of Congress and also a prominent Abolitionist. Naturally enough, the new husband broke out in goose flesh at being put in the position of denying a slave's claim to freedom, and after a series of family powwows Dred's nominal ownership was vested in John F. A. Sanford of New York, Mrs. Emerson-Chaffee's brother.

Far from helpful chicanery, as it turned out, for choleric Mr. Blow took advantage of the diversity of citizenship to bring a new suit in the United States Circuit Court. Grinning Dred, highly delighted with the fuss being made over

(Continued on page 79)

The personal history of Mr. James Wong Howe, who gained local renown as the first Chinese pug and international fame as top Chinese cameraman

AFTER two years of wielding a pick and shovel on a section gang on the Northern Pacific and one year in the restaurant business in Pasco, Washington, Wong the elder returned to China to get his family. Those were the days when coolie labor was opening the western portions of the American continent and Wong had made the journey originally on a loan of \$50 from a friend in Kwantung. When he came back he had with him, among others, his son, Wong Tung Jim. Jim, in Kwantungese, means needle and Wong means Wong, the family name. The transformation came when he went to school in Pasco. "What's your name?" asked the teacher.

"Jim," said he.

"Your full name," insisted the teacher.

"Wong Tung Jim," said he.

"What is your father's name?"

"Wong How," said the younger Wong.

"James Howe," said the teacher primly, and wrote it in the book and so it has stood.

It was only later that a smart man in Hollywood gave him advice on the subject.

"You're a top cameraman," said the friend, "and you might as well take advantage of it. Jimmy Howe, sure; but what does that mean? James Wong Howe, then you have something."

As James Wong Howe, our hero is not only the sole Chinese cameraman in the industry but he belongs among the big shots of the profession. He was lately in England with Alexander Korda, doing a job on *Fire Over England*, and before that was the man behind the lens on American successes like *The Thin Man*. The picture he most wanted to do was *The Good Earth* and the picture he is most certainly going to do is a life of the Chinese people who live their lives out on sampans on the rivers of China. This may take a year's work but it will be a documentary film of the greatest interest, coming from a Chinese boy who is essentially American in his upbringing but still a son of Kwantung. At present he is working on *The Prisoner of Zenda*, for Selznick.

It was the merest luck that Wong the elder settled in Pasco, which became the railroad junction point. It might as easily have been ten miles on either side and slow starvation. The Chinese section hands either started restaurants or laundries.

"Why the laundries, I could never figure out," says Jimmy. "They could all cook but so far as I know none of them had been laundry workers or owners in China."

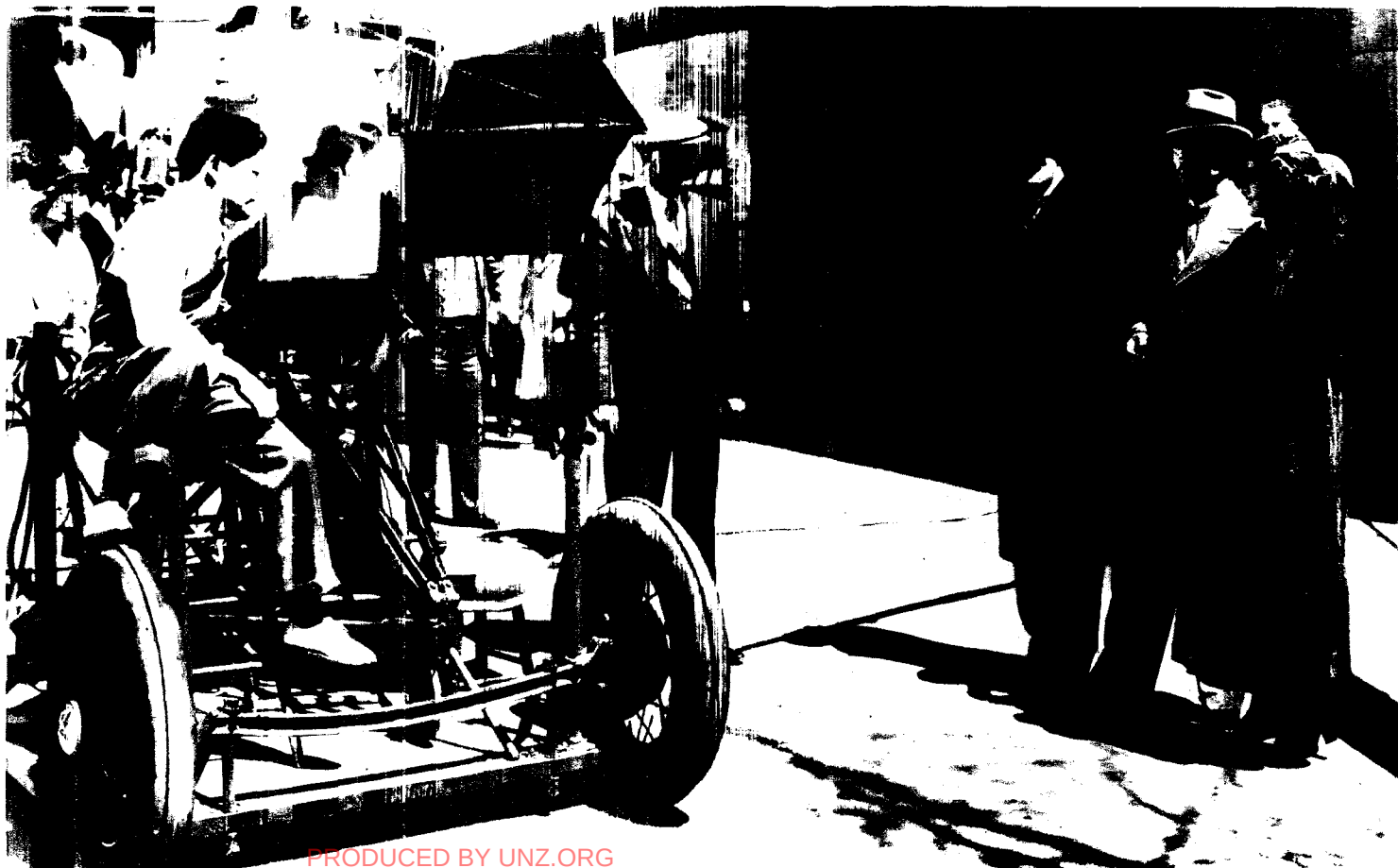
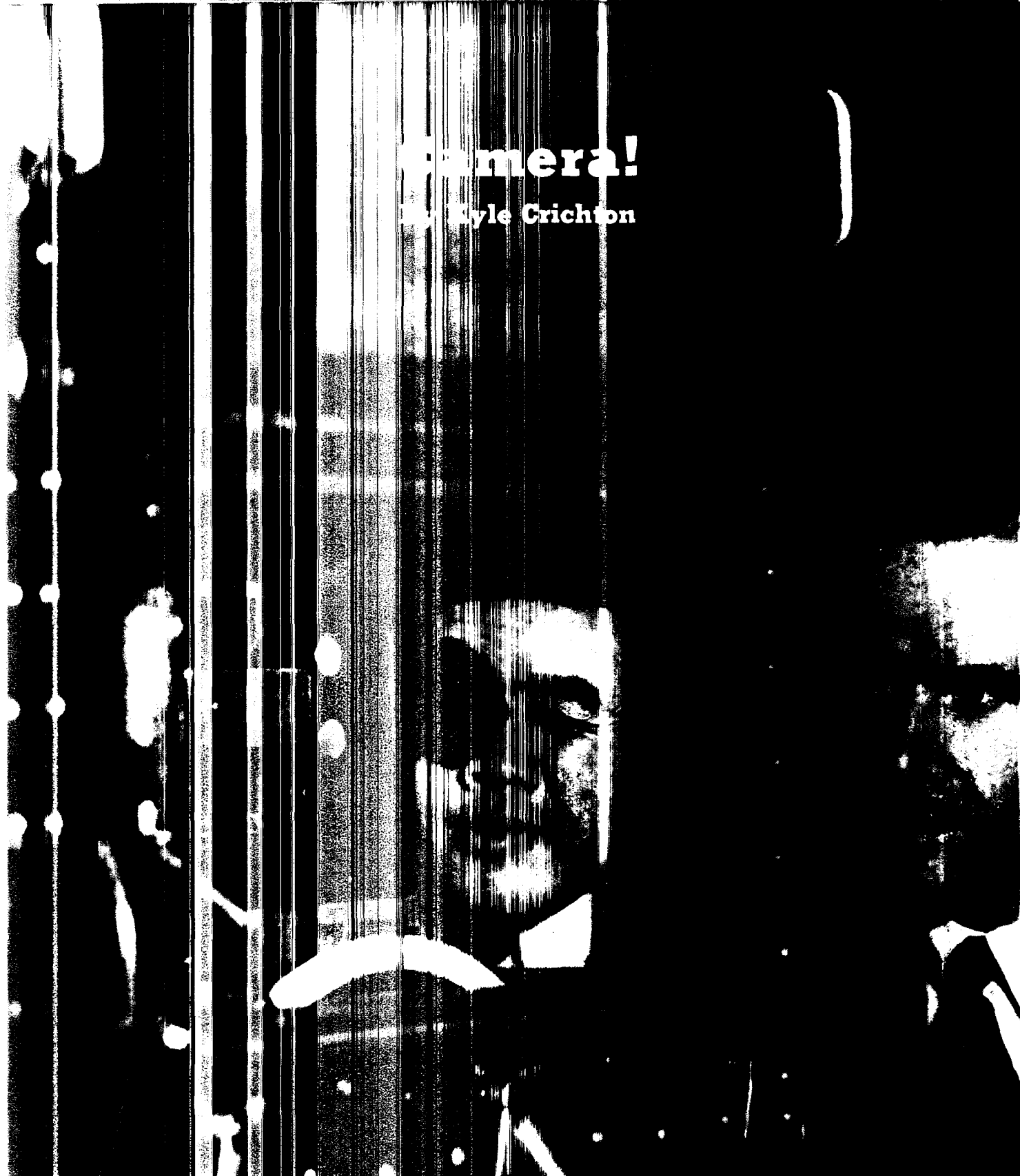
Pasco was a good tough town but business was fine and Papa Wong gradually

(Continued on page 38)

James Wong Howe, with Director William Howard during the filming of "Fire Over England," and, below, making a sequence with Nat Pendleton, William Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man"

Camera!

by Kyle Crichton



"Some day people will say Margaret as they used to say Sarah," he told her, "but it takes time. I can't let you close the show. It's only April"

LEADING LADY

By Paul Jones

The hazards of producing plays, or what to do about a brilliant and temperamental young actress when she falls in love with you. Craig Campion's wise answer to one of the theater's most imperative questions



THE room was the salon of a de luxe suite in a New York hotel. Its walls were silver gray; its flawless carpet was a smoky blue; its furniture antique ivory and rose satin. It was a room without a history, in which nothing had ever happened, in which nothing would ever be permitted to happen; or if it did, every trace would be removed at once, silently, completely, so that for the next tenant the room would wear the same blank mask that it offered Margaret.

Curled up, with her feet under her, and her chin resting on her right hand, she was lost in the depths of an ornate French armchair, and the chair itself was lost in the imperial proportions of the room. The diffused light illumined her sensitive face, her large eyes, now watching intently the young man who stood by the long fall of creamy curtain masking the Park Avenue window.

"The point is," he was saying, "you're Margaret Hilton."

"I know that."

"I mean, you're one of the world's great actresses. I want a hundred million people to know it, not just the few thousand who have seen you act. That's why I'm asking you to do what I say for a little while longer."

Margaret played a scale along the arm of her chair and said nothing, looking at Craig Campion with her dark, lost eyes, admiring the violence with which he spoke, his splendid energy, fascinated by small things in him, the way he ran his fingers through his crisp, red hair, the way he tightened his lips when he meant to be particularly emphatic. She felt more and more that her situation was impossible. She was in love with him, and it was clear that he thought of her only as an actress.

She was then twenty-three. She had met Craig two years before, when she was playing summer stock in Maine, after the Academy of Dramatic Art and an unnoticed minor role in a Broadway failure. He had been producing plays in New York and London and, still short of 30, was something of a figure in the theater. After a week's acquaintance, he arranged an English production of a new comedy, and offered her the leading part. At that time no sentiment was involved on either side. He was enamored of the stage, and he believed sincerely that she could become one of the rare artists—there are only three or four to a generation—who can project emotion truly and without distortion across the footlights, who can create the final illusion of something above and beyond reality.

When her play had run eighteen months in Lon-

don, when the Sitwells had approved her, and an esoteric publicity had spread to New York, Campion put an American company into rehearsal. Margaret left London after her last performance there, caught a ship at Southampton, and from the New York pier went directly to the theater, where she opened her new engagement.

In such haste there was, of course, little sense except from the standpoint of publicity, but publicity was not Craig Campion's only motive. He liked to do things in the grand manner peculiar to the theater. It was only a spectacular gesture, but, after all, the world's great actresses do not behave like ordinary human beings.

"Some day people will say Margaret as they used to say Sarah," he told her, "but it takes time. I can't let you close the show now. It's only April, and it's worth two thousand a week to you for at least six more weeks."

"I can't go on, Craig. From here to the theater. From the theater here. That's all I've seen of life for nearly two years. I can't act any more."

"You are acting, aren't you?" he asked reasonably. "The critics say so. You've attracted more attention than any young actress in the last twenty years." He paused, and then resumed: "Partly by following my instructions. Your stunt is to be mysterious, not to be seen too much. I'll admit it's nothing but publicity, but you've got to have a publicity angle to everything you do in New York. I wouldn't put on a lost play by Shakespeare without some kind of build-up."

He ran his fingers through his hair, and her heart turned over. Why didn't he stop arguing, talking, explaining things to her, and take her in his arms?

SHE rose and went over to him. "Craig, let's go out to dinner somewhere tonight—some quiet place—I don't care where."

"There aren't any quiet places as far as you and I are concerned. I'm the producer and you're the star. Old stuff to the columnists. You can't afford it."

She could have struck him, as he took his hat and turned to go. At the door, he paused, with his hand on the knob. "Call it a month more," he suggested, "and then I'll close the show and you can have a vacation. See you at the theater at eight. You look tired. Why don't you rest a while? Or take a walk on the Avenue and have dinner out. Might do you good."

Abruptly he was gone, and Margaret, finding a book under her hand, hurled it at his memory. It struck the carpet with a soft, unsatisfactory thud. Her eyes blazing, she looked around her and picked up a smug lamp. The noise of its crash against the baseboard was appalling, and she stood stock-still for seconds, frightened, with her hand pressed against her mouth. But, of course, the rooms were sound-proof. No one came with a grave voice to say: "What is the meaning of this, Miss Hilton? You have destroyed a valuable lamp." Then she might have screamed: "Well, I am a valuable person. Unless something is done, I will break more than lamps. I will tear down your hotel and set fire to New York."

She collapsed in a chair and began to cry. "Complaints should be addressed to the management," the grave voice might go on. "What can we do for you?"

"You can bring back Craig Campion," she could have said in reply. "You can bring him back, and make him be good to me, make him love me, make him—"

Margaret sat up suddenly and pushed her hair away from her eyes. "This is ridiculous," she said to herself, aloud.

With a sudden, angry energy, she went into her dressing room and changed her clothes. A plain blue suit, plain blouse, plain black pumps—all things she had worn before she knew Craig Campion existed. Over her thick, close-cut hair she pulled a black felt hat. Crying had made her eyes red. A little powder, and that was fixed. With an old handbag under her arm, she felt a spurious self-reliance as though she had driven Craig from her life. She drew on her gloves and left the apartment.

IT WAS nearly six o'clock. Under a spring sky, Park Avenue was washed in pale gold. She turned downtown toward the tall barrier of the New York Central Building, its summit glittering in the sun like a magic mountain. She walked slowly, savoring the sensation of freedom, examining the cars, the people who passed, with the intent, childlike curiosity of the artist.

At 45th, she turned to the right, and coming to Vanderbilt Avenue followed it into 42d Street, and again turned right, breasting the tide of commuters flooding toward the open intakes of the station, to be drained away into the suburbs.

The shops were entrancing. Their windows were so full that you wondered what they could possibly keep inside; windows full of stockings and artful lingerie; drugstore windows; five-and-ten-cent stores whose displays had to be examined slowly and with relish, like a large and fascinating book.

She came to Fifth Avenue, crossed it, and went on until she reached Sixth, under its forest of dingy elevated pillars, and a block farther, at Times Square, she turned north on Broadway.

The electric signs had just come to life, flashing their brief imperatives to the millrace of traffic. She drifted idly in the crowd, no purpose or direction clearly fixed in her mind. Her wrist watch said 7:30. She had plenty of time to eat and take a taxi to the theater.

In the nearest restaurant a languid hostess led her to a table where a man and a woman lingered over their coffee and cigarettes. There was no place free where she could sit by herself.

When she had ordered, she found herself thinking of Craig Campion again, and it was suddenly clear to her that she could not go back, that her feeling for him had reached a point where it was impossible to go on seeing him every day, knowing that she loved him and that he thought of her only as an actress who might do great things.

It was not possible to ignore the conversation going on opposite her. The man, tall, with an iron-gray mane, and the lined, mobile features of an old actor, was talking. The woman, plump, pretty, unbelievably blond, listened in patience, as wives listen, knowing that it is expected of them, but with their minds busy on other things.

"The plain truth of the matter is," the man was saying, "the agents are too stupid to know what the public does want. I said to Mannie, I said, if you want my opinion, people are tired of seeing a lot of bloodless shadows, and hearing canned voices. Understand me, I said, I don't mean there isn't a place for the talkies. But, I said, why isn't there a spot for a short, punchy dramatic sketch on these bills you make up for the movie houses? I said, you've got tumblers, you got jugglers, you got hoofers and God knows what all, but the thing that made vaudeville what it was, the sketch, I said, you haven't got it. You know what he said?"

Margaret, toying with her chicken, saw that the woman had allowed her attention to wander to some dress or hat across the restaurant.

"You know what he said?" the man repeated.

"I can guess," his wife said.

"All right, what did he say?"

"He said come back next week."

"Wrong!" her husband said triumphantly. "He said, 'Okay. I think you're screwy, but just for old times' sake, I'll give you a week in Philadelphia. You can fill in for a dog-and-pony show that went sour on me.'"

"Val!" she half screamed, and kissed him. "Why didn't you tell me before? How much do we get?"

"Buttons. But it's a chance. Like I told Mannie, a fair field and no favor, and if Duval Winsor can't draw against a magic-lantern show I'll eat your pearl-gray derby. Mannie's, I mean."

MARGARET found the hopeful happiness in their faces too much to bear and returned to her plate. She finished without appetite and when the hands of her watch had reached eight she was smoking a cigarette with her coffee.

She was determined not to go to the theater, but when it was 8:40, and she was definitely too late, she found herself crying. Before she realized it, hot tears were streaming from her blinded eyes and she was groping for a handkerchief.

The woman opposite leaned over the table in alarm. "Get her a drink of water, Val. She's going to faint."

"I'm not," Margaret protested. "I'm perfectly all right. It's only that I was supposed to be somewhere at eight o'clock."

"Here, drink this," Val said.

"I'm really all right," said Margaret. "I think I'll go now. And thank you."

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Winsor asked.

"I don't know."

"From out of town, aren't you?"

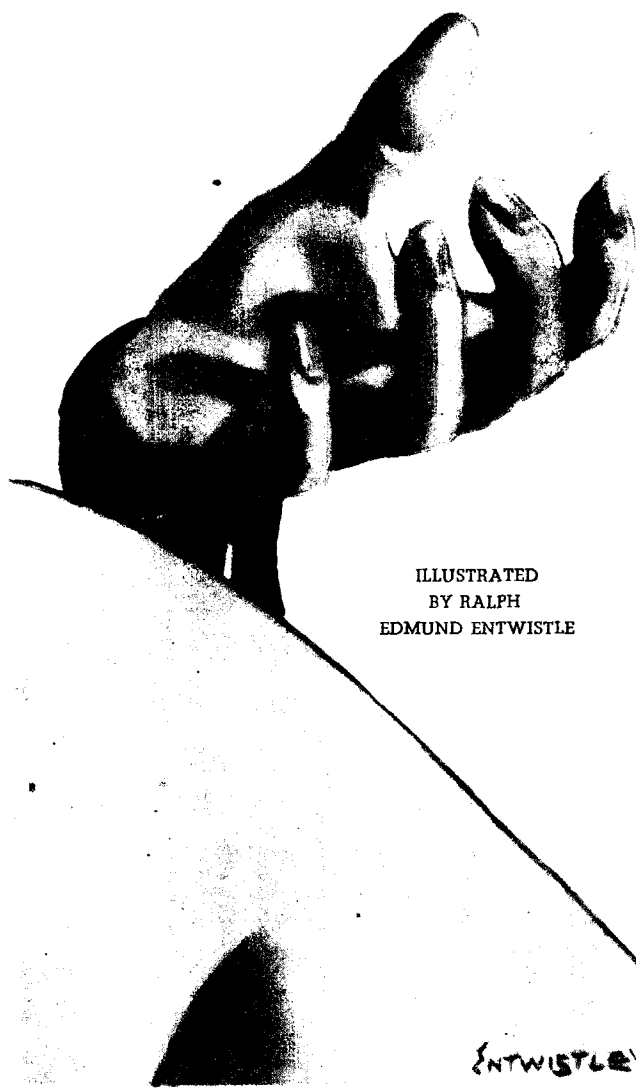
"Yes."

"Got any place to stay? Don't mind me, kid, I've been up against it myself."

"I can go to a hotel."

"I'll bet you haven't got a cent in that purse. You better come with us tonight, till you know where you stand."

"I have money," Margaret protested, opening her pocketbook. "I have thirty or (Continued on page 25)



ILLUSTRATED
BY RALPH
EDMUND ENTWISTLE



Don't Dent Your Fenders

By Myron M. Stearns

Everyone deplores traffic accidents. Almost everyone has a plan for stopping them. Many of these plans are sound in theory, but the accidents go on happening. It was a motorcycle cop who got the idea of starting systematically at the bottom. His name is Franklin M. Kreml, and this is the story of how his system works

Shiny new fenders for fine new automobiles, and their replacement turnover is a reproach to national carelessness and an indictment of our driving habits

No ordinary motor cop, you'll admit. And yet his methods have been so simple, so sensible, the results have been so good that the wonder is that nobody has applied them effectively before.

For thirty years our great traffic headache has been growing steadily worse. We have become so accustomed to amazing, tragic figures that we merely shrug our shoulders at them as a matter of course. More than 350,000 people killed on streets and highways since 1925. More people permanently maimed or crippled last year than could be crammed into the Yale Bowl. Property loss, in dollars and cents, nearly twice as great as that caused by the entire Ohio and Mississippi floods—one billion, six hundred and sixty million dollars in 1936 alone. More than a hundred people killed every day of the year, summer and winter, all over the country: one or more traffic deaths every fifteen minutes. Each year more than 900,000 men, women and children injured.

Not Fate but Negligence

That was the problem young Kreml tackled. Absolutely unsolvable! Like the rest of us, he could regard it as fate, with little or nothing that could be done about it, or as an almost criminal matter. He chose to regard it as coming dangerously close to criminal negligence.

Unusual early training had given him first-hand knowledge of both highways and law enforcement. That was a big head start. In order to earn money for college, as a Minnesota boy just graduating from high school in Minneapolis, he got a job with the United States Bureau of Public Roads, which inspects highway construction on federal routes in every state. Then, at Northwestern University, after his savings ran out, he joined the police force at Evanston, Illinois, where Northwestern is located. He flattened his dogs for bread and butter, pounding a regular beat.

The combination of jobs developed both confidence and independence. Working on the police force while you are graduating from college and starting in on a law course afterward isn't a bad formula at all. Presently, Kreml was promoted to the motorcycle squad.

Evanston had a high traffic-death rate in 1927. The Evanston Safety Council wanted it cut down. So the police made an enforcement drive against motorists, and traffic deaths dropped from 25 per 100,000 population (we won't try to bother with fractions) to only 3, in a single year. That was the one great remedy in those days, as it still is in most places today: thousands of tickets for motorists who violate traffic rules.

The next year, of course, Evanston traffic accidents hopped right back up again, as they usually do after such a drive, higher than ever. Frank Kreml had a chance to see that strict enforcement alone is not the answer.

He also had a chance to see why. You can't make people careful by merely passing laws or by trying to enforce them. You've got to have also "the consent of the governed." Full co-operation. Good will. Public sentiment. Instead of pulling with the police, Evanstonians began to grumble about them. They resented the severity of the drive, with its inevitable accompaniment of various small

(Continued on page 44)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY INDUSTRIAL PICTURES, INC.

WANTED—A cure for reckless driving.

WANTED—Law enforcement against traffic violators that will land hard on really dangerous, instead of on merely illegal drivers.

WANTED—A workable recipe for cutting down traffic accidents.

A young Illinois motor cop named Franklin M. Kreml—big, friendly, direct, sound in wind and limb, matter-of-fact but surprisingly clearheaded—set out to supply those needs.

He wasn't bothered by the fact that thousands before him had tried to solve the same problems, and failed.

He succeeded so well that citations, medals and awards are dropping on him (Lieutenant Kreml now) like ripe cherries. His services are in demand all over the country, wherever the war on traffic deaths is keenest. "Most valuable citizen in the Chicago metropolitan area." A \$5,000 Grand Prize for 1936 to "the person in any line of endeavor who is deemed to have contributed most during the year to the cause of traffic safety."

*"It's more fun to drive a car
that's not like
a million others"*

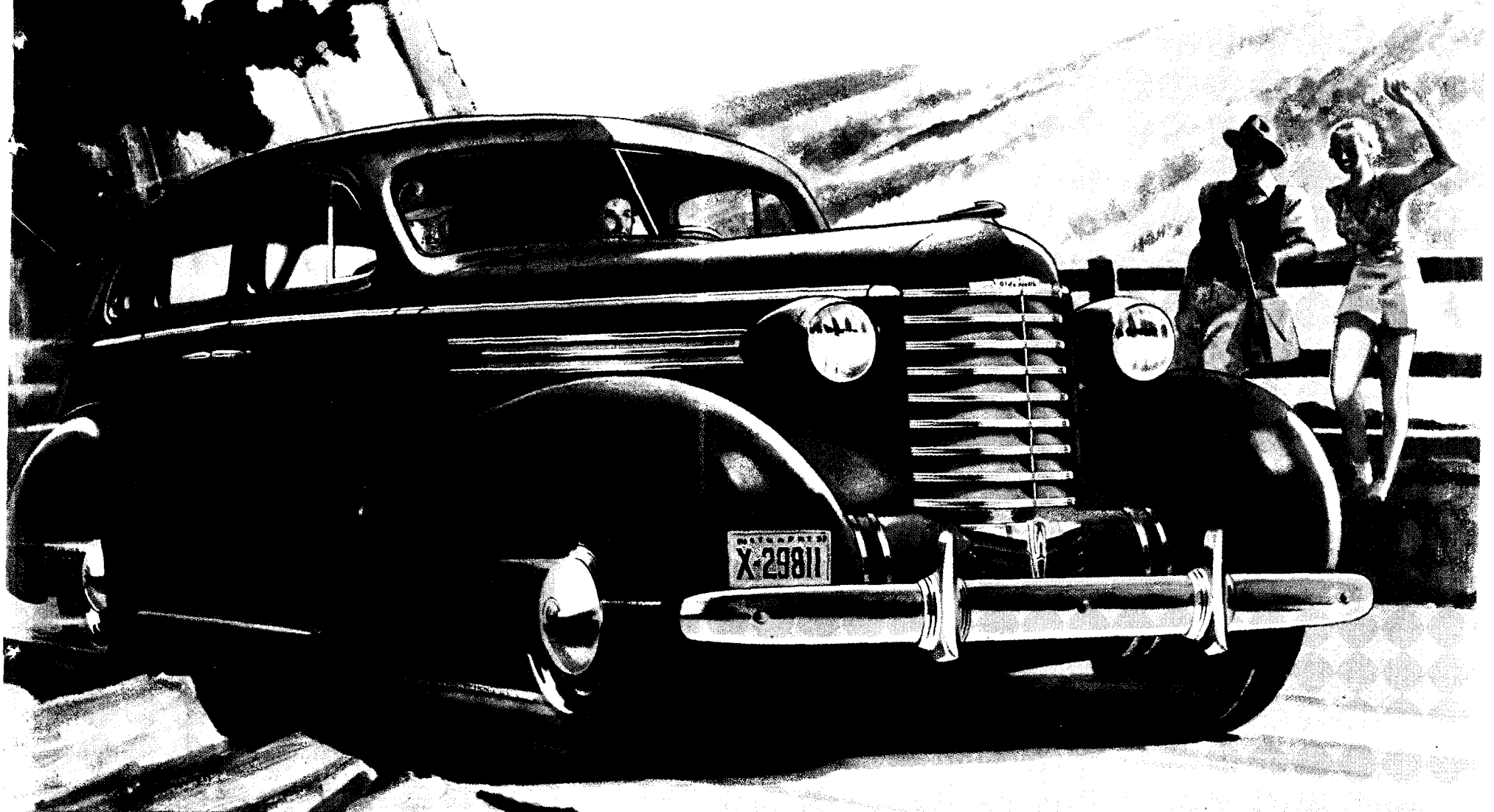


"It used to seem that nearly every car we'd meet would look just like ours. But since we've owned an Oldsmobile, we drive a car that stands out and steps out ahead of all the rest!"

IT'S actually more fun to drive when you drive an Oldsmobile! More satisfying to know that your car is dashing and distinctive beyond all the rest. More thrilling to realize that its performance is as fresh and eager and resourceful as its styling is modern and individual. More reassuring to feel that its complete quota of modern, fine-car features includes everything that can contribute to your convenience, comfort and safety — from Knee-Action Wheels and Center-Control

Steering to Triple Sealed Super-Hydraulic Brakes and Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher. You pay no premium for the pleasure of Oldsmobile ownership. Oldsmobile is priced but a little above the lowest, and Oldsmobile's all-round economy will exceed your expectations. Why not enjoy the thrill and the satisfaction of driving a car that's different, distinctive, *not* like a million others!

Car illustrated is the Oldsmobile Six 4-door Sedan. A General Motors Value. Monthly payments to suit your purse under the General Motors Instalment Plan.



OLDSMOBILE

"The Car that has Everything"

*Give them time
and they'll win
success!*



CHOOSE AN ELGIN FOR YOUR GRADUATE

REMEMBER YOUR OWN GRADUATION? Ruffles and Sunday bests... valedictory... dreams... a little gulp of uncertainty. And then somewhere afar off someone reading out your name...

REMEMBER THE BIGGEST THRILL OF ALL? Remember the moment dad and mother gave you your ELGIN watch? What a glow of confidence it brought! You knew then you'd win success. For "the folks" believed in you, they expected great things of you... and you could never let them down.

THEN DON'T DISAPPOINT YOUR GRADUATE! Promise yourself that your boy or girl will know that same thrill. Plan now to give an accurate ELGIN watch. A special pre-graduation showing of the smart new models is in progress at your jeweler's.

★ ELGIN ★

CHOICE OF AMERICAN GRADUATES SINCE 1865

FINEST GRADUATION ELGINS EVER CREATED! There is such a modern lilt and swing... such loveliness in the newest ELGINS for girls that you'll almost wish graduation time came oftener. The models for men are handsome, sturdy, competent-looking. You sense at once their honest value and workmanship... their extreme dependability.

Each ELGIN is produced by master craftsmen and scientists working together in perfect partnership at every step. Each is timed for accuracy to the absolute standard of the stars. The quality of every case is plainly marked.

ELGINS of 15 jewels or more range from \$25 to \$500. Other dependable models begin at \$17.50. All prices are slightly higher in Canada.



Leading Lady

Continued from page 21

forty dollars. I'm perfectly all right, I assure you."

"Don't flash your roll in here," said Mrs. Winsor, closing her purse for her. "And let me tell you something. Thirty or forty dollars isn't all the money in the world. You come with us to the Hotel Lansbury." She was struck by a sudden thought. "Did you ever do any acting?"

"A little," Margaret said.

Mrs. Winsor looked at her critically. "Val, maybe she can do the daughter. We won't have time to get hold of Gloria Graham. Lord knows where she's got to." She rose. "Come on with us, dearie. What's your name?"

"Ruth—Manning," Margaret stammered. "But—"

"I'm LaVerne Winsor, and this is Val, my husband. Pay the check, Val, and come on."

THE Hotel Lansbury exists for most of the world as another dim doorway with brass plate somewhere in the West 40's. For the Winsors it was a blockhouse, a refuge between engagements. From it, they sallied forth, arrayed like the lilies of the field, to call on agents. Within it, they existed with the careful frugality of the actor. Beleaguered veterans of many an idle summer, they made their own breakfast—oranges from the corner, coffee brewed on an electric plate—denied themselves lunch, knew the relative worth of every table d'hôte within a mile's radius.

There the Winsors found Margaret a room down the hall from the one they had. Her baggage, which she said was at the Pennsylvania Station, could wait till morning.

In the morning, she awoke to hear someone knocking at her door. "It's me—Verne—Mrs. Winsor," a voice called.

Margaret found a negligee on the chair by her bed and put it on. "All right, Mrs. Winsor," she said, opening the door.

"Call me Verne. Come on down to our room for breakfast. Val's out getting the papers and some fruit."

The coffee was already steaming on the top of the wardrobe trunk. Val, when he arrived, extracted a half-dozen oranges from his pockets. "I look as if I was umpiring a ball game," he complained. "I can get away with four oranges, but six make it a little tough."

You're complicating my life, Billy," he told Margaret.

"Billy?"

"That's you," he said. "Duval, LaVerne and Billy Winsor in twenty minutes of tense drama. Don't let that toast burn, Mamma. How's the coffee?"

They breakfasted, each with a paper, and traded them as they finished. Nobody read anything but the theatrical page, except Val, who worried about the Yankees and took a mild interest in the horses. Margaret breathed more easily when she saw a three-line note announcing that during a slight illness her place would be taken by her understudy.

"Let's rehearse your scene," Val suggested.

They ran through the three-minute bit in which Margaret, as the daughter, pleaded with Val to forgive Verne, the mother. The part was simple, and Val was delighted with the way she carried out his directions.

"Shall we do it again?" she asked.

"No, that's enough. Now listen, we'll leave for Philadelphia this afternoon. We're doing four a day beginning tomorrow, and we can run through the sketch a couple times tonight. Verne, you and I better pack while Billy gets her baggage."

"Maybe I'd better go with her," Verne said.

"That won't be necessary," Margaret assured her. "I'll take a taxi. You start packing and I'll wash the dishes."

Verne was pleased by her self-reliance and her readiness to help with small duties. She dried the dishes and the coffepot on a clean towel and wrapped them in the newspapers before handing them to Verne to be put in a corner of the trunk.

"Thanks, kid. You're a trouper. Hurry back, now."

Dressing in her room, Margaret felt like a shadow in an unreal world. What was she doing in the Hotel Lansbury? Why was she taking a role in a small-time vaudeville sketch? Why should she not call a taxicab and go back to Park Avenue, to her own show, and Craig Campion? "But I can't," she told herself desperately. "I'm not going to sit there waiting for him to reach out and take me, when I know he won't do it."

When she left the hotel, she turned toward Broadway. Getting her own bag-

gage from her apartment was out of the question. She collected a plausible, cheap wardrobe and, in a luggage store, found an inexpensive shop-worn suitcase and a hatbox. When they were packed, she sent them around to the Lansbury.

The branch bank where they knew her was on Madison Avenue. Riding there in a taxi, Margaret felt more depressed than ever. The thought of four a day in vaudeville hung over her mind like a dark cloud.

WHILE the taxi waited at the door, she wrote a counter check for a thousand dollars and took it to the nearest teller.

A hand grasped her elbow and she turned quickly to see Craig Campion. "Where the hell have you been?" he said savagely. "If I hadn't known you'd have to come here for more money—"

The teller handed her a stiff packet of new bills. With an effort, she faced Craig while she put the money in her purse.

"Well," he said, "where were you?"

"I went out to dinner, and I met some—friends—and before I knew it, it was too late for the curtain. So I stayed with them overnight."

"While I went around like a crazy man, worrying about you."

"Why were you worried?"

"Why was I worried? My star doesn't show up. I have to put in an understudy, and perhaps I'll have to close the show, and you ask me why I'm worried!"

She met his eyes defiantly. "You can stop worrying. As far as I'm concerned, the show is closed. I'm going away."

"Where?"

"That doesn't concern you. Read my contract. The other people can have their two weeks' notice from the salary you owe me for the past week."

She turned to go, but he barred the way with one large arm. "No, you don't. I won't let you."

"Craig, I have a train to make. Don't force me to call a policeman."

Their eyes fought again, and he dropped his arm. "All right. Go ahead. I wish I'd never seen you."

PHILADELPHIA was a loose-limbed, sprawling giant with a tiny heart. From the train window Margaret saw mile after mile of small brick houses with wooden porches in long, straight, narrow streets intersecting at right angles. Around the station were a few blocks of metropolitan life and then a sudden collapse into domesticity.

"It's a city of homes," Val said sentimentally, as they sat at breakfast the next day, "and when they go out, they demand entertainment. It's a tough show town, but they always liked us here, didn't they, Verne?"

"They held us over for a week once at Keith's."

Four a day, Margaret discovered, was hard work, even when you played a small part. The waiting was long and tiresome, the dressing rooms were crowded, and the audiences, sated with the lavish magnificence of Hollywood, were apathetic and hard to arouse. The first two days went badly. It was difficult for her, after being the star and imposing her own pace on everyone else, to have to adapt herself to Val's florid style.

But he was optimistic. "Here's a letter from Mannie," Val said on the third day. "Says he thinks he can set us for a route, Verne. Looks like we're going over."

Verne was absorbed in Variety. "They liked us," she exulted. "Send Mannie

"Misfit Blades Made Shaving A Torture!"

—says Brooklyn Man



NOW I'M BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR

"I hate to think of the scraping, painful shaves I used to put up with before I discovered that misfit blades were to blame for the torture. My face was always sore. Now that I'm back to genuine Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor I'm enjoying the smoothest shaves in the world."

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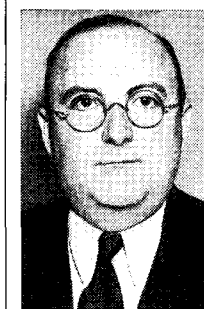
GILLETTE'S OWN BLADE FITS RIGHT

"Occasionally I have substituted blades that proved misfits in my Gillette Razor. But now I know by experience that for a tender skin the finest shaving combination is a Gillette Razor fitted with Gillette's own blade."

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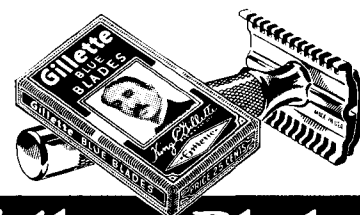
NO MORE MISFIT BLADES



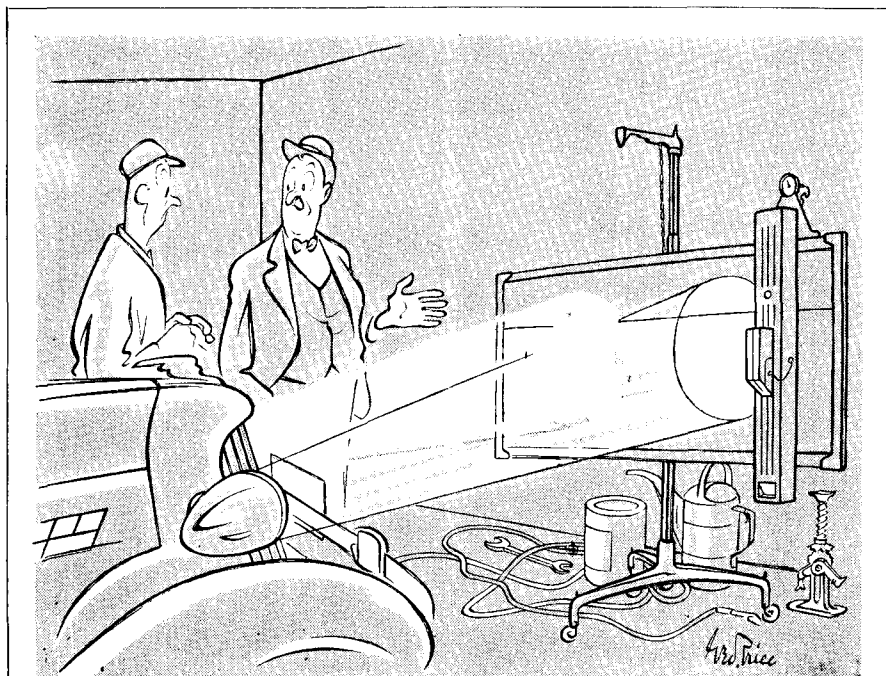
"I had been using other make blades in my Gillette Razor. But now that I've tried Gillette Blades which are especially made to fit my Gillette Razor, there'll be no more misfit blades for me! I can always count on good, clean, close shaves with Gillette Blades."

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MEN, here is what usually happens when you use a misfit blade in your Gillette Razor. Either one shaving edge is exposed too much, which results in a scuffed, irritated skin. Or one edge may not be exposed enough, which means that the blade skips over the hard-to-shave spots and leaves patches of bristles behind. The way to avoid these shaving troubles is to always use a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two were made for each other. They should never be separated if you want the best in shaving comfort. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today.



Gillette Blades
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"It's this headlight here that's giving me trouble. It shows movies"

GEORGE PRICE



THIS WAY TO HAPPIER PIPE-SMOKING! — READ SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

a wire, Val. Here, Billy." She passed the paper to Margaret. "Don't mind what they say about you. You'll get going all right."

Margaret read:

"The Winsors have dusted off their old vehicle, always a strong favorite in Philly. Strictly a repaint job but will do here or anywhere, proving that the mob still goes for the hokum drayma."

"Girl billed here as Billy is not Gloria Graham, who used to troupe with the Winsors. This one resembles Margaret Hilton, Craig Campion's Limey import and current intellectual rave. Resemblance ends where acting begins, Billy needing plenty of work before she can hold her own in class vaude."

She handed the paper to Val. "Why don't you send Gloria a wire?"

Verne patted her shoulder. "Forget it, kid. You're all right."

"I mean it," Margaret said. "Didn't you get a letter from her?"

"Sure I did, but Gloria's all right. Don't worry about her. She's living with her married sister in the Bronx. Come on. It's almost time for the last show."

Standing in the wings, waiting for her entrance cue, Margaret thought of the notices she had gotten with Craig's production, and felt a mounting resentment. "I'll show that audience," she said to herself. "I'll show them some real acting. And then I'll leave."

The cue came, and she was on the stage immediately, nourished by the bright band of footlights, by the rows of intent faces staring up at her from the dim theater.

SHE stood looking pleadingly at Val, every muscle in her slim body under control.

"You wanted to see me, daughter?"

"Father," she began, "Father—" Her voice faltered and broke. At one moment she was completely collected, ready to take the scene away from Val, prepared to carry the audience with her. And then her wits deserted her.

"Father, I beg you, don't do this cruel thing," Val prompted through his set lips.

She still stood mute and miserable.

Val rose to the occasion, as somebody tittered in the audience. "Leave me, daughter," he said sadly. "You and I have nothing to say to each other. Send your mother to me."

Somehow, Margaret got off a stage which had suddenly become a mile long. In the wings, Verne swept past her. "Okay, kid," she whispered, "we've all gone up in our lines. Val and I can fake it."

Margaret went to the dressing room and changed. She felt no humiliation, only an unbearable tension, as if she were a violin strung impossibly high, so that breaking would be a relief. She took nothing but the clothes she had worn when she left the apartment.

The Winsors had not come back when she was ready to leave. With her lipstick she scribbled a note on their mirror:

Wire Gloria. She can use my wardrobe. Goodbye. You were sweet to me. Billy

AS SHE went past the man at the stage door, she heard a long burst of applause. The Winsors were taking their bows. "They'll be all right," she thought. She was wild with excitement.

Craig was waiting under the light in the alleyway, his head bent, his hands jammed in his coat pockets. All the flash and fire had gone out of him.

"Margaret."

"Yes, Craig."

"Don't run away from me again."

"I won't."

"Listen," he said very rapidly, as though afraid that if he stopped he would never be able to start again, "I'm in love with you. I can't do anything unless you're—if I hadn't seen that notice in Variety—if I hadn't found you tonight, I'd have gone crazy."

"I know. I almost did."

He looked at her. "You? You never gave a damn about me. I've been in love with you ever since I met you."

They walked down the dark passageway toward the bright promise of the street. "The great Margaret," he said, looking at her upturned face. "I didn't think I had a chance."

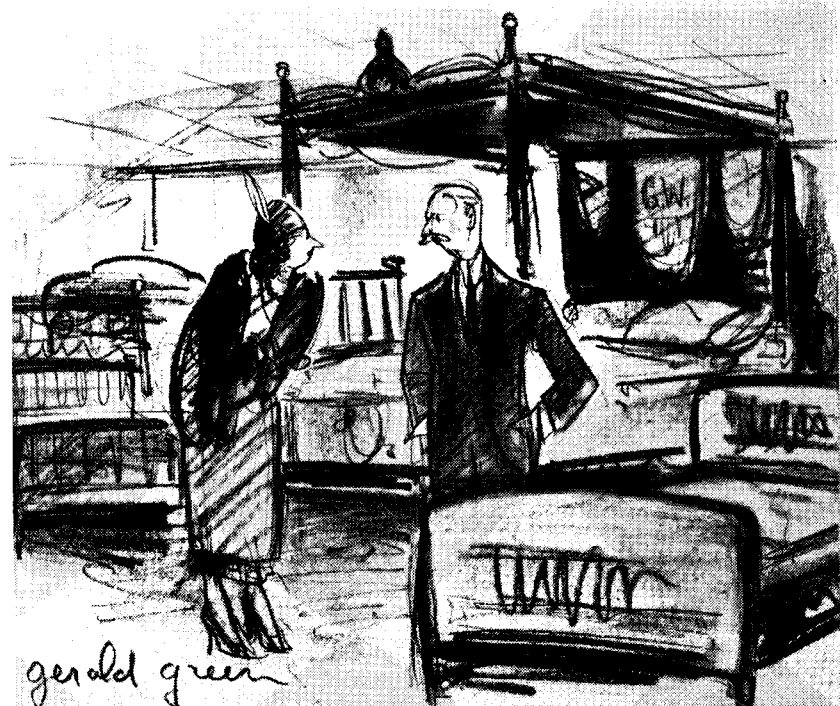
Little by little, his old power and exuberance were coming back to him. He kissed her rapidly before they turned into the light.

"When did you—?" he began.

"When did I what?"

"You know—when did it begin for you?"

She considered. "When I saw you in that box tonight," she told him. "Why do you think I went up in my lines?"



"I want a bed for my guest room. Something not too comfortable"

GERALD GREEN

Chrysler IMPERIAL

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR...THE GREATEST OF THE EIGHTS!



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IN THE MEDIUM-
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WIDE, DEEP, CHAIR-HIGH SEATS . . . GREATER HEAD ROOM AND LEG ROOM!

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FIRST CHOICE FOR SAFETY AND ECONOMY

THERE are reasons why race drivers, big tire users and car owners everywhere choose Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires for greatest safety, mileage and economy. They know that tires may look alike on the outside, but on the inside they are different. For 17 consecutive years the drivers of the winning cars in the Indianapolis 500-mile race have bought and used Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. The men who drive these cars at high sustained speeds will not risk their lives or chances of victory. Ab Jenkins, the world's safest driver, has driven more than a million and a half miles on the highways of America on Firestone Tires without an accident, and in his spectacular record-breaking run at Lake Bonneville, Utah, he drove 7,134 miles in 48 hours on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires without tire trouble of any kind.

The big transportation companies, such as Greyhound Bus Lines and Chicago Yellow Cab Company, use Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires to provide safety for their passengers at lowest cost per mile. Thousands upon thousands of car owners, who regard safety as a first consideration, choose Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires to protect their lives and the lives of their families.

Before it is too late, discard your thin, worn, dangerous tires. Call on your Firestone Tire Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today. Examine the cross-section and see the patented construction features used only in Firestone Tires.

Join the Firestone "Save A Life" campaign by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires — the safest and most dependable tires that money can buy!

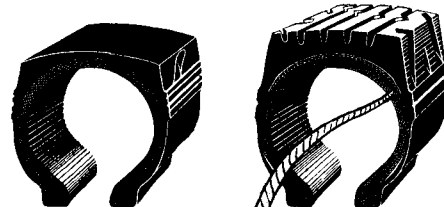
DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE ON THIN WORN TIRES

DO YOU KNOW . . .

THAT last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than 38,000 men, women and children?

THAT a million more were injured?

THAT more than 40,000 of these deaths and injuries were caused directly by punctures, blowouts and skidding due to unsafe tires?



Above is a section cut from a smooth, worn tire, with non-skid protection worn off. Tires in this condition are more liable to punctures, blowouts and skidding.

Above is section cut from a new Firestone Tire. Note the thick non-skid protection against skidding, blowouts and punctures. See by actual demonstration.



THE MASTERPIECE
OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION

Why Firestone GUM-DIPPED TIRES GIVE GREATEST SAFETY

**SAVE
A
LIFE**
WITH THESE
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THEY WILL STOP A CAR UP TO 25% QUICKER as proved in tests by a leading university. The scientifically specially compounded rubber give you longer non-skid mileage and lower cost per mile.

THEY GIVE YOU GREATEST BLOWOUT PROTECTION because the cord body is Gum-Dipped. Gum-Dipping is the Firestone patented process that saturates and coats every cotton fiber in every cord of every ply with pure liquid rubber. Gum-Dipping counteracts internal friction and heat that ordinarily destroy tire life.

THE TWO EXTRA LAYERS OF GUM-DIPPED CORDS UNDER THE TREAD bind the tread and the Gum-Dipped cord body into one inseparable unit, providing greater strength and greater protection against punctures and blowouts.

BUY NOW AND SAVE MONEY

YOU SAVE because Firestone High Speed Tires give you most miles per dollar.

YOU SAVE yourself and your family from dangerous accidents because Firestone patented construction features give you greatest blowout protection and safety from skidding.

YOU SAVE by buying now as tire prices are advancing. The price of crude rubber has gone up 110% and cotton more than 26% during the past two years. **BUY NOW AND SAVE.**

JOIN THE FIRESTONE

Save a Life CAMPAIGN TODAY!

Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 11

hard as they ever went for a pretty face or an alluring glance. Delta Deltas who succeeded in separating their boy friends from contemplation of that car had to listen to long accounts of its mechanical features, and why she burned up a set of spark plugs in fifty miles.

The Gamma Gammas never learned all the details of what the Deltas did about it during Christmas vacation though they found out that a Delta Delta alumna who had married a millionaire staged a classic house party in the snows of the Minnewaska woods. When they got back to college after New Year's the car was standing in front of the Delta Delta house and a Delta Delt named Zelda Graham was going places in it. Judy Green returned Hewitt Harrington's Psi Chi pin with dignity but she was sunk. The Gamma Gamma chapter was sunk.

The Gamma Gammas told each other that Hewitt Harrington was a Don Juan and a rotter. They said he was a dumb brute with too much money. They said things much more acute about Zelda Graham. But nothing they said to each other brought Hewitt Harrington back.

All this was somewhere in the back of Milly Agnew's mind at the last informal Psi Chi dance of the year. She was president of Gamma Gamma and Judy Green was her best friend. She had bossed the chapter when some of the sisters had offered idle and undignified plans for revenge. She had seen Judy through those tough weeks after Christmas when she was sure she would never fall in love again. But tonight Milly was too happy to think about all that; or indeed, to think at all.

It had been wonderfully sudden. She and Joe Travis had fought each other

from the day they had taken their places on the executive committee of the Greek Letter Council. If they spent hours together every week and called each other on the telephone every day it was because the job demanded it. They had been walking home together on the last day of May and quarreling as they walked. They had paused at the Gamma Gamma corner and glared at each other. And then Joe Travis had smiled that odd smile of his with which Milly was so familiar in Council meetings.

"Oh, hell," he said to Milly, "we're giving our last dance Saturday night—come on and go with me—will you?"

"Sure," Milly said, and walked on into the Gamma Gamma house as if nothing had happened.

SHE had known for a long time that they liked each other a lot but she hadn't known that Joe knew it.

Usually they talked without pause when they were together. They had so much to say to each other. Tonight they danced dance after dance in a silence that meant more than words. Milly knew that she was in love for the first time. She knew now that the other times didn't count.

Hewitt Harrington cut in and waked Milly from her happy dream.

"I want to talk to you," he said in her ear as they danced. "How about tomorrow night—if I called for you right after dinner would you go somewhere and talk?"

"All right," Milly said.

On any other occasion she would have found a telephone and called up Judy and told her the astonishing news. But tonight it could wait. She wasn't

missing any dances with Joe Travis.

The party was over at midnight, as all informal fraternity dances are supposed to be at Minnewaska. Milly walked beside Joe Travis toward the Gamma Gamma house. Zelda Graham and Hewitt Harrington were a few yards ahead of them and walking in the same direction. Joe and Milly walked more slowly so as not to catch up with them. The silence between them got pretty tense as they reached the Gamma Gamma house.

Milly turned to say good night casually to Joe—as if she didn't know what was going to happen. But she didn't say it. She just stood there in the dark. And after a breathless pause Joe took her in his arms and kissed her. It became wholly mutual and all that Milly had anticipated except that they heard Gamma Gammas coming down the street and had to draw apart.

"I'll be seeing you," Joe said. He was usually self-possessed but his voice was husky as he said it.

"Yes," Milly said.

She ran upstairs and into the big front room and was glad to find it empty for the moment. She was as shaken as if she had never been kissed before.

Judy came in and said at once, "You look awfully excited about something."

"I am," Milly said. The thing that had happened was too new and too dear to share, even with Judy. "You'd never guess either," she continued. "Hewitt Harrington asked me for a date."

"What?" Judy yelled.

They talked about Hewitt Harrington for hours.

Milly slept late the next morning, which was Sunday, and when she awoke she was glad to see that the other bed was empty. Judy had gone. Milly had a freshman bring her coffee in bed and spent a long time drinking it because it was good to be alone with her own thoughts, remembering that perfect moment of the night before and anticipating others like it.

When she went down to lunch she said nothing about Hewitt Harrington. She and Judy had agreed they wouldn't mention it. They'd let the Gamma Gammas have the surprise of his appearance.

Joe Travis didn't call up all afternoon. He hadn't called up when, just as dinner was over, a freshman came bouncing into the dining room and said, "Hewitt Harrington is calling for Milly."

MILLY got into Hewitt Harrington's car and as they roared down the street she saw Joe Travis walking toward them. Milly waved her hand at him but she couldn't yell loud enough to tell him she'd be back in an hour. Hewitt drove out the Milford Road to a little Italian Place, with tables under a grapevine in the back yard. He was so slow in coming to the point that Milly told him she couldn't stay long.

Hewitt sat there making rings on the table top with his glass of beer and staring at the rings.

"I want to talk to you," he said, "but the things I really want to say don't seem quite—" he looked up at Milly and grinned sheepishly—"in order."

"Don't tell me then," Milly said. "I can't imagine why you should confide in me."

"No," Hewitt Harrington said, "of course you can't. But I want to. I want to tell you, for instance, that Zelda and I are all washed up. We aren't ever going anywhere together again."

He didn't say anything more about that part of it. He talked instead about the house party he had gone to during

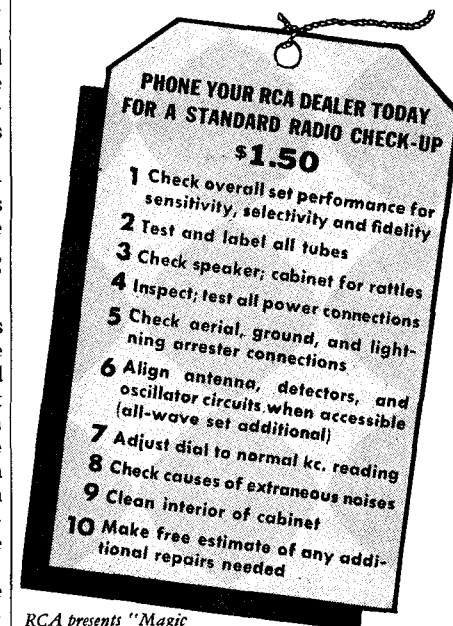
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WALK-OVER
SHOES WITH THE MAIN SPRING* ARCH

Christmas vacation. He told Milly a great deal more than he knew he was telling her—more than he knew himself. It was eleven o'clock when Milly got back to the Gamma Gamma house.

"I've got to see you again, Milly," Hewitt Harrington said.

"You know this is the last hectic week," Milly said. "Exams begin Tuesday."

"I'll call you up," he said.

Judy was waiting for Milly in their room.

"Did anybody call me up while I was gone?" Milly asked.

"No," Judy said. "Hurry up and tell me all."

Milly had to forget about Joe while she told Judy all.

"So," Judy said, "he knows what that house party was for last winter."

"No, he doesn't. He doesn't know it yet. But he's so fed up with Zelda that he's wondering how he ever happened to fall for her. All he knows is that before the party was over he was hers."

"Oh," Judy said, "how I wish the Delta Deltas knew that Hewitt was telling you the story of his life when he went out with you last night. They'd be destroyed."

Joe Travis didn't call Milly up the next morning or the next afternoon. . . Yet he couldn't have kissed her so tenderly if he hadn't meant it.

Milly called him at half past five. He wasn't in. Her phone rang as she hung up the receiver. It was Hewitt Harrington. Judy came into the room as Milly spoke his name.

"I can't go out with you tonight, Hewitt," she said.

"Just for dinner," Hewitt Harrington said. "I'll bring you right back. You've got to eat dinner somewhere and it won't take any longer to eat it with me."

Judy was signaling wildly to Milly, urging her to accept the invitation.

"Well—" Milly said.

"I'll be there in ten minutes," he said.

Milly hung up.

"Oh, Milly," Judy cried, "keep him coming. Don't you see it's our chance to get even with Delta Delt? And you might put in a lick for me. You could."

Milly shook her head. "I'm sure it's you that's on his mind."

"No," Judy said, "it's you. I'd take him back if I could just so I could throw him out on his ear. But I can't do it and you can. He used to tell me how much he admired you."

"You run along," Milly said. "I want to telephone."

JUDY started but she stopped in the doorway. "When he offers to lend you his car you'll take it. Promise me you'll take it so the Delta Deltas will see it on our side of the street again and we can all go boiling up the street to classes the way we used to when I had it."

"Yes, of course," Milly said, "if he offers it I'll take it."

She shoved Judy out into the hall and shut the door behind her and called up Joe again. She got him this time but the moment she heard his voice she knew she was out of luck.

"I'm so sorry I missed you last night, Joe," she said.

"Missed me?" Joe said.

"I mean," she said, "I saw you walking toward the Gamma Gamma house. I was in Hewitt's car. I thought you were on your way to see me."

"No," Joe said. "I wasn't."

"Oh," Milly said, and knew there wasn't any more to say, and hung up.

She sat there on the bed and tried to figure it out. He was acting exactly as if they hadn't had all those dances together; as if he hadn't kissed her. He hadn't meant anything when he kissed her!

Hewitt Harrington wasn't there in ten

minutes as he promised; nor in half an hour. He came in an hour late. He'd had trouble with the car. He was terribly sorry. It was inexcusable.

"Skip it," Milly said. "We've got plenty of time. I've decided to take a chance on that English Lit exam tomorrow. I'm not going to bone up on it."

They roared out the Milford road for miles and had a dinner tête à tête and Hewitt Harrington told her he had always thought she was the most attractive girl in Minnewaska. Milly merely raised her eyebrows. When they got into his car to drive home it was midnight.

MILLY was glad the wind rushed by the low windshield so hard they couldn't talk. She wanted to sit there and think about Joe Travis. When they stopped at the Gamma Gamma house Hewitt got out and helped her out of the car's narrow cockpit.

"I wish," he said, "that you'd let me leave this car here—so you could use it any time you like."

"I think that's sweet of you," Milly said.

He kissed her quickly, in obvious fear that she would be annoyed, and hurried off down the street.

Judy was in bed when Milly got upstairs but the reading light was on and she was sitting up.

"Did he leave the car?" Judy asked.

"You know damn' well," Milly said. "You were peeking."

Judy looked ashamed. "I know it," she said.

"That's why I let him kiss me," Milly said.

"It's too bad," Judy said. "But you can't throw him down until you've encouraged him. The farther he thinks he's got the worse he'll be hurt when you throw him down."

"Judy," Milly said, "do you think it's a nice thing you're asking me to do—to lead the man on just so I can throw him down?"

"Look," Judy said, her lip quivering, "look what he did to me."

Milly threw her arms around Judy. It was true. Hewitt Harrington had played Judy Green the cruelest of tricks. Zelda Graham and her sister Delta Delt had hornswaggled him into it. But he had no business to let them. He deserved the harshest punishment.

After that it got worse and worse. The Gamma Gammas were so triumphant when they saw Hewitt Harrington's car in front of the house again that Milly had to keep on going places with Hewitt Harrington. There weren't any Greek Letter Council meetings during exam week. Milly never saw Joe Travis but once and then he was sitting on the steps of the Physics Lab in earnest conversation with Judy Green. They didn't see Milly and, since Judy did not mention the incident to her, Milly said nothing about it. She was afraid she would reveal how anxious she was for some news of Joe—any news. She knew that he was sailing for South America to take a job with a mining company as soon as he graduated. If she was going to do anything about him she'd have to do it fast.

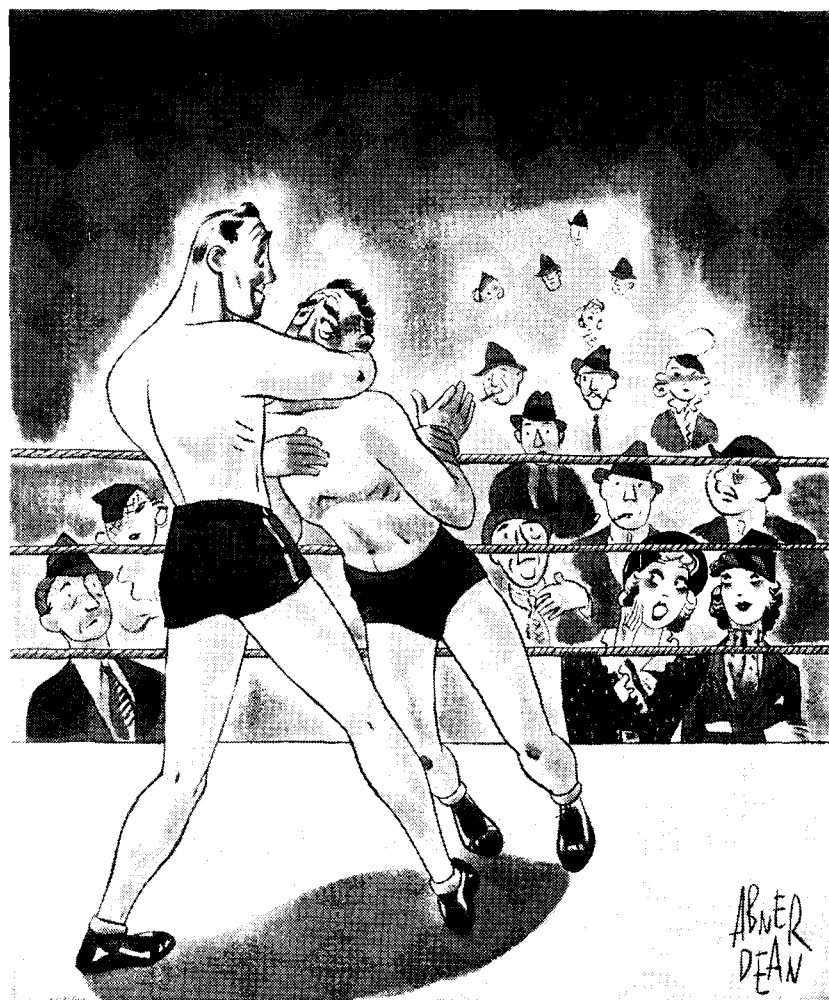
Milly came home so late that night that Judy had gone to sleep. Milly set the alarm clock for six and tried to go to sleep. She must have gone to sleep because the alarm startled her so but she stifled it before Judy woke up.

She got a quick shower and dressed. She drew out bureau drawers and filled a suitcase. She had to wake Judy now that she was ready. Somehow she would have to wangle it so Judy called up Joe Travis the moment she was out of sight and she didn't know how she could wangle it without telling her in so many words.

Milly took Judy by the shoulder and shook her until she came wide awake and sat up.

"What are you doing?" Judy demanded.

"I'm going to Jonesville to meet Hew-



"He hasn't changed a bit since I knew him at Ohio State!"

ABNER DEAN

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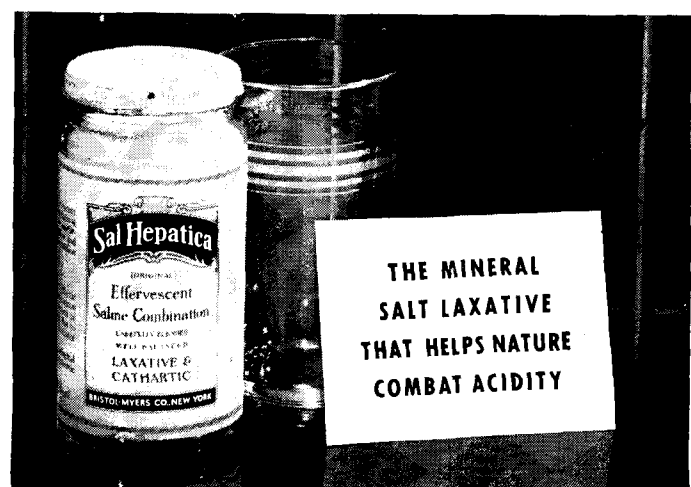
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Remarks

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itt Harrington on the courthouse steps," Milly said.

"You mean you're going to throw him down at the moment he thinks you're going to marry him?"

Milly turned and faced the mirror and tucked in a stray lock of hair with her back to Judy.

"No," she said, "on the whole I think I'll marry him."

Judy jumped out of bed. "Milly," she cried, "you couldn't do that!"

"I think it's the only decent thing to do—after the way I've led him on," Milly said.

"But you can't," Judy said.

Milly turned on her. "All right," she said, "tell the truth and I won't. Why don't you want me to marry him?"

"Because you aren't in love with him," Judy said.

Milly picked up her suitcase. "All right," she said. "You won't tell the truth so I'll do what I like."

"Milly," Judy said, "I can't bear to have him marry anybody else—than—me."

"Atta girl," Milly said. "And when I'm gone you call up Joe Travis and tell him that I've just left to meet Hewitt Harrington at Jonesville."

"So you are in love with Joe?"

"Yes," Milly said, "I am. But if you so much as hint it to Joe I'll never forgive you."

"I won't," Judy promised. "You know I won't. I'll tell him you've started for Jonesville to marry Hewitt Harrington and—"

"Not one word more—that's all you know."

"Isn't Hewitt driving you over?"

"No, he isn't. He took his car last night to drive home to get some money. That's way on the other side of Jonesville. I'm driving my old roadster."

Milly ran down the stairs, tossed the suitcase into the roadster, and started off for Jonesville. When she got out on the main highway she drove more slowly, watching in the mirror. She drove mile after mile through the fresh June morning and hardly knew that the

sun was shining. At last a car appeared in the mirror. But it wasn't Joe Travis' car.

Milly drove all the way to Jonesville in a growing panic. If Joe was coming he should have caught up with her by now. Milly parked her roadster across the street from the courthouse and got out her compact. She hadn't finished with the compact when Joe Travis drove alongside. He had no necktie on. His shirt was half buttoned.

"Let's find some breakfast," Joe Travis said.

"I've other things on my mind," Milly said.

"We'll talk about that at breakfast," Joe said.

"You're hardly dressed for it," Milly said.

Joe Travis took a necktie out of his trousers pocket and threw it around his neck and tied it. Then he put on a jacket that lay beside him on the seat of his old flivver.

"How's that?" he asked.

"It's all right," Milly said. "But I told you—"

Joe Travis got out of his car and took Milly's wrist in a firm grasp.

"Are you coming or do I drag you?"

"I'm coming," Milly said.

THE only restaurant they could find was a dog-wagon. They couldn't talk there without being overheard. There were too many people in the place. So they ate ham and eggs in silence.

"Now," Milly said, "I've got to go back to the courthouse."

Joe Travis walked along beside her. Hewitt Harrington wasn't waiting on the courthouse steps.

Milly saw a tree with a bench built around it in the courthouse yard. They went and sat on the bench. She had made it plain to Joe that she wasn't going to talk to him. They sat there waiting for the next move.

"Hewitt is late," Joe Travis said.

"He often is," Milly said.

"I shouldn't think a man would be late to his wedding," Joe Travis said;



"No, no! We said a sheet!"

PERRY BARLOW

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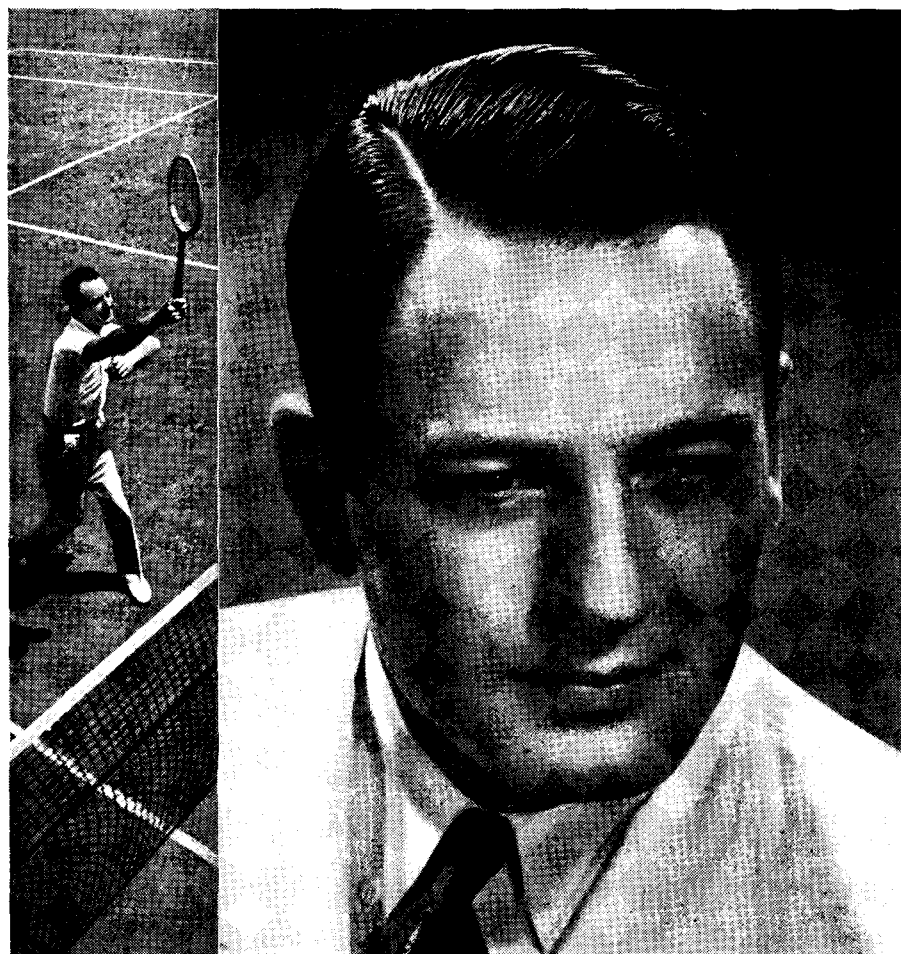
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Use VITALIS
AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

"not if he really wanted to marry the girl."

"No doubt he's hoping he won't have to marry me," Milly said.

She wished Joe Travis would say, "Snap out of it—you know I love you."

He didn't. He seemed greatly concerned about what she was doing. But he did not act like a man in love. He acted like a man who was good and sore.

They sat there for more than an hour, hardly speaking, and then they saw a car full of Gamma Gammas coming.

"Oh, Lord," Milly said. "This is too much. I can't face them."

She jumped up and ran around the corner of the courthouse. Joe Travis caught up with her.

"What if Hewitt Harrington isn't coming at all?" Milly said. "What will the Delta Deltas say?"

"There's only one thing for you to do," Joe Travis said. "You'll have to marry me."

"I could go right on to Reno," Milly said.

Joe Travis took her arm and pushed her toward the back door of the courthouse. They were at the clerk's desk getting a license when the Gamma Gammas came piling in. It took more than five minutes to get married. It took almost ten minutes with so many Gamma Gammas in the way. But it was all done when they heard the machine-gun exhaust of Hewitt Harrington's car coming down the street outside. They met him on the front steps.

"Hewitt," Judy Green said, "you're late."

It wasn't as bad as Milly had been afraid it would be. Hewitt Harrington was startled, but he wasn't crushed. Milly saw him talking to Judy Green before she and Joe got away in his car. The Gamma Gammas said they'd bring her roadster.

Joe Travis drove fast until they were twenty miles out of Jonesville on the road to Grandison and never said a word nor looked at her nor smiled. He slowed down as he approached a crossroads. He turned off the road to Grandison.

"You're wrong," Milly said. "The road goes straight into Grandison."

"I wasn't thinking of going to Grandison," Joe said.

"But I want to go to Grandison."

"Well," Joe Travis said, "you aren't

going there. You're going to a place where I've always wanted to take you on our honeymoon."

"Honeymoon!" Milly said.

"Yes," Joe Travis said, "of course."

"Of course not," Milly said. "You know you only married me to get me out of a jam and then it wasn't even necessary. You promised me I could have a divorce at once."

"I didn't promise you anything at all," Joe said, "except in the marriage ceremony. You are my wife."

"But, Joe," Milly said, "you don't love me. You don't even pretend to love me."

Joe Travis stopped the car and put one hand on each of Milly's shoulders.

"You know better," he said. "You know what I meant when I kissed you that night I took you home from the first real date we ever had. That was real. You knew it was real—didn't you?"

MILLY dropped her long lashes. She had been told she did it awfully well and now seemed to be a time to do it. But Joe Travis only shook her.

"You knew it—didn't you?"

Milly raised her eyelashes.

"I thought it was real at the time," she said, "but when you didn't even call me up the next day or come to see me or anything—I knew it wasn't."

"I was tied up with alumni all that day," Joe Travis said. "And when I got away from them and started for the Gamma Gamma house you went boiling by in Hewitt Harrington's car and you've been boiling around in it ever since."

"You never called me up," Milly said. "You acted as if kissing me didn't mean a thing in your life."

"Milly," Joe Travis said, "you knew I was in love with you before I kissed you. You knew it when I kissed you. You know it now. And you know what you'd think if anybody who came up before the Council had been as childish as you have been this last week."

Milly dropped her eyelashes again. "You've been just as childish as I have," she said.

"Childish enough," Joe Travis said.

"If—if you feel the way you say you do," Milly said, "why don't you kiss me—the way you did the other time?"

Joe Travis kissed her the way she had hoped he would.



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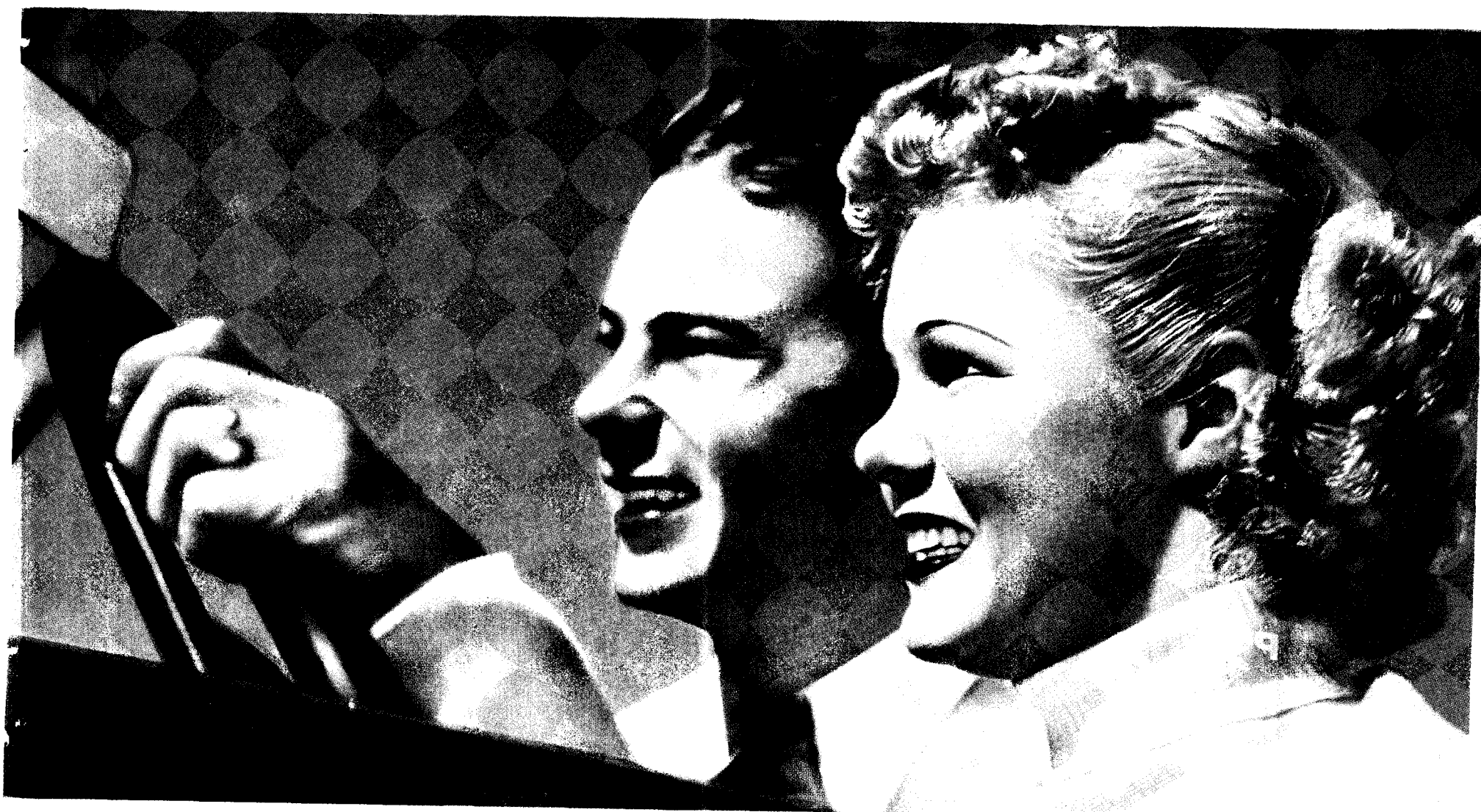
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GRIME DOES NOT PAY... USE No. 7

Camera!

Continued from page 19

acquired property. A brakeman who had run up a bill in the restaurant paid it off by giving Mr. Wong a pig. The idea seemed all right and he acquired a second pig. At the height of his affluence he owned two restaurants, four hog ranches, a grocery store, a hardware store, a furniture store and property at the four points of the compass so that the growth of the town wouldn't elude him.

Wong worked in partnership with Smith O'Brien, who had been his section boss and was then mayor of Pasco. Because of a little advance information, Wong built a hotel on a strip of land far out of town and everybody was amazed later when the railroad constructed the depot right across the street from the hotel.

Fights His Way

In the meantime Jimmy was fighting his way up in Pasco society. He still doesn't know how he got started in school, because he knew no English and the others certainly couldn't speak the dialect of Kwantung. He was the only Chinese kid in school and they thought he was pretty laughable and he thought they were grotesque.

"What funny people, I used to say to myself," says Jimmy.

Pasco was divided into new town and old town, separated by the tracks, and the battles with rocks and air rifles were something. At a street carnival Lefty McKee, whose father ran the livery stable, pushed confetti in the Wong countenance and got in return for it a smack in the teeth. Brooding upon the matter at some length, Lefty did his best to rectify it by creeping up behind Jimmy as he watched an outdoor show and smearing his nose over his face. The point of the story is that the gang to which Jimmy belonged immediately

went into action and beat the tar out of Lefty upon overtaking him.

"That's when I knew I really belonged in town," says Jimmy.

But to keep in good with the gang, he took to bribery, sneaking things out of the old man's store to feed them and in general running a bit wild. By this time the family friend, Smith O'Brien, had gone to Ferndale, Oregon, to live. He suggested to Mr. Wong that Jimmy would be better off on the farm. So he went over and stayed four years with the O'Briens, driving them to church every Sunday with horse and buggy and going to school the rest of the time. He was fine in arithmetic, physiology and geography; bad in history and English. At the end of his stay in Ferndale, news came that his father was dying and he returned to Pasco. Mr. Wong had lost heavily in the panic of 1907, but he still had the stores, and America to him was still the mountain of gold, as it had been known in Kwantung.

When his father died Jimmy was at loose ends and was glad to go to live with another friend, Tom Eubank, in Walla Walla. Eubank was the athletic type and he soon had Jimmy belonging to a gymnasium and doing a little boxing. When the Elks had a smoker, Eubank got Jimmy to go on with another kid in the neighborhood.

"We fought on the wrestling mats and would sink in up to our knees," says Jimmy.

But Charley Yost, who had been manager once for Mysterious Billy Smith, saw him fight and recognized him as a novelty—the first Chinese pug. He went back to Portland and from there sent Jimmy a book on how to box and an offer to come over and join his stable of fighters. Eubank was against it and wouldn't give him money to get to Portland but Yost sent a ticket. He worked out in



"Now if I come in to draw some out, don't you let me have any"

LAWRENCE REYNOLDS

Jack King's gymnasium, developed a left and something of a punch and was matched with Abie Gordon, flyweight champion of the coast. The fight game in the Northwest was at a low ebb but the interest in a Chinese fighter stirred things up and they jammed the hall.

It was officially called a Gordon victory but the crowd thought Jimmy had won and the riot which followed is still remembered fondly by tough birds of the town. They tore up the seats in the balcony and hurled them in the general direction of the ring. Jimmy got \$400 for the fight and thought it a soft touch. They rematched the boys and Jimmy won. Then he beat Gordon's brother Sammie, got a close decision over Alex Trambitas, whom he had previously trained, and lost to Joe Benjamin, later lightweight champ of the West. He went home to Pasco as a hero but ran into family trouble.

"You are making a bad name for your father," said his mother, with the customary family reverence of the Orientals.

He was getting tired of the game, anyhow, and was doing his road work sleeping under a tree. As a last gesture he went down to San Francisco, where he couldn't get a fight, and to Los Angeles, where Jack Doyle offered him \$50 to fight at Vernon.

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy, and got a job as a bellhop at the Beverly Hills Hotel, lasting two weeks, smacking a Korean whose looks didn't appear quite right.

An Expert at Fifty Dollars a Week

He was wandering around the Plaza in Los Angeles one day watching a Mack Sennett unit doing a comedy, when somebody yelled at him. It was Len Powers, an old-time fighter. What are you doing, said Len; I'm not doing anything, said Jimmy; why don't you get in this racket, said Len; how, said Jimmy; go out to Lasky's and ask for a guy named Henry Kotan, said Len; who's he, said Jimmy; he's a Japanese cameraman and nobody can get along with him, said Len; I'm not a Japanese, said Jimmy; what the hell difference, said Len. Jimmy went out and asked for the job.

"Go on away, squirt," they said. "You couldn't even budge one of these big cameras."

Whereupon Jimmy, who was still in pretty good shape, lifted the thing up and began lugging it around. He got the job at \$10 a week, held it for a month or two, had a row with Kotan, and was canned again. It happened, however, that the manager of the studio was Charley Eyton, the old fight referee, who said:

"Fired! Who says you're fired! Stick around here or I'll take a sock at you."

He became assistant to Alvin Wyckoff, one of the great cameramen of all time, bought an old camera of his own, began to make pictures of everything in Southern California and finally got some notion of the job. The only trouble was living. He got \$15 a week and lived in Los Angeles, miles from the studio. Wyckoff was Cecil B. De Mille's cameraman and De Mille had no idea what short hours meant. They would shoot until eight at night and then it was the work of the assistant cameraman to reload the cameras for next day, clean them up, fix up the still cameras, get the extra cameras in shape and do a little dusting about the set. By this time it would be after midnight and he would have missed the last car. De Mille was featuring Gloria Swanson in those days and he invariably had a bedroom set which had come straight down from Marie Antoinette or Madame Pompadour. It was summertime, the weather was mild and Jimmy slept every night in Gloria Swanson's bed.

Among the pictures he made with his own camera was a study of Mary Miles Minter, which pleased her so much she asked De Mille to put him on her next picture. There had been a little conversation previous to this.

"Could you do this sort of thing with a movie camera?" she had asked.

"Sure," said Jimmy, in pure Kwantung, plus a touch of Walla Walla.

When he got thinking it over, however, he got cold feet.

"I was only kidding," he said. "I'm no cameraman."

Charley Eyton handled the case.

"You can take your choice," he said. "Either you're a first cameraman or you're not a cameraman at all. Either you do the picture or you quit."

So at the end of three years, he was a full-fledged expert at \$50 a week.

That picture was Drums of Fate and he later made the original version of the Trail of the Lonesome Pine. In those days the camera was much simpler. They used the split screen and the double exposure, but otherwise there were not many tricks. Because there was reflection from the shirt fronts of dressy leading men, they wore blue shirts and thus started a vogue which has never died. The blue photographed white.

In photographing such big men as Wallace Reid, Jimmy had to stand on a ladder. There was also a disposition around the studios to give him none the best of it in the way of equipment. After he had been with De Mille for a while, M-G-M hired him. Everybody else on the lot had new cameras but they gave him an old box which was tied up with adhesive tape and twine. He did Laugh, Clown, Laugh, with Lon Chaney and Loretta Young, and at the end of it they called him in and gave him a contract.

"Anybody who can use that wreck can do pictures for us," they said.

Because he had to know the camera intimately to keep it going during a picture, he became an expert. As an assistant he developed a remarkable talent for keeping count of the turns of the camera while keeping busy at other things around the set. There were no automatic counters on the camera and the cameraman had to do his own counting and lead the players through their paces. They would rehearse the scene and work out the entrances and various business.

"In this scene," the director would say, "Mr. Chaney will come in at 32, at 37 he will walk over to the table, at 42 he will bend down and look at the letter, at 45 he will exit."

Jimmy could be doing a dozen different things and still be accurate when he picked up the count . . . twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two . . . Lon Chaney would come in on time.

An Authority on Lights

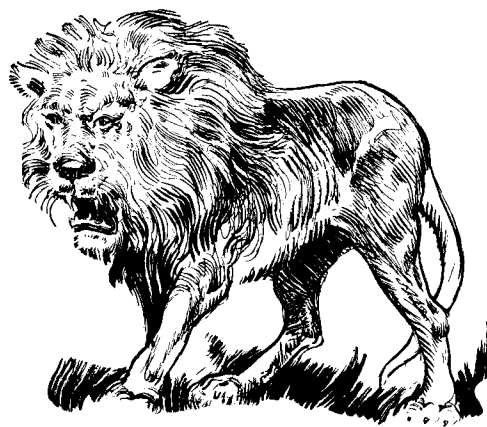
That has all changed with the coming of better cameras and the introduction of sound. The Wong boy had a bad break about this time. He asked for a leave and took it in China. He was over there eight months and returned to find that sound was the rage, and he was out of luck.

"It's a different business entirely, Jimmy," they told him. "We need men who understand sound."

Jimmy said he understood sound, all kinds of sound, but they couldn't hear him. He was out of work for more than a year, spending the time in between making a Japanese film. He put his own money into it, raised other money and found when it was finished there was no place to show it.

"I don't understand yet what I had in mind when I started that," he said sadly.

Things were dark until Paramount called him in one day and he found that, sound or not, motion pictures still had to move. The cameras were now bound



The Lion has a massive head,

And jaws through which he roars.

His teeth are sharp, his muscles Tough,

And sissies he abhors!



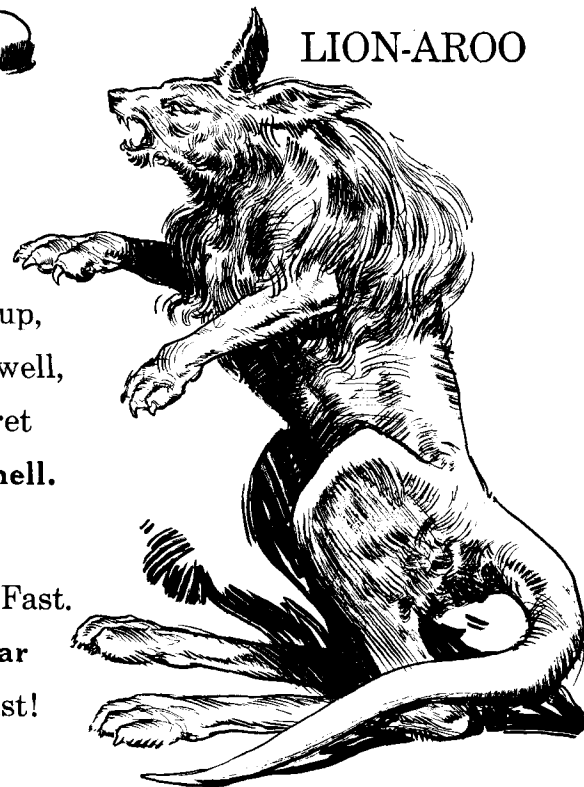
The Kangaroo's a high-strung chap,

With steel springs in his haunches.

He's Fast to get where he is going,

And pass the lads with paunches!

LION-AROO



Now mix them both up,

And mix them up well,

And there is the secret

Of New Golden Shell.

Like two oils in one,

It's Tough and it's Fast.

It Cuts Starting Wear

And how it does last!

Starting causes More Engine Wear than all the running . . . New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing to reduce this wear . . . Tough so it stands the heat of steady driving.

Golden Shell
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on the beach and swift-
ness in the sea in Swim Suits
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B.V.D. Swim Suits

FOR SMARTNESS ON THE SAND
AND SWIFTNESS IN THE SEA

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about by a huge contraption known as a blimp, which kept any noises from getting into the sound track and it was necessary to slow down the pace of the action to give the dialogue a chance, but essentially it was still a question of taking good pictures, and nobody had ever maintained that Jimmy Howe couldn't do that. After a spell at Paramount, M-G-M offered him another term contract and it was there that he made great fame and also practically ruined himself by doing *The Thin Man*.

"Van Dyke put that through in sixteen shooting days," says Mr. Howe. "They hadn't expected much from it and it turned out to be a sensation and it marked everybody who was on that set. What I got after that were all the pictures they wanted to turn out in a rush, which means the B pictures. The slow boys were getting all the big productions, the ones they work months on. When I went up to complain, they couldn't understand what was biting me. 'You're getting your money, aren't you?' they said in astonishment. I tried to make them see there was more to it than that but they weren't impressed. So I asked them to tear up the contract so I could go over to England."

The camera is a much more specialized instrument now than ever before,

with the trick stuff being done by a separate crew and the cameraman being more an authority on lights and sets than on photography.

"Even when you're working in black and white, the costumes are extremely important from a photographic angle," says Howe. "We spend a lot of time making tests for lighting and costume and make-up. The final taking of the picture is just the completion of that preliminary work."

Life on the Sampan

He was annoyed by an English star who never came on the set to make a scene without bringing along a mirror to get his profile straightened out and to get the lighting fixed properly. Jimmy stood that for about a week.

"Will you just stick to the acting, Mr. Barncastle-Avery?" said Jimmy. "I'll see that your face comes out all right."

That was a bit tart but cameramen are that way—very alert where their professional activities are concerned. The matter of looks is all-important to a star, however, and the place where it can best be seen is at the rushes of the shots taken the day before.

"They never worry about how they've acted the scene," says Jimmy. "What

gets them wild is a shadow under the right eye which makes them look old. The men as well as the women."

For that reason the most important Hollywood people insist on their favorite cameraman. Until he got sick while making *Camille*, Ray Daniell was always on the Garbo pictures. Joan Crawford insists on George Folsey. When Carole Lombard is farmed out by Paramount to Universal, she refuses to go unless she has Ted Tetzlaff on the job.

But that interests Jim Wong Howe very little. After a visit in Hollywood he is going back to England to complete his contract. If he can get enough money saved (and rumor has it that he is making \$750 a week on a fifty-two-week contract), he is going to spend a year on the Chinese sampans.

"Millions of people live on those boats; there are middle-aged men who have never set foot on dry land; children are born and die without leaving the boat. I want to go and live with those people for a year, getting them acquainted with me so I can finally begin depicting that life as it goes on, day by day. After all, what's a camera for if you can't do real stuff like that? Anybody can learn to take pictures; the trick is taking pictures that look like something besides a colored postcard."

Navy Wings

Continued from page 13

near the 30th parallel of latitude, seems remote when you try to get to it from elsewhere in the United States. The climate makes up for hours of fruitless travel; and was a factor that led the Navy Board of Aeronautics, in 1913, to select this site for a permanent Naval Air Station. Seventy per cent of the available working days are "flyable." Pensacola is the seat of Escambia County; it has 31,000 inhabitants and used to be the third city of the state, until the tourist rash broke over the eastern sectors; now it is fifth. It has the engaging flavor of Spain in America; in spirit, akin to Mobile and Lake Charles rather than to honky-tonk Miami. You'll have a good life there. Pensacola has officially been a Navy reservation since 1824, three years after the territory was annexed to the United States. Its military traditions go farther back. De Soto made it a base for his supplies; and on the very site from which you now fly Don Andres de Arriola built a fort in 1696. Seceding Florida seized the Navy Yard in 1861 but the Regular Army held out at Fort Pickens; and in 1862 the Confederates moved away and left Pensacola in peace and in the Union. Ponce de Leon poked around here in 1513, and there are many who say Pensacola is the oldest city in the United States—older, even, than St. Augustine; many others, unfortunately, say, "What of it?"

The Life of a Pelican

You'll wear a khaki uniform in flight and study hours, and you must keep at least four inches of your windbreaker zipped. There are white or blue uniforms for fancier occasions, such as taking Pensacola Penelopes on a beer odyssey to Santa Rosa Island. You rank as a junior officer with all his social privileges including membership in the Officers' Club for two dollars a month. You will learn you are not a sissy if you stand up straight and look your boss in the eye and say "Yes, sir" instead of "Yeah."

You must get up at six o'clock and make your bed, and go outdoors and make a lot of funny motions to improve your figure before they will give you a

bite to eat. Half the battalion then goes to Ground School; the other half flies. In the afternoon, it is turn about. Your instruction time is thus evenly divided between air and ground, and you learn the most important fundamental of aviation—that without knowledge, preparation and organization on the ground there can be no safe or efficient flying.

In the Ground School you will have both technical and naval training; and will have to do much outside reading in naval matters—operations, leadership, life and customs. You will get your fingernails broken and your knuckles skinned in learning to overhaul motors; and will surely know, before Ground School is over, how the airplanes on which your life will depend are made. You will study aerology—meteorology as it pertains to flying; and if Admiral Blakely comes along and asks you what a "cold front" is you won't make the *faux pas* of the lad from Colorado who said it was his girl's face last night when he asked her to a dance after she had already been dated up by a lieutenant.

There is emphatic instruction in navigation, of course, and—oh, yes, this being the idea of a fighting air navy, you will get aerial gunnery; learn how to plink the other fellow before he does the honors for you. All without personal malice, you understand.

It is to the flight stages of your life at Pensacola, of course, not the spark plugs and inverted carburetors, that you look for the expression of your dreams of action and romance.

Flight training takes the other half of every working day; you will have 300 hours of it before you go to the Fleet. Navy flying, more varied and specialized than Army flying because much of it on active service must be in conjunction with surface vessels, requires a quite different curriculum from other air schools. Progress through the year is divided among five squadrons.

From Squadron One about ten per cent of your classmates will be washed out—sent home, not in disgrace but in sympathy. Failure in Pensacola is no reflection upon either your intelligence or your physique. Nor does it mean you cannot enjoy flying as a sportsman pilot.

It betokens simply a lack of one or more of those elusive and hidden qualities, perhaps emotional, required for the unusual needs of aerobatic, formation and other highly co-ordinated types of military flying.

Maintaining Navy Standards

"Nearly all the rest of the failures," Admiral Blakely told me, "come in Squadron Two; where, as you will see, the boys first really start to fly their ships. Up to then, the ships have been flying the boys. Few students lose out in the last three squadrons. I'm the court of last resort here, when a man has been marked off by his instructors as not measuring up. It's a heartbreaking job, I can assure you. I don't want to flunk any boy; moreover, not a single one who is sent up to me but knows in his own heart that he can fly. So I must protect him from himself. If there is the slightest doubt of his ability as a military flyer, and I let him through, his life might well be my responsibility; and the lives of others to whom he might, through some flaw in his armor, bring disaster. Due allowances are made for personality clashes with instructors; the boys get every break, but I won't let them take unreasonable chances. That's the major consideration. The next most important thought must be to keep up the highest standard of the Navy's air service. Then, of course, there are minor points. Government property must be safeguarded. Airplanes cost money."

Admiral Blakely, veteran of the China station and of naval service in many ships and places, is a kindly man who does not stand on ceremony. "Come in, son!" he barks, if you are one of those unhappy lads on the mourners' bench outside his office. He pretends to look over your record as he talks with you, but take my word he has studied it carefully beforehand. Perhaps he will grant you another two or three hours; more likely, he will steel himself to turn you out. "Better a good live Coast Guard officer," he will say, "or a Marine, or All-America halfback than a dead aviator!"

Squadron One is the kindergarten of

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE METER-MISER

SLASHES CURRENT COST...KEEPS FOOD SAFER...and PROVES IT!



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GREATER ICE-ABILITY
DEMONSTRATION!



MEET THE METER-MISER

Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built! See an actual electric meter test prove that this marvelous cold-making unit produces oceans of cold on a trickle of electricity. Thus it keeps food safer, freezes more ice, faster—yet slashes current cost to the bone... even in hottest weather. Has only 3 moving parts, including the motor. Quiet, unseen, trouble-free. Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

Don't be fooled!

SAVE MONEY...SAVE REGRET...Buy on Proof!

● It will mean money in your pocket to see your Frigidaire dealer's PROOF-DEMONSTRATION before choosing any refrigerator. You'll see an actual electric meter test PROVE that Frigidaire's exclusive cold-making unit—the Meter-Miser—produces oceans of cold on a trickle of electricity. Thus it keeps food safer, freezes more ice, faster—yet slashes current cost to the bone... even in hottest weather!

Yet this GREATER SAVE-ABILITY is only one of 5 Basic Services vital to complete refrigeration. And only Frigidaire PROVES ALL 5! Slashes the cost of making more ice, faster—the cost of protecting foods longer. Magically makes room for every size and shape of food with its marvelous 9-Way Adjustable Interior.

And runs trouble-free year after year, because the dependable Meter-Miser is the simplest refrigerating unit ever built!

Super-Duty Costs You No More!

Don't buy a refrigerator that falls short of complete Service-Ability. Attend your Frigidaire Dealer's PROOF-DEMONSTRATION of ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES... You'll agree it proves Frigidaire the most serviceable refrigerator ever built, and the greatest money-saver you could have in your kitchen. Yet Frigidaire gives you this Super-Duty Completeness at the price of an ordinary refrigerator! Truly, it's the "buy of a lifetime."

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation
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Is Complete in
ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES
For Home Refrigeration

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Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"!
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Keeps food safer, fresher, longer!
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When you ride on U. S. Royals, it is doubly assuring to know that your tires are the last word in safety and efficiency—measuring up to the gruelling tests of the Automobile Engineer—passing the most exhaustive tests of the Tire Engineer.

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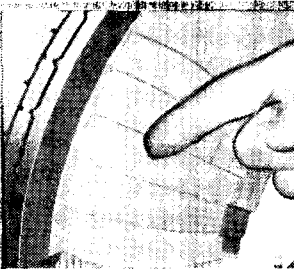
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THOUSANDS OF MILES

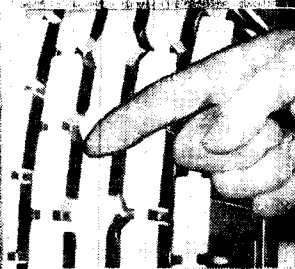
EACH FEATURE TESTED AND RE-TESTED...Thousands of Hours,
Millions of Miles, to Give You this **SAFE MILEAGE**



LONGER WEAR...
built of tough TEM-
PERED RUBBER, ex-
clusive with "U. S."



**SAFETY - BONDED
BODY...**every ply
a safety ply, protects
against blowouts.



SAFETY TREAD...
COGWHEEL DESIGN,
world-famous for ex-
tra skid protection.



U.S. ROYAL TUBE...
patented air-venting
prevents trapped-
air blowouts.

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Round after round,
On fairway, green or in the rough
You'll find this new ball
Plenty Tough!

From Maine to California a veritable army of golfers is playing with and staying with the new Hagen Vulcord Golf Ball.

For here is a brand new achievement in golf ball construction, by which is developed the utmost in toughness.

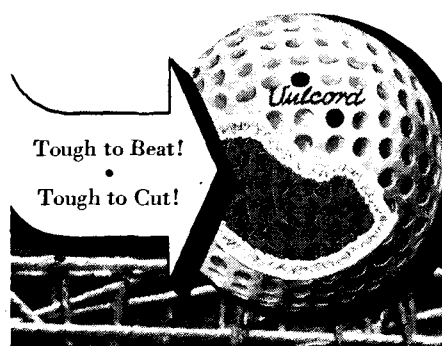
Built like the long lasting modern automobile cord tire, a continuous toughening cord is embedded right in the vulcanized cover. Only in the Hagen Vulcord can you get this toughest toughness! Its resilience is astonishing! Its staying power almost unbelievable.

For distance—feel—thrift and click, this exclusive type of construction does the trick! Try a Hagen Vulcord for a few rounds. See how it betters your score and appeals to your sense of economy!

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THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Pensacola. No matter what your previous experience, here you go back to the foot of the class. You will have forty hours or so of flight; twenty-four of them solo—aviation's quaint term for utter aloneness. If you are the first man to solo in your class you will be thrown into the bay, ducked—an old Squadron One custom. Your work here is in a seaplane over Pensacola Bay, which offers a twenty-five-mile course that can be circled thrice in one hour's flight. You learn to taxi, or "sail," on the water—which is a quite different matter from taxiing on land; for the rest you become accustomed to the instructor's profanity and do simple takeoffs, turns, glides, spins, and simple emergencies—that means, what now, little pelican, if your motor quits when you are ten feet off the water and headed smack for a visiting battleship?

The Finished Product

You come to Squadron Two and say goodbye to seaplanes for a long while. Eighty hours of landplane work here, in which you do spins, fishtails, emergency landings and spot landings in a circle; and then you get a tough check, and develop the ailment known to students as "checkitis." It is tension which turns your muscles to pewter every time an instructor climbs in the front seat. Past that, you get aerobatics—loops, wing-overs, Immelmans, falling leaves, figure-eights, and all the fancy dodges which help you get away from a persistent enemy on your tail. Your first taste of formation work comes here, also cross-country; and a bit of night flying.

In Squadron Three you come for the first time to service-type landplanes. You are pretty good now—or better had be: and you get sixty hours of formation, radio, serial gunnery and the like. With a machine gun you fire at "sleeves" towed by other planes; and with a camera gun you dive on other ships and snap pictures just as though you were quite sore about it. If you pass the check given after eight hours on Squadron Three, you are immune to "checkitis" for all time—so the records of the school declare—and you may negotiate with a tailor to sew on your wings.

In Squadron Four you are reminded that you are a naval aviator, for here you return to seaplanes. The U. S. S. Montcalm puts to sea, and you must find her from the air. You fly multi-

engine ships, and you do a little horizontal bombing, as well as a lot of radio and navigation work.

Then you come to the top class, which is Squadron Five. Instructors are left behind now; there is a handful of old hawkies who check you occasionally from the ground, but you are assumed to be a mature flyer. You learn to fly entirely by instrument, under a hooded cockpit, using the Federal Airways beacon at Mobile, Alabama. You practice fighting tactics, in pursuits and combats; and you engage in actual dogfights with instructors, using camera guns which make a film record that is later thrown upon a screen for all hands to scoff. You dive, bomb and fly cross-country in formation at night; and feel that Wings and the raise in pay, which come at the end of this squadron, are no more than your just due.

Which is true enough; you have weathered the most difficult school of its kind in the world.

You will have 1,000 hours of flying before you finish your active duty and enter the Naval Reserve with the rank of ensign. This is "time" enough to qualify you for a co-pilot's job with the commercial lines. If you had to pay for so much training and time, it would mean an outlay of perhaps \$25,000, including ordinary living expenses. Formerly it cost the Navy upward of \$35,000 to make you a useful flyer. Nowadays, it will take perhaps only \$15,000. This betokens commendable efficiency, particularly when it is borne in mind that all overhead of this great reservation and school must be figured in the breakdown for the individual. Not only is the contribution of Pensacola to national defense important; there is a growing value to commercial aviation. Navigation is quite as much a part of the background equipment of an air-liner captain today as it is of an ocean-liner master, because aviation has lost the local characteristics of the old days, with emphasis on contact bearings; it approaches destined stature as transportation over long distances in deep air.

The United States Naval Air Station at Pensacola, therefore, should be a matter of pride and concern to citizens not alone because of its technical excellence but more, perhaps, on account of its share in helping the United States to hold its supremacy in the race for domination of world air-trade routes, which race is now engrossing all nations.

Don't Dent Your Fenders

Continued from page 22

unfairnesses. Instead of "selling safety," strict, indiscriminate enforcement was actually lining drivers up against more careful driving.

At this point, coincidence steps in—as is so frequently the case in any success story, whether it's of a man or a movement. As one of many minor moves that were being taken to combat the growing feeling of ill will against the police, Kreml, the college-going motor cop, was assigned to a big children's picnic, to "play with the kids and help see they have a good time," as well as preserve order.

Accident Detectives

To a stranger who came up to him at that picnic and complimented him on the good work the Evanston police were doing, particularly in their enforcement drive to prevent traffic accidents, Frank Kreml spoke his mind—freely. He felt very strongly about it, believing as he did that the type of traffic law enforcement Evanston was getting produced in

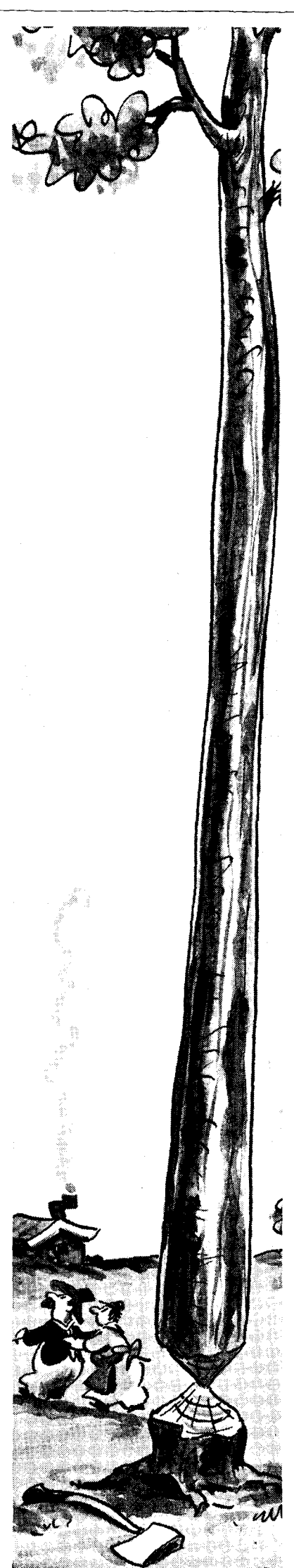
the end as many accidents as were prevented. Possibly more.

The next day he was asked to report to the new president of the Evanston Safety Council—who turned out to be the man responsible for touching off his vocabulary at the picnic. Instead of being fired, or even reprimanded, he was asked what he could suggest to improve traffic conditions.

The upshot of the conversation that followed was the assignment of Motorcycle Officer Kreml to the Safety Council as a sort of special accident-prevention man. Because of his conviction that traffic accidents could and should be checked, he was told—in spite of the fact that nobody else had been able to give the answer—to go ahead and try.

His first step was to organize an Accident Investigation Squad.

"We had to know more about the accidents we were having," Kreml says. "Naturally. You can't stop accidents very well—can you?—unless you know what is causing them. No, we didn't try to find out about all traffic accidents;



"I said your supper's gettin' cold. How many times do I have to call you?"

REARER KELLER

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AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR!

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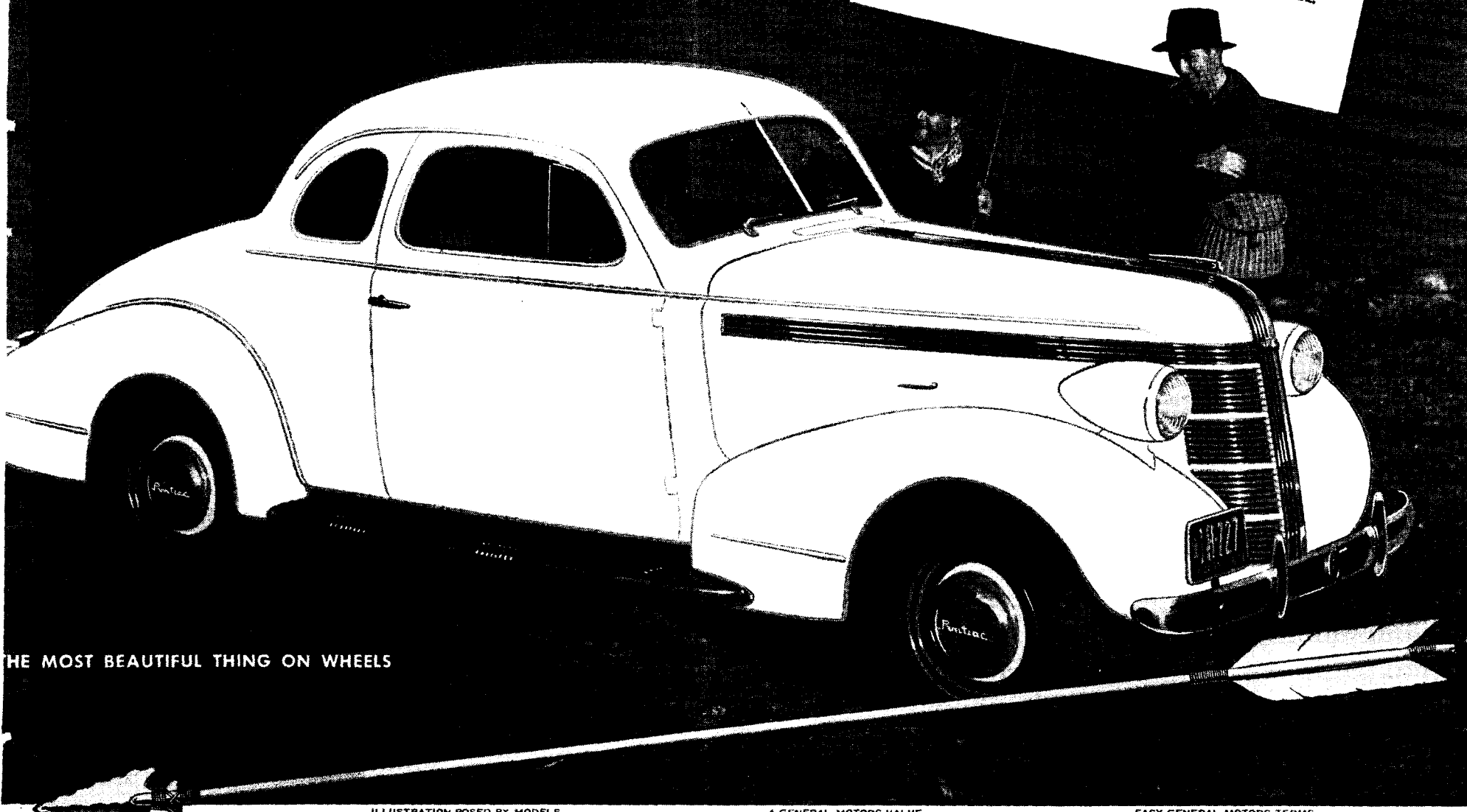
FOR EXTRA BEAUTY, COMFORT, ECONOMY AND DEPENDABILITY!"

MILO W. CARSON, Los Angeles, Calif.

FINDS SHORT STEP UP TO A PONTIAC
TAKES HIM INTO THE FINE CAR CLASS
reduces driving costs to new all-time low

INvariably, people who take the time to investigate Pontiac's remarkable record for trouble-free performance, Pontiac's phenomenal all-around economy, Pontiac's lullaby comfort and Knee-Action ride, and Pontiac's luxurious beauty, end by wanting this car more than any they have ever set eyes on. And when they take the next step and find how little it costs, just as invariably they follow Mr. Carson's example and buy it! For here are the facts about the price of this big Silver-Streaked beauty: *based on 18 months terms in 168 representative cities, the average difference in monthly payments between a Pontiac DeLuxe six 2-door sedan and the same model of the next lower-priced car is only 15 cents a day! That's actually all it takes to become a fine-car owner. Do you wonder so many thousands are buying Pontiacs?

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION, PONTIAC, MICH.
General Motors Sales Corporation



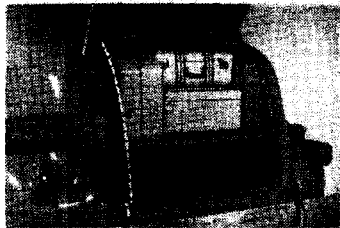
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

ILLUSTRATION POSED BY MODELS

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

EASY GENERAL MOTORS TERMS

ADD 15¢ A DAY TO THE PURCHASE PRICE OF THE NEXT LOWER-PRICED CARS AND GET A PONTIAC WITH—



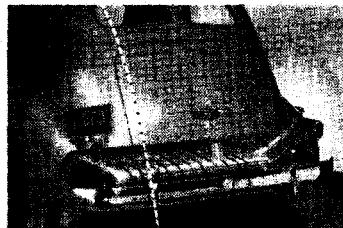
EXTRA trunk space
for 50% more luggage.



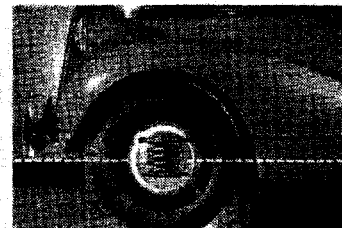
EXTRA inches of leg room,
to let you relax in comfort.



EXTRA inches of seat width,
providing elbow room for all.



EXTRA miles per gallon, to
give you peak economy.



EXTRA Knee-Action smooth-
ness, to let you rest as you ride.



*"She loves me,
she loves me not"*

In the game of pulling petals from the flower, if it doesn't come out "happy ending," you can always toss the stem away, and pluck another posy.

But when the foliage falls from your head, it's a game of another rule. For hair once gone is gone forever, and you have the head for keeps.

Don't let this happen to you!

If dandruff litters your collar, if your hair is thinning at the temples and your comb gathers wool from your crown, if your hair is dry and brittle or too oily, use Kreml morning and night and call for it in the barber shop.

Kreml cleanses, refreshes, stimulates the scalp and growth of hair. Kreml removes every speck of dandruff, and its beneficial oils help maintain a normal oil balance of hair and scalp.

A wonderful dressing, Kreml lends a healthful luster to hair and keeps it obedient to the comb without giving it that greasy, plastered-down look. Women, too, love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the coiffure. Ask your druggist for Kreml Hair Tonic.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF • CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY • MAKES HAIR BEHAVE

*now greatly
reduced in price*



they are different in every city, in every state. We had to find out what was causing Evanston accidents. We wanted to know *exactly* what was causing them."

That was only common sense. Yet it was brand-new. In Evanston, in 1929, as is still the case in most American cities today, only about 40% of the accidents were reported at all, and even those reports ran from all the grandeur of "Car No. 1 collided with Car No. 2 at intersection," to "Driver lost control of car and ran into tree."

Setting up an Accident Investigation Squad was neither complicated nor expensive. Evanston, like most American cities, had a number of police radio cars. One of these cars was put in charge of alert young members of the force who were told to cover all traffic accidents, getting the facts and turning in full reports. They were given cameras, steel tape measures and all the fixings, and trained, or instructed, in the technique of accident detection. They had to be thorough. They became in effect "Accident Detectives."

Accident data began to accumulate rapidly.

Half of Evanston's accidents were found to occur between four o'clock in the afternoon and midnight. But 80 per cent of the traffic force went off duty by four o'clock.

Motor cops had been making 70 per cent of their arrests on main boulevards and through streets; but 70 per cent of the accidents occurred on side streets.

In the majority of accidents there was found to be a traffic violation of some sort or other—speeding, failure to signal or obey traffic lights, possibly drunken driving. This opened up a new enforcement technique. Instead of trying to enforce all regulations at all times on all motorists, the Evanston traffic squad began landing hard on traffic violators *who became involved in an accident*. This had the great advantage of enlisting public support. The accident itself was evidence that the violation was dangerous.

Whenever possible, after an accident—even a minor one—drivers were taken at once to police headquarters and questioned. They had to give full accounts of exactly what had happened, and, incidentally, they had to clear themselves of blame as offenders against the peace and safety of the city.

Death to "Ticket Fixing"

Although enforcement as a whole was not so strict as it had been formerly, Evanston began to be known all through the Chicago neighborhood as a mighty bad place in which to have an accident. Whether or not the other fellow in a collision accepted a settlement or refused to prosecute, the police went after the violator.

With full accident reports, convictions for traffic violations became harder to escape. The Accident Squad started work in September, 1929. By March of 1930, only half a year later, convictions on traffic violations had gone up thirty to one.

To illustrate the detective work of the Accident Squad: In one case a parked car was seen to be damaged. Some driver had banged into it from the rear, gone on up over the curb, and struck a brick building—then backed off across a lawn, through a hedge, back into the street, and gone on his way. Nobody had seen him. But the accident detectives found a bent hub cap by the building. Instructions were radioed to all patrol cars to watch for a car with a left front hub cap missing. Within an hour such a car was reported on a side street, empty and unattended. Tiny particles of brick and mortar were scratched into the front fender, and on the under-

carriage were bits of twigs from the hedge.

The police looked up the owner of the license, and found him at his home, drunk. He denied having driven his car anywhere. He also denied letting anyone else take it. He was arrested, convicted, and fined, including costs, \$112.

In 1928, the year of Evanston's first strict enforcement, 62 hit-and-run drivers were reported, 11 were caught, and 5 convicted. In 1930, after Kreml's Accident Squad got on the job, 93 hit-and-runners were reported, 80 caught, and 72 convicted.

Gradually the problem of ticket fixing (one of the great obstacles almost everywhere to good traffic-law enforcement because of the ease with which a violator with "influence" can escape punishment) began to diminish. When a traffic violator is caught with the goods, since his infringement resulted in an accident of which all the facts are known, it's not so easy to get him off. Year by year, at Evanston, "ticket fixing" has diminished.

Bearing Down on Speed

Traffic experts for years have been stressing the need for what are known as the "Three E's"—Enforcement, Education and Engineering. Through his constantly accumulating data, Kreml quickly learned that to be effective, "Enforcement" had to be "Intelligent Enforcement," with as much emphasis on intelligence as on the enforcement itself, if not even more. Intelligent Enforcement at once ran into Education.

In the accident-prevention sense, Education has usually been interpreted to mean chiefly instruction in safety measures for children in school, and in that field a tremendous gain has already been recorded all over the country. But for Kreml at Evanston, safety education had to take in also motorists, the traffic men themselves, pedestrians, and the general public, without whose cooperation the whole safety campaign would fail.

In one year, for example, 72 Evanston pedestrians were struck after getting off busses—hurrying in front of the bus to cross the street. To prevent such accidents, warning placards were put in busses; bus drivers instructed passengers not to cross in front of the bus.

When an epidemic of street accidents broke out in a Polish section of the city, patrolmen were sent to take home children they found playing in the streets, and warn mothers impressively of the danger.

Motor cops were given accident figures and trained in courtesy; instead of "Don't you know the law?" or "Can't you read?" it became more like: "Sorry, but we've had nine accidents on this street since the first of the year; I'll have to give you a ticket."

It was found that more pedestrians were struck in the fall, when dusk shut down earlier in the afternoon. That called for special warnings. In the spring, speeders suddenly became more prominent, causing additional accidents, and motorcycle men had to bear down on speed.

Connecting up Engineering proved to be more difficult, but equally necessary. Eleven accidents occurred at one intersection where a billboard obstructed the view; at another intersection the same trouble was caused by a high hedge; at another a series of late-afternoon collisions resulted from the fact that the setting sun shone through the traffic lights. Finally the city created the job of Traffic Engineer. The billboard was removed, the hedge cut down, the position of the traffic lights changed—and again accidents decreased.

The cause of quite a few accidents

was found to be defective brakes, or other mechanical defects of old cars. A building was rented, brake-testing machinery installed, and all Evanston cars had to pass inspection every six months. The inspection gave opportunity for additional educational work, pulling for greater care in driving.

For three years in succession Evanston won the National Safety Contest for cities of the 50,000 to 100,000 class. As the man responsible for this record, Kreml began to get country-wide recognition. He was asked to go to various other cities to organize accident-prevention bureaus.

In 1934 he went to Syracuse, New York—a city with an unusually difficult traffic problem because of the peculiar layout of several of its main streets. Under Kreml's direction Syracuse's traffic deaths dropped from 22 per hundred thousand (in 1933) to less than 4 per hundred thousand (in 1935)—and Syracuse went to the top of the safety list for cities in the 100,000 to 250,000 population class.

Syracuse, in a way even more than Evanston, showed how effective the Kreml method is in reducing traffic accidents. Other cities began to call on him to set up accident-prevention bureaus for them—Cincinnati and Columbus in Ohio; Lafayette and South Bend in Indiana; Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport and Waterbury, in Connecticut; Louisville; Miami. In each instance accident reductions have followed, in some cases as much as a third, even on already available figures for immediately following months.

Look at a traffic-accident map of the whole United States, if you want to see how important these things are. *Because some states, and many cities, have only a half, or even a third, as many traffic accidents as others.* Twelve traffic deaths per one hundred thousand, for example, in New York City last year, as against 37—more than three times as many—in Los Angeles. Eleven road

deaths for each ten million gallons of gasoline in Iowa, and nine in Rhode Island, but 31 in Alabama and 32 in Georgia. Less than 18 highway killings per one hundred thousand population in North and South Dakota, but 50 in California and 66 in Nevada!

There's no longer any excuse for these startling discrepancies. There is a definite cause for every traffic accident, for each car smashed against a tree, for each broken leg, for each child run over by a truck. Find out exactly, says Kreml, what that cause is, in each accident; then something can be done about it.

It may be that state-wide laws are at fault. (There is a whole story there, and a tragic one, but no room for it right here.) It may be the type of law enforcement. It may be the habits of pedestrians, or lack of skill on the part of drivers. But once you have definitely found out about it, you are in a position to apply sound remedies. Clear-cut facts will presently secure proper legislation; clear-cut facts can change enforcement methods. Clear-cut facts can even change, gradually, the habits and attitudes of both pedestrians and drivers.

Successive waves of interest, combined with indignation at unnecessarily high accident rates, are already sweeping through this community or that, all over the country. Good! Franklin Kreml, the young motor cop from Northwestern University, has proved that accident figures can be cut in half. He has even developed a tried, workable technique, containing four planks:

First: Get the facts.

Second: Intelligent enforcement of traffic laws, bearing down particularly on violators who cause accidents.

Third: Education, to secure and hold the co-operation of car owners, drivers and the general public.

And finally, as far as practicable, engineering to improve road conditions and remove specific sources of danger.



"Shall we try counting sheep, Father?"

PERRY BARLOW

THEY TAKE 20,000 STEPS A DAY—GIVE THEM INSURANCE AGAINST FLAT FEET



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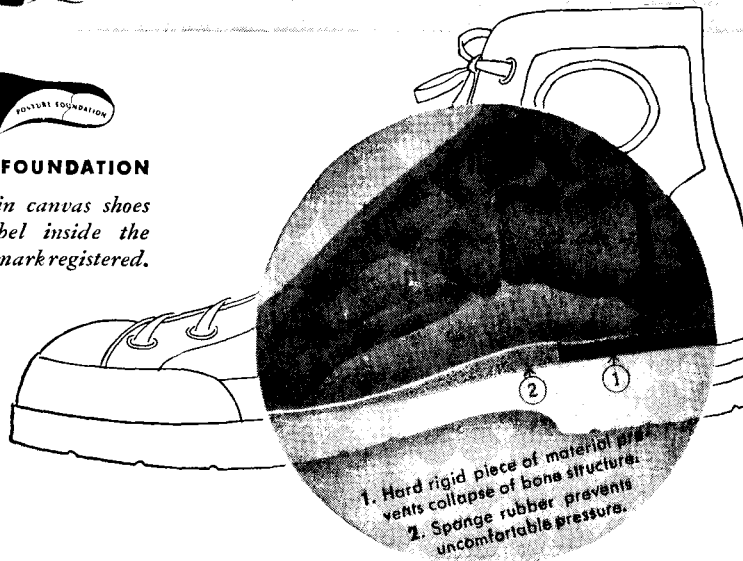


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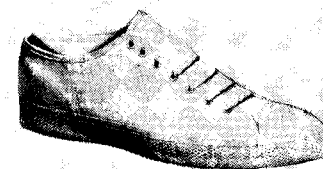


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Goodrich Sport Shoes



A Date for Thursday

By John August

IN SUMMER sunlight a man was crossing the lawn toward the laboratory. Dr. Ames glanced at the open door, cursed the Sunday-morning absence of assistants and technicians, and resolved that if this was another reporter interviewing our leading scientists he would throw him out. Then the man raised his face. Convulsively, Ames' hand went to the revolver in his desk drawer, to come back as if it had touched a snake. After fifteen years!

But he had mastered the shock except for a roaring in his ears when at last Philip Perse stood in the office door. Perse was holding a hand to his cheek and his small eyes were wary. He smiled. The smile that hypnotized investors and disarmed investigators.

"No dignity," Perse said, and his wooing voice, like his rubicund face, pulverized fifteen years. "A damned rose vine over your door gashed my cheek. I ought to look like an ambassador and I just look like a patient. I was driving through, Roger, and I'd read that you lived here. Nobody can hate anybody for fifteen years."

He dabbed a handkerchief at his cheek, where the blood welled from a ridiculous scratch. He would not offer his hand, Roger Ames knew, till he was sure he had succeeded. Roger felt his own veins flowing molten lead. But the fire within would not show through the outer ice. He had learned, at whatever cost, to look like the perfect scientist.

He stood up. "I'm glad you did. Nothing can last for fifteen years."

He held out his hand. Philip Perse took it, and looked like a conqueror. He was a conqueror. Nothing, no one, could stand out against him. He had learned to count on that even fifteen years ago, when there was nothing to conquer except friendship and honor . . . And it was now so easy that in five minutes, smoking, quietly talking, they were old friends. Unshadowed, at peace, nothing between.

Conquest was engraved on Philip's face. Through how many newspapers, for how many nights, had Roger followed that career. Philip had done precisely what he had said he would do. He had promised it all, and he had kept his promise.

But he wanted to talk about Roger. "They say you're sure to get the Nobel Prize."

YES, the conqueror's mind had always been transparent. That was why Philip was here—because the newspapers had told him that Roger was a great man, and great men were his need and pride. He wore them like jewels; he collected them. Why, he must even have bragged about Roger. You could hear that voice booming through the conqueror's halls: "Oh, yes, Roger Ames, we used to live in the same little town. Or, yes, Ames, the great bacteriologist—why, he's my old friend; why, he's my wife's first husband."

Would he mention Anita? But of course.

He seemed to have memorized all the honors a bacteriologist could get—he rolled them on his tongue like old brandy. Well, why not? Roger showed him medals from scientific societies, citations, letters of applause from great names. These too would do for bragging at table in the conqueror's house—my friend Ames who may get the Nobel Prize. He wanted to see the laboratory—and again, why not? Let him share achievement, publicity. . . . They stopped before a cage of four monkeys, and Philip goggled at them.

"They've got the virus that's named after me," Roger said. "The one you read about in the papers—the one that brought you here. I inoculated them this morning. Tuesday morning their temperature will rise. Thursday morning they'll be dead."

He made a wad of cotton, stood before a row of test tubes in a constant-temperature rack. His hands moved suddenly, skillfully

Fascination that had respect and horror in it made Philip's eyes beady. "Nothing can stop it?" He shuddered. "They look perfectly all right—and they're dying—and they don't know it." He stared a moment longer, then turned away. Amazement suffused his face, looking at Roger, the conqueror acknowledging a peer. "By God! And you were just a kid out of medical school, just a small-town sawbones."

That amazement and that recognition of death lingered in his mind, when they were back in the office. "Death! In a way, that's your job. You live with it. There's death in every inch of your lab, every minute of your life. Doesn't it ever scare hell out of you?"

"No," Roger said. "A man gets used to his job."

"You always were cold as ice. Nothing ever meant anything to you." Still staring. "And just a hick-town doc. We've come a damn' long way! All of us. You and me." He stammered. "And Anita. A long way from that hick town."

Roger said nothing. Yes, the hick-town doc who might get the Nobel Prize, the hick-town bank clerk who was a conqueror, and the hick-town wife. Anita had said, "Philip Perse will be a big man some day—he'll be a millionaire!" She was young then.

A violent pressure in Philip Perse sought release. "You would be still! It was me that made you a great man. You'd still be yanking tonsils in a hick town. You had to lose something before you'd put up a fight. You had to be kicked into greatness. They ought to give that Nobel Prize to me!"

NOTHING had changed; nothing could ever change. This moment and fifteen years ago, it was all one and unchangeable. Philip's face was scarlet now and he had rubbed the scratch so it was bleeding again. . . . He had said: "It's too late, Roger, this has been going on for quite a while." And Anita: "Yes, you fool, I've been his mistress for a year; now you know, and I'm going off with him; he's going to be a big man; do you hear?"

That flushed, ridiculous face. It seemed far away. It seemed curiously like an animal's. Curiously ape-like.

"I've never felt I did you an injury! I took what I had to have; I'm not asking pardon. And I didn't injure you. I made you. You'd still be treating colds!"

"It was a long time ago," Roger said. "What happens to young fools doesn't matter."

Philip was restored, all friendship, at once. "We're men of sense," he agreed. "I'm glad I saw you. I feel better about it."

"Where are you driving to?" Roger asked.

"I'm meeting my partner in Montreal tonight. Tomorrow we head to the Quebec woods for some fishing. . . . I've got to go, Roger. I'll tell Anita. Sometime you'll come and see us."

That was the consummation. But, of course!

"Wait a minute," Roger said.

He went into the laboratory, made a wad of cotton, stood before a row of cotton-plugged test tubes in a constant-temperature rack. His hands moved suddenly, skillfully. He went back. "Better let me put this on your scratch," he said.

Philip stooped and Roger set the gauze in place with adhesive tape. "It will stop the bleeding," he said.

They shook hands. "We'll see each other, now," Philip said. Again his laughter crashed out. "Maybe at Stockholm, huh?" His big hand slapped Roger's shoulder. "We've come a long way! So long, Roger."

"Where will you be on Tuesday?"

"In camp, a hundred miles into the woods. So long."

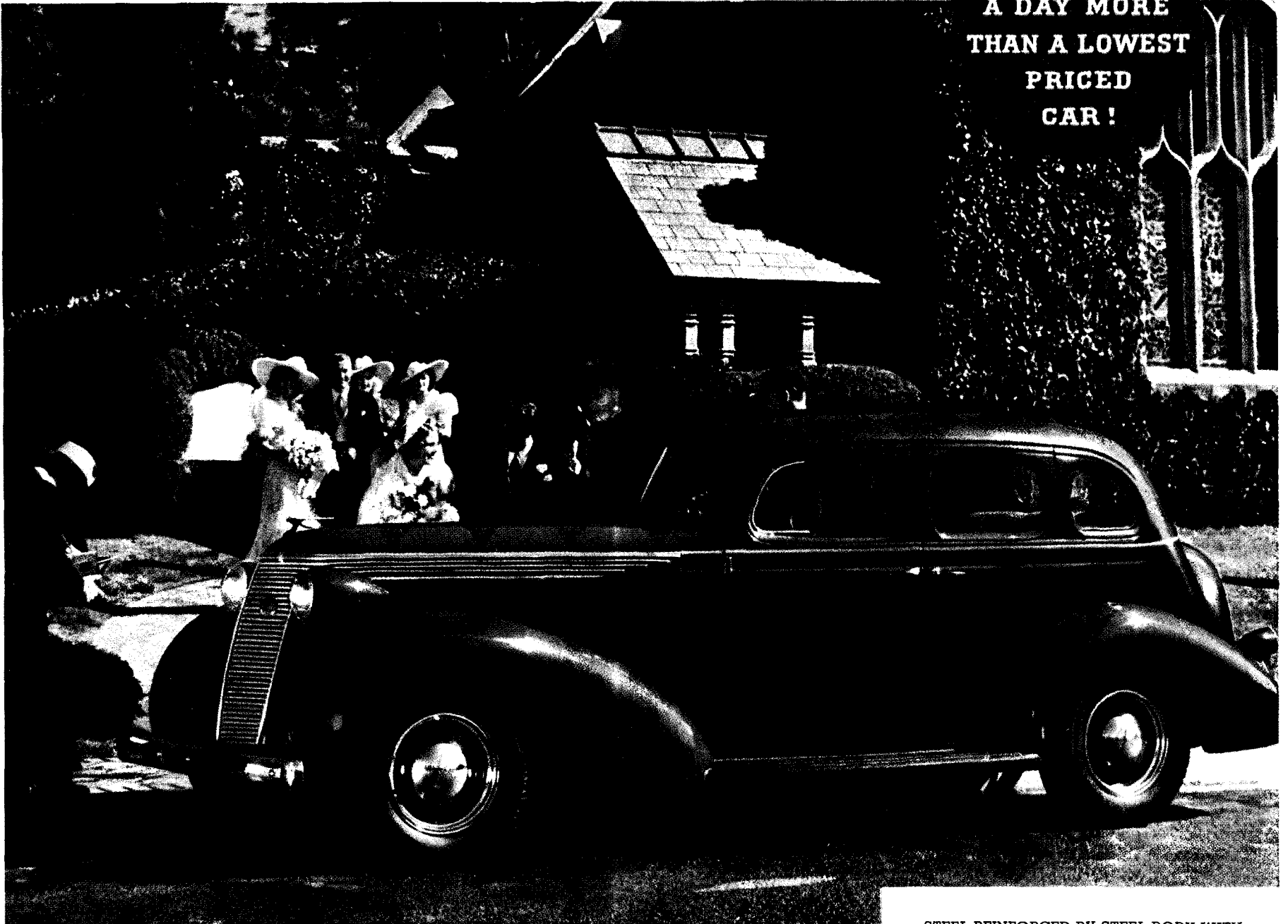
"Goodby, Philip."

Roger watched him cross the lawn. The roadster moved away from the curb, disappeared up the road. Roger turned and went back into the laboratory. He stood looking fixedly at the four caged monkeys.

Yes. . . . And Thursday?

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FEW CENTS
A DAY MORE
THAN A LOWEST
PRICED
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YOU hear people saying so many complimentary things about the tasteful sophistication of Studebaker designing . . . yet probably the most emphatic appeal of the 1937 Studebaker to most motorists is its remarkable economy of gas and oil!

Studebaker operating costs are conspicuously competitive with those of admittedly thrifty lowest priced cars. In fact, the Studebaker savings are so pronounced they impress even motorists who have never bothered about a few dollars a month one way or the other.

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See the 1937 Studebaker first and you'll find it first in everything you've wanted in a car . . . and Studebaker C.I.T. budget plan offers low time payments. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

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ENORMOUSLY ROOMY TRUNKS . . . CHAIR
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Everyone can now afford the "FIRST CHOICE" in Refrigerators

AMERICA'S BUYING MINUTE!



TODAY you can get the refrigerator you have always preferred at a price everyone can afford to pay. There's no need to take "second choice." The brilliant General Electric Refrigerator—that has always cost less to own—now actually costs less than ever to buy.

Compare refrigeration values on any basis you wish. Check price, performance, engineering features, manufacturing reputation. The facts permit only one conclusion. You'll agree that the new G-E Triple-Thrift Refrigerator is the value sensation of the year. For this remarkable refrigerator produces more cold, offers more proved conveniences and gives more years of economical service for less money than ever. You pay no premium for superior quality. Actually you save three ways. You save on price, you save on current and you save on upkeep.

The exceptional economy of the new Triple-Thrift Refrigerator is due in large measure to two important and vital engineering advances. These are oil cooling and forced-feed lubrication. They positively assure quieter operation, lower current consumption and longer life. In addition, all General Electric Refrigerators are powered with the world-famous G-E automatic Thrift Unit. This sealed-in-steel, cold-making mechanism is permanently protected against the destructive effects of air, moisture and dirt. It requires no attention—not even oiling.

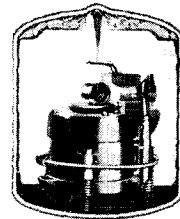
Remember—the G-E Thrift Unit is absolutely the only sealed mechanism backed by 10 years of actual service. It has definitely and conclusively proved its superiority by unparalleled performance in more than 2,000,000 homes. Brilliantly styled, all-steel refrigerator cabinets

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OIL COOLING

• Oil cooling and forced-feed lubrication are General Electric engineering developments that positively assure quieter operation, lower current consumption and longer life in every General Electric Refrigerator.



The Rain Runner

Continued from page 15

watching him run. He doesn't seem much interested in horse-racing. What about a hundred dollars, cash?"

"Not enough money for a race horse, Mr. Childs."

"We don't claim he's a race horse."

"I might be keeping him covered up," Ben grinned. "Might be saving him for the right spot. I might take two hundred for this peerless runner, whose future is all ahead of him."

WELL, they finally compromised on one hundred and fifty, with Omar bleeding internally and looking pitiful. When we wound up the deal, Omar said: "Another thing, Harmony. What makes you so certain this horse is Badminton, a mud hopper? You can be mistaken. It would be a nice thing to happen if he was just Jelly Foot and nothing more."

"This is Badminton," said our boss, "and no mistake has been made. He doesn't need any training. He doesn't need any exercise or warm-ups. He doesn't need weak competition. All he requires is mud, rain, drizzle, sleet, hail, snow, washouts and general moisture coming from heaven. With these he will beat any horse on earth and let the other horse ride on a streamlined train."

After that we simply waited for the weather (which did not oblige) and it is rather boring to hang around a city like Pernambuco all winter waiting for the floodgates to open.

Eventually, there arose another disturbing matter, with O. Gill, of course, at the bottom of it. The skies remained blue as a baby's eye, the weather lan-

guorous, with never a sign of the wetness that was to enrich us. We had our horse in the barn; we had a jock; we had a trainer and were ready to go. Some of our precious eight hundred was gone on expenses, but there was still enough increment to bet—say at two hundred to one. We figured that the intake from this enterprise would wreck every bookmaker as far south as the Panama Canal. While we were waiting, Mr. Gill suddenly demanded money from our joint cash, in the sum of fifty dollars.

"What for?" Harmony asked coldly, staring the little shad in the eye. "Your meals are paid for. You need no clothes. You have no expenses."

"If you must know," said Omar. "It's for Viola."

"The hasher?"

"Never mind. She has a cousin named Horace Jackson, and he is inventing a machine. She runs the restaurant and he invents. Right now he needs a little money for his invention and I told Viola I would get it."

"What kind of a machine?"

"Hanged if I know. Horace invents anything — suspenders, toothbrushes, trolley wheels, fishhooks, revolving doors, bottles—this is either an icebox or a dentist's chair."

"Go back and tell both cousins to go—"

"I will not go back," Omar shouted wrathfully. "I promised."

"Did you ever meet this inventor?"

"Sure. At the Golondrina. Nice, tall guy, looks like an inventor, sort of screwy. He is Viola's favorite cousin

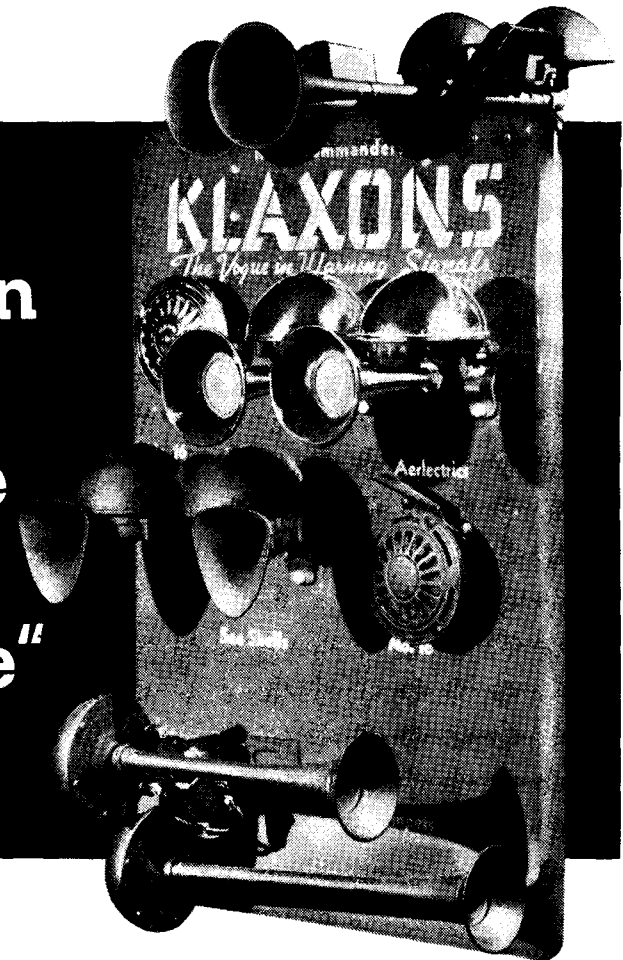


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BO BROWN

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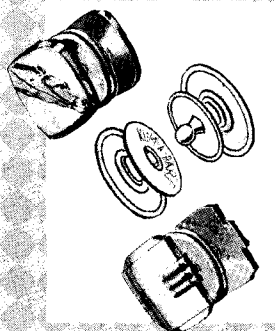
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SWANK... NOVEL AID TO GOOD GROOMING

and she wants a little dough so he can go on inventing."

"I'll let you have twenty-five," said our leader in a disgusted voice.

"Listen," said Omar. "It was my uncle's money in the beginning and I'm in love with this girl and she loves me dearly and we intend to be married. I asked her. Fifty dollars."

"Make it forty."

"All right, forty, and if you ever fell in love with a lovely girl yourself, you'd know that money isn't all. There is nothing in the world like the honest love of a fine girl."

"All I can say," Harmony sadly remarked, "is that I wish you would keep away from women." He then handed Omar forty dollars and the little man disappeared with it, forty bucks that we would never be able to bet on Jelly Foot, alias Badminton, if and when that beastie ran in the muck.

Never did I see so many warm, clear days as those that followed. I grew more and more bored, but not Omar. He had his black-eyed lady love, spent hours at her beanery and every so often handed her small sums, which in turn she gave Horace Jackson, that he might continue his invention. One of these sums Omar actually stole out of a bureau drawer in our rooms, where our leader had carelessly placed it.

"I have a notion," said Harmony, "to send you back to Frisco and throw you out of this. Just a nasty little crook, stealing our diminishing money and handing it to this blankety-blanked bean chaser."

"Viola gets not a penny," cried Omar. "She is unselfish, cares nothing for money, just gives it to Horace."

"I hope he invents dynamite and falls on it," said Harmony.

Obtaining no more money from us,

the little man prowled in the town, and we found he had borrowed from Higgins, the grocer, one of our staunch friends. We stopped that at once. Then I opened my eyes one morning, and the usual sunshine was not peeking through the slats at me. It was darkish like. Harmony came in beaming.

"Here comes your rain," he announced. "It won't be long now, Georgie. We will soon have all the loose money in this side of the world."

"You mean if it ever rains," said Omar, from behind him.

"It will be raining tonight."

SURE enough, it continued to cloud up nicely, the skies turned gray and grayer still and soon there was a gentle drizzle over Pernambuco, not much of a rain but mighty useful to a town that had been bone dry a year. Along with that opening drizzle came an annual affair known locally as Carnival Circus Week, an event that filled the city with visitors from far and near. The crowds began coming to Pernambuco, for in addition to the merrymakings of the Carnival itself, there was the National Handicap, to be run at the track on Saturday, and the National Handicap is the big racing affair of each year.

Our Mr. H. Childs kept a sharp eye on the weather and the track, with the other eye on Jelly Foot, who ate heartily in his quarters and seemed to be enjoying the best of health. One afternoon at dusk, we had a sort of trial run in the mud, as Omar kept demanding to see what this skate could do. It was plenty mucky and Jelly Foot came out for his first work in many a day. There was a little colored lad on his back, with orders to give him hell for a quarter mile, and while the three of us sat on the fence in the drizzle, little Jelly Foot showed us

something. We watched what appeared to be a streak of lightning. It was a case of here he comes and there he goes and now we knew, if we ever doubted it, that this was a mud horse, whether his name was Badminton or Bridge Whist.

"Maybe you're right after all," Omar said grudgingly, and from that moment, all he thought about was the size of the pot. From a skeptic, he became a constant booster and warmly praised Harmony for his sharpness in the first place.

That night, our boss laid the plan of action: "Here's the way we do this," he said. "Tomorrow, I enter Jelly Foot in the National Handicap, to be run Saturday. If it keeps on raining, that track will be nothing but slop and it's pretty sloppy now. There is nothing further but to wait and put up our money."

"Uncle Porter's," Omar reminded. "I do hope and pray that nothing funny happens at that race track on Saturday afternoon."

"Nothing can happen to a horse like Badminton in the mud. It is like betting on a greyhound to beat a cow."

We spent our time letting some of our good friends in on the major killing just ahead, pledging them to a decent silence. Mr. Higgins, the grocer and an old comrade, said he would be mighty glad to cut in, as he had a few flour bills that were nagging him. Marks of the pool hall shook hands and thanked us. The hardware proprietor said he had been waiting for just such an opportunity, and upon being informed the odds would probably open at two hundred to one, he went away beaming. We made a number of people happy in advance, including two barbers, the mailman and the owner of the Four Square Garage.

Our Mr. Gill continued to moon about the Golondrina Restaurant all day long,



"Two fried eggs... bust 'em. Burn th' bacon. Gimme th' coffee cold... and nag me!"

JAY IRVING

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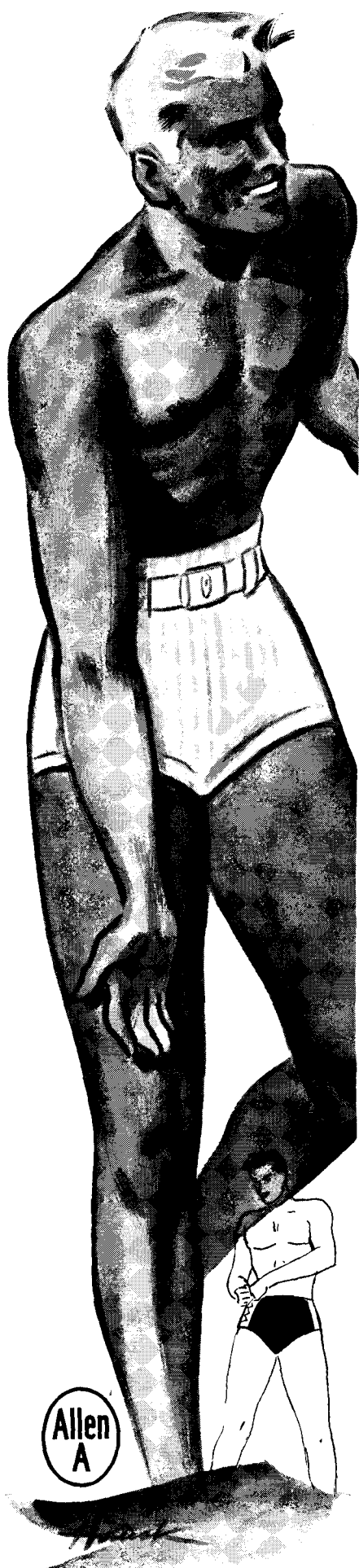
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"Life Guard" gabardine trunks No. 2308, laced side, glove fit. Red, white, blue, yellow.

Allen-A
SWIM SUITS
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

probably discussing an early marriage with the black-eyed siren. On Friday night, the moderate rain increased until it was positively a downpour, a fine heavy fall and that made certain of a muddy track. Nothing could prevent it. Harmony walked around with a broad smile for everybody.

"You get a chance like this," he declared, "just once in every three hundred years."

Jelly Foot was in the Handicap, fourth race on the card, and it was our simple intention to take the remains of our eight hundred and chunk it all in at whatever we could get, letting the books suffer as they would, collect our fortune after the race, ship Jelly Foot north and then depart from Pernambuco, three of the richest men who ever left town.

Omar promised to join us at the track early in the afternoon, bringing Viola along for the startling scene. Ten horses were to start in the Handicap, some of them high-grade thoroughbreds, so there was never any question about the rich odds. Omar appeared in the stand as promised, but not with Viola, and his manner was depressed.

"Where is the lovely creature?" I asked him politely.

"She couldn't come with me," he answered gloomily. "Her cousin Horace asked her as a special favor to go along with him today, so she did. They're here somewhere."

"You must stand aces with the dame, if a cousin can beat your time," I observed, but he only looked more mournful than ever. Harmony came in a few minutes later, carrying an umbrella and happy as a lark. The place was full of people with umbrellas, for the gentle rain was still coming down. Nobody ever saw a muddier track than spread before our eyes and both the books and the pari-mutuels had heavy play. It was a holiday crowd, but not precisely holiday weather, and the minute the third race was over, we began getting our money down—that is, Harmony and myself, neither one of us trusting Omar an inch.

I may state that the getting down required no great time. The bookmakers snapped at us. One of them looked at me pityingly as he took the cash on Jelly Foot. "Hundred and seventy-five to one," he announced and then added, "Mister, either this is counterfeit money or you have a machine at home for making it."

OUR Mr. Gill could be seen, moping about the grounds, looking in the stand for signs of his beloved, and I can remember that Harmony was standing about ten feet from me, under his umbrella, looking for the horses to appear, when the track announcer suddenly began speaking over his electric contrivance. Harmony's face was red with excitement and I have no doubt mine was blue, green and yellow. Harmony began hopping from one foot to the other and Omar walked under the umbrella.

Then, as I said, the official announcer began speaking. "Ladies and gentlemen," came the deep bellow from the microphone, "we have an interesting special announcement before the Handicap is run. We are going to try out a new invention, which may make its owner a rich man. It is called the Jackson Lightning Track Dryer and was invented by Mr. Horace Jackson. If it does what its inventor claims, every track in the world will have one."

I listened and a chill feeling fastened itself about my legs and slowly crawled up my back. I turned to Harmony and noticed that his lower lip was out of position.

"What do you make of that?" I asked, my voice shaking.

"Must be Omar's Horace," he muttered. "That would be the invention the

little man has been stealing our money to finance—nothing but a track dryer. Can you bear it?"

He turned slowly and Omar ducked from under the umbrella. In the distance, there came a tractor, towing a queer-looking mechanism that spread over the track, belching flame and smoke in all directions. It seemed to be running on wide steel wheels, with millions of little gasoline jets, and as the tractor chugged slowly past the stands, even a dummy could see that Horace Jackson had a great future. In front of the dryer were mud and ooze, but behind it, the track spread out dry and cosy as a living-room rug. A miracle of drying.

THEY ran the new gadget around the strip and what was as fine a mud puddle as anyone ever saw became almost instantly a smoothed and silky path for horses that love to gallop on the dry. The crowd applauded heartily, not knowing their handclaps spelled doom for three honest crooks. All about us were friendly men who had trusted us and who had wagered their hard-earned dough on Jelly Foot. The announcer presently spoke again:

"The Jackson Lightning Track Dryer seems to be a success, folks, as you can see with your own eyes. We congratulate Mr. Horace Jackson, who is sitting in Box 35. Will Mr. Jackson kindly stand up and take a bow?"

Mr. Jackson did so and that was the first time we ever saw Viola's cousin. Omar suddenly spoke.

"Come on," he said in a loud whisper. "Let's go."

"Yes," agreed Harmony. "And work fast. We don't want to be around when the race is over. Somebody may take a shot at us and I wouldn't blame them."

We hurried out to where the folks park their cars and watched the National Handicap from a distance, hiding behind a pillar. There was little brown Jelly Foot, or Badminton, greatest mud runner on earth. We watched them pop out of the starting gate on the nice, dry track and as might be expected, our little brown baby broke about last, looked the situation over, shook his head gently and pounded along by the stand.

There he was, carrying all our last dollars at one hundred and even two hundred to one, plugging contentedly in the ruck, ninth in a ten-horse contest, with apparently no interest in winning a purse for his owners. At the half, he was still farther back and galloping casually. A horse named Sunland won the Handicap by four lengths.

"Let us be moving on," Harmony said drearily. "This is all over."

"All over," I said, "except what do we do with the little gila toad on the back seat?"

"You kill him if you want to," said our leader in a tired voice. "I wouldn't touch him with a polecat."

We marched out through the parked cars, selected the first one that looked as if it would start—and it did—and ten minutes later we were rolling out of Pernambuco into the pleasant country. Mr. Gill huddled on the rear seat, a portrait of frozen agony and remorse, and for the first time in his life he had nothing to say. When he finally spoke, he asked: "What about our horse, the mud runner?"

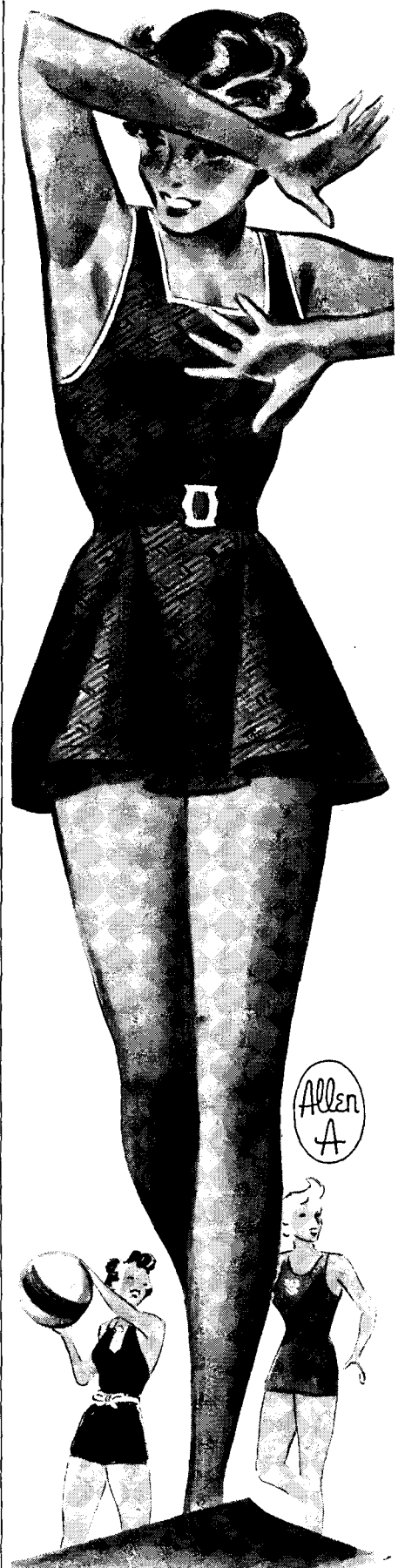
"You can come back later and get him," Harmony grunted, "and at the same time marry Viola, you little bladder head."

"Oh, no, I can't," Omar replied promptly.

"Why not?"

"Because I found out today she's Mrs. Horace Jackson. She's that fellow's wife, not cousin. Can you imagine a woman deceiving me like that?"

Our leader made no answer, but continued to drive rapidly into the north.



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SWIM SUITS
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Light in Darkness

Continued from page 10

Deep lines tightened infinitesimally around the other man's mouth. "Sorry," he said curtly. "Your coming here was useless, of course. There's nothing I can do. Only the governor can help him now. He'll be executed in three hours, man. You're a relative?"

Now that he was about to speak, the pressure, the urging that had drawn at his mind in the bank, with Eleanor, was completely gone. He knew he could stop; but, oddly, he didn't want to.

"No." He shook his head again. "I killed John Harrington."

MARTIN WOOLRICH stared at him, his lips gaping in a stupid "O" around the end of the cigar.

"Indeed!" he said, recovering himself after a moment. "Indeed! Ah—" The sharp eyes passed over Walter; the deep voice became very calm and soothing. "Just sit here for a moment, young man. If you'll excuse me—"

Martin Woolrich was familiar with cranks; his manner was perfect and unalarmed. He was almost out in the hall before Walter realized what he was going to do.

"Give me a moment," Walter said, without raising his voice, so quietly that Martin Woolrich turned around and stared at him with perplexed dark eyes. "I'm assistant cashier at the Third National Bank—maybe you remember seeing me there, Mr. Woolrich, when you come in to see Mr. Quarrier. I'm just outside his office, at the desk by the gate. You came in to see him a week ago—last Tuesday."

Something that might have been recognition showed in the other man's face. Walter went on, levelly and without emotion, as he saw it.

"Over two years ago I got in a jam, Mr. Woolrich. Someone I knew gave me a tip on the market, and I thought if I had a thousand dollars I could make two or three. Only I didn't have a thousand dollars. The bank had. I took it. In a week, when the stock went up, I thought I could pay it back. Then the stock went down. In a week I didn't have a dollar."

"Here," Martin Woolrich said, quiet and sharp. "What are you talking about?"

Very easily, without any hesitation, the words came from Walter. He'd been framing them in his mind, he thought, for eight months.

"That put me in a spot, Mr. Woolrich. I had to get that thousand dollars. I went to the one man that might let me have it—John Harrington."

"You knew he was a loan shark?"

"I'd heard talk. I told him if he gave me the money I'd pay him twenty-five dollars a week until it was all returned, and I signed a paper that I thought said that. When he gave me the cash I put it back, and then every week I paid him twenty-five dollars. For a year and a half—almost two thousand dollars."

Looking at him uncertainly, Martin Woolrich said nothing, merely waved the cigar. Walter went on.

"I thought that was enough, but he said it wasn't; he said the twenty-five dollars was just the weekly interest rate I'd agreed to pay. He said I hadn't

I SEE A DARK MAN
GOING OUT
OF YOUR LIFE!

THAT NIGHT

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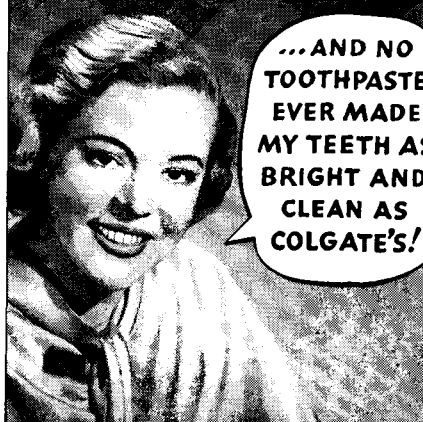


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even touched the principal yet, and that if I didn't keep on paying he'd tell the bank. I knew they'd fire me, and I knew I couldn't pay him any more than twenty-five dollars a week. The way it was I told my wife I'd been cut, and went without lunches and cigarettes. Then I thought I'd steal the paper I signed, so that he wouldn't have any proof, and the bank wouldn't believe him. They liked me there. If he couldn't show the paper, I thought he mightn't even come down. No one else knew what I'd done.

"A couple of nights later I went out to his house on Appleton Road to steal it. I brought a gun with me although I didn't mean to hurt him. I thought just showing it to him if he caught me would scare him. He—"

"You'd remember that night?" Martin Woolrich asked suddenly, leaning forward. "Not the date—the weather?"

AS HE answered it Walter thought that the question would have trapped a crank. The date a man could find in the paper. The weather he wasn't likely to bother looking up.

"It was raining. A thunderstorm. When I got off the bus at Appleton Road all the street lights were off. The storm must have knocked down a wire."

Now under the level words that night shaped up again, slowly and vividly, with a kind of stark, unmoving preciseness—a picture forming and growing clear on some inner part of his brain so that once more he was in the darkness of that ninth of October, in that great windy blackness beaten through and drumming with the sound of raindrops on the earth. There were no lights in the house. It was past twelve, the road was deserted; he stood again under the trees, he felt again the cold, desperate urging that had allowed him to stop only for a moment, and then drove him forward, across the lawn, through the darkness that was a friend and cold terror.

There was no sound but the rain. No one challenged him. He found a cellar window whose rotten wood snapped under the pressure of his knife blade. He crawled inside. His voice was low now, dry and husky. It seemed to follow and no longer precede the phantom resurrected actions in his mind.

"I got upstairs, into his offices. There I snapped the lock off his files with a chisel I'd brought with me. It took me a couple of minutes to find the paper I'd signed and the notes of the payments I'd made—everything that had my name on it. Just as I had them in my pocket and was turning to get up the lights went on. He must have heard the noise I made forcing the lock. I saw him behind the desk with a gun in his hand and I fired before he could fire at me. Before he even said anything. Before I meant to. As soon as the light went on I must have pulled the trigger. He fell across the desk, on his face."

STARING at him, quiet and purposive, Martin Woolrich said: "The lock was broken on his files. That's true. We never did find out why Louie Marion—"

Watching Walter carefully, he reached behind him and picked up the phone. Walter did not listen to what he said. He felt a vast disinterest in Martin Woolrich, as if the stocky man were not at all important; part of him, confounding time and reality, was kneeling before a file on one knee, watching the top of a man's head that swung a little, humorously, on a gray blotter, and then got quite still. Part of him smelt the strong smell of smoke confined in a quiet room, thin and gray and almost motionless. And part of him, too, must have answered the questions that Martin Woolrich shot out at him, as soon as he put down the phone. Then perhaps ten minutes later the doorbell rang, and Martin Woolrich opened the door to the hall.

"Show him in here, Mary," he said. "It's you, Powell?"

A tall thin man came in past him, took off a shabby felt hat, and looked down at Walter with light eyes that were tired and quiet and extraordinarily calm, as if nothing could ever surprise them very much. For a minute or two Martin Woolrich talked to him, keeping tight hold of his arm; then he turned, and the cigar was jabbed suddenly at Walter.

"All right. Tell your story."

Walter told it. The thin man, silent, leaned against the desk and considered Walter gravely, with an air of taking his tone, his expression, his features, and weighing them quietly and slowly. He asked no questions until Walter had finished; then he said mildly: "How was he dressed? This Harrington?"

In the instant before he fell forward, dead across the desk, John Harrington looked at Walter again, faintly surprised, his mouth slightly open, his brows raised.

"A bathrobe," Walter said dully. "A dark one, red or brown. He had on a shirt inside it. No tie."

All the time, watching them, Martin Woolrich had been puffing the cigar savagely, yanking it out of his mouth as if he were going to speak, putting it on the ash tray, picking it up again.

"Now listen," he said, before Powell could speak again. "You see the spot this puts me in? You see that? Say it's a put-up job—say he's a friend of Louie Marion's—and I stop the execution. Then I'm a fool—I'm the county's A-One sucker. I'm all washed up. The papers will never stop kidding me. And if it's true, if it really—"

The cigar performed incredible gestures of perplexed and angry bewilderment.

"You worked on the case—you were one of the men that found him the next

morning, when his clerk couldn't get in. You ought to know whether he's lying. If it's true why didn't he tell us all this before? Why does he wait until the last night, until—my God!—there's three hours left?"

"Why didn't you?" Powell asked, looking at Walter.

"Because I thought he'd be released, or reprieved. I knew he was innocent—I was sure they'd acquit him. When they gave him the chair I thought the governor would commute his sentence." Walter pressed his palms tightly against his temples. Something ached in his head, dreadfully. "I had a wife and kids to look out for. This Louie Marion was a gangster. I told myself he deserved it—that he'd probably killed a man, or more than one, in his life. The last couple of weeks I just thought I'd let him take it. No one knew and I thought I could do that. Even tonight I meant to do it. I couldn't—I don't know why."

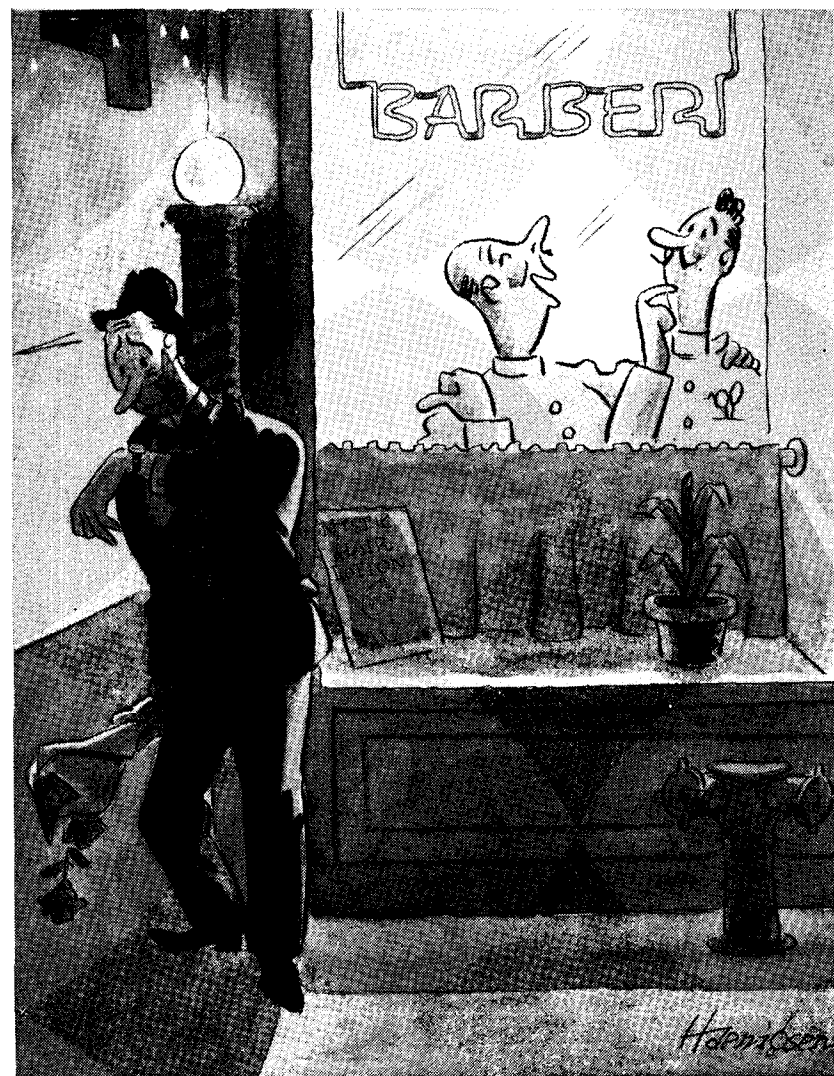
FOR a moment the thin man looked at Walter thoughtfully, and then he nodded and pushed away from the desk.

"Well?" Martin Woolrich's head came down and forward between his shoulders, questioning and aggressive. "You've got his story now. You ought to know—"

"Maybe I ought to," Powell said, blinking his tired eyes carefully. "Only I don't, Mr. Woolrich. If you ask me whether he's lying, I'd say no. It doesn't look like an eleventh-hour stall. I'd say he was telling the truth. The funny part is that I still think Louie Marion did the job."

"So he's right and he's wrong," Martin Woolrich said, dangerously quiet. "That's your answer."

Without seeming to feel the danger, rather meditatively Powell swung his hat around on his index finger and stared at it.



"Five minutes more and he'll need another shave"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

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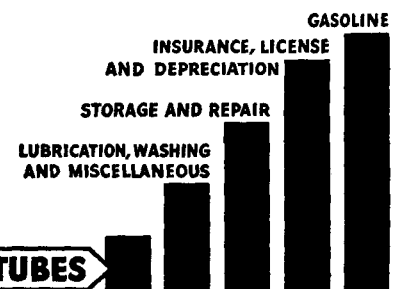
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FEBRUARY 1, 1842

"I'm a cop, Mr. Woolrich—I ain't a magician." The tired eyes lifted to the other's face and stayed there for a while. "If you want me to make up your mind for you, you're asking for something I can't do. I'd suggest something if you wouldn't think it was screwy. I'd suggest getting in your car and going out to Appleton Road and having this Robinson show us what he did. If something's phony that's the place to spot it—right where it happened. Harrington's brother's out west somewhere, sick; he didn't even get here for the funeral. So nothing's changed. Everything's the way it was the night Harrington got rubbed out. If you think that's too screwy—"

"Nothing," Martin Woolrich said bitterly, "is too screwy in a spot like this. Come on."

He drove very fast. In ten minutes they were in Appleton Road, and Martin Woolrich, in the dimly lighted hallway, was shouldering the caretaker brusquely out of the way.

"If you've been here before," he said, "you'll know the way this hall is furnished. Describe it."

Walter didn't have to make an effort to remember. It was very clear in his mind—the strip of carpet, the one chair, the little table, the long narrow picture of the Battle of Gettysburg over it. He led them down the hall then, and before the closed door of the office he told them where the files were, and the desk, with the bronze ash tray, made of two outstretched palms, on the blotter atop that, just right of the inkwell.

IN THE office, after they had looked at the mark his chisel had made on the drawer of the filing cabinet, Martin Woolrich said softly, "I guess that's it. He couldn't get all that out of the papers, Powell. I'm calling the governor. It's nine-thirty now."

Looking vaguely dissatisfied, Powell nodded; he kept one thumb under his chin and nibbled on the knuckle of a forefinger. Walter sat before him, quietly, with his head in his hands. It was over now; it was queer that he felt nothing, neither exultation nor despair. He wasn't glad that he had saved Louie Marion; nor was he sorry. Why had he done it? Why?

Even now the answer was unclear. The choice had stood apart, detached from emotion, in his mind—what was it, after all, but the choice of Eleanor and the kids, or a man like Louie Marion? Which of them were to be saved? It had simmered down to that; truth or justice or mercy or conscience were obscure words,

scarcely understood. They had nothing to do with it. He wouldn't tell. A thug like Louie Marion! And Eleanor. . .

"Then get him, damn it," Martin Woolrich shouted into the phone. "And get him before ten o'clock. Phone me here as soon as you locate him. I'll be waiting. It's new evidence, man. If I don't get your call in fifteen minutes I'll phone the warden myself. I'll have to."

Hanging up, "A dinner party," he said bitterly to Powell. "And the secretary didn't know whether he should be disturbed."

"Uh-huh," Powell answered, with an absent nod, staring down at Walter as if he didn't see him, as if his thoughts were inward, searching for something else. "This Louie Marion," he said, after a pause. "What did you think of his story? How did you feel about him, Mr. Woolrich?"

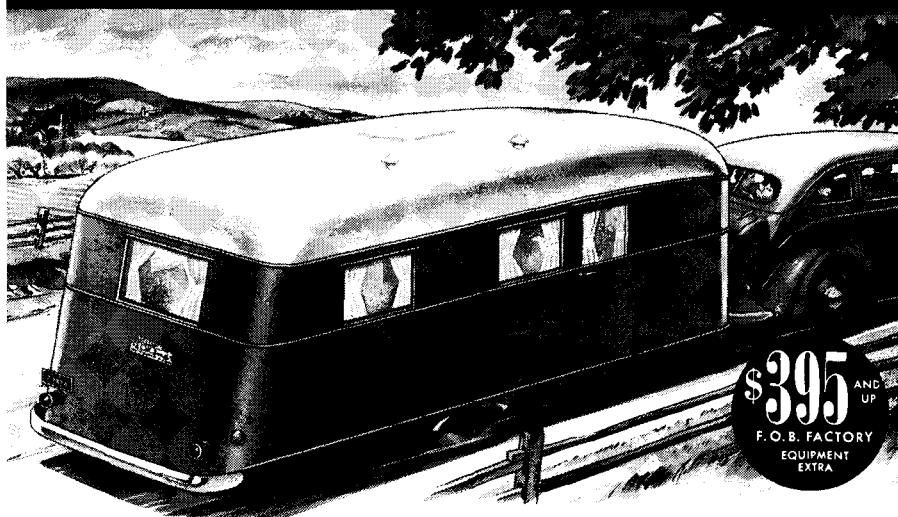
"The way everyone else felt. I'll never be as certain of anything again. Guilty."

"Guilty," Powell said, plucking a bit of thread from his coat sleeve and rolling it about between his fingers with a small, preoccupied frown, "as hell. It was all practically perfect. There's a cop that ducks in a doorway down the street when it begins to rain that night. He sees Louie Marion come out of this house and get into his gray coupé. Then there's a guy parked with his girl on the river drive, and he sees this same gray coupé pull up near him and a guy get out and throw a gun into the river. The guy he identified as Louie Marion. We know Louie wanted a cut on Harrington's loan shark take; we know Harrington wouldn't give it to him. All that is like these new screws they have out—the more stress you put on them, the tighter they grip."

"Twenty to ten," Martin Woolrich said, looking at his watch. "I'm giving him till the hour. No more! What are you talking about now?"

"Louie Marion," said Powell, looking sad and meditative and a little angry. "Being as long on Homicide as I have you get feelings about things, about people. You know that, Mr. Woolrich. Your office and ours work the same way; talk to everybody involved until one of the stories kind of twists around inside you. Why? Well, I couldn't tell you that. An intuition, you could call it, or a hunch. You just know, see? Proof's another matter. Proof's what we work for after we get a line on where to start. Even the cases that never get to a jury aren't as tough as the papers make out; we know who did the job even when we can't dig

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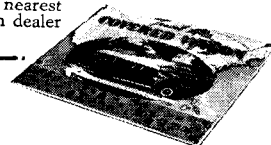
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up proof enough to take him into court. The first time I heard this Louie Marion's story I said that's the guy. I just knew it, understand. He checked all the way down the line."

Pausing there, he regarded Walter for a long moment with that preoccupied air of inner reflectiveness.

"Get up," he said finally, nibbling on his finger again. "Go over to the door. Say we ain't here. You're alone, like that night, understand. You do just what you did then."

Martin Woolrich gave an impatient little chirp of the lips.

"Go ahead," he said, with a heavy note of irony. "Let's reconstruct a crime eight months old. Let's find out what really happened."

"Why not?" Powell gazed at him placidly. "The room ain't been touched, Mr. Woolrich. Say it's curiosity; say it's the feeling we both had about this Louie Marion. Say it's that hunch I was just talking about. Go on," he told Walter. "With everything the same, understand. Everything."

Rising stiffly, Walter got up and went over to the door, stopping there with his back behind it. There was something that wasn't the same, he thought; for a moment he couldn't remember what it was.

"The lights," he said then. "They were off. I had a flashlight."

There were three lamps in the room, all lit. The one near the window, the one over the easy chair, Powell snapped off by walking across to them and clicking their buttons around in turn; only the small outspreading cone of the desk lamp was left on when he nodded to Walter to start.

Inside him as he started to cross the suddenly quiet room Walter felt his heart begin to beat so fast and hard that it was difficult for him to breathe. Martin Woolrich's bald head made a white blob in the shadow; behind the desk Powell's thin body was almost invisible. Neither of them spoke; only his feet on the rug scuffed forth a small sound to break the silence.

He reached the files and knelt before them, and as he turned he saw Powell bend forward slightly, into the light of the desk lamp.

"You opened that drawer," Powell said. "The second one from the top. Now it takes you a minute to look through it. Now you pick out your papers. Now—"

THE desk lamp vanished in a rush of darkness that was as swift and violent as a blow.

"The hell!" Martin Woolrich sounded panicky. "What are you doing? Put on that light!"

"Half a minute," Powell said. "Nothing's going to happen, Mr. Woolrich. You're looking through that drawer now, Robinson. You're hunting for your papers. You can't find them right away."

On one knee, rigid, Walter crouched by the files. When Powell stopped speaking, when the deep silence spread out smoothly and without a ripple through the deep blackness, it seemed that nothing had changed. Time flowed back; it was a night in October. In a moment John Harrington would turn on the lights.

And then the lamp came on—the one light on the desk, throwing sharply through black shadow its downthrust yellow funnel of vision. The chair behind it, incredibly, was empty.

It took Walter a moment to speak, in a husky tone he had to push physically from his dry throat.

"That's all. As soon as the lights came on I swung around and saw him. I fired before I thought. That's how it happened."

Rubbing his two thumbs, very gently,

out over his brows, Powell looked down at Walter and said nothing. He shouldn't have been hopeful, Walter thought; this had all been insane from the beginning. Powell could doubt it, if he wanted to; but a man could not forget what his own eyes had seen, what his own hands had done.

It might have happened again tonight, in that moment of darkness. He fired and John Harrington fell, and in the long narrow mirror on the wall behind him Walter could remember how his knee had been reflected, with his hand resting on it, holding his gun that had very lazy, very gray smoke curling upward from the barrel. Mechanically now his eyes moved upward to see that again, but in the shadow behind the desk he saw only the vague impression of Powell's long face floating as if disembodied above the empty chair.

"The lights," he said dully. "They were all on. Not only that one on the desk. I could see the mirror behind you."

"They couldn't have been on," Powell said, and his eyes, very quickly and with an instant's gleam in them, moved across to Martin Woolrich. "Anybody sitting at this desk could only turn on the desk lamp. The others work from the switch by the door. Watch."

MOVING quickly, he went across to the switch by the door and snapped the button in. Darkness fell, complete and savage. Then his hand must have moved again, for they came on in an instant, the three lamps. There was no shadow behind the desk. Walter saw the mirror.

He said huskily, "That's how they were."

Powell's voice had a patient, slow exasperation in it:

"They couldn't be. If the wall switch is on, all the lamps are on. You can turn them off by touching their buttons, but they'll only come on again, all at once, if this switch has been turned off and then turned on again. Nobody sitting at that desk could turn them on all at once. You see that, Mr. Woolrich?"

"I see it's five to ten," Martin Woolrich growled. "I'm calling the warden. Maybe he'll listen to me. And what's the good of this? What do you think you're doing? This man confessed without any pressure. We didn't ask him to. He could be frightened enough now to start lying. Or it's a detail he might have forgotten. It can't change things."

"Don't call the warden," Powell said. It was quiet, and it was an order, so that Martin Woolrich gaped up at him in blank-faced surprise. "Remember the cop's story, Mr. Woolrich—the one that saw Louie Marion come out of here and get into his coupé? That cop said it was just beginning to rain then—he'd stepped into a doorway probably hoping it wouldn't keep up. Robinson here said he got off the bus when the storm was at its height—that puts him here after Louie Marion. See that? He said it was a bad thunderstorm and the street lights—"

He stopped there. "They were off," he continued, after a moment. "Ain't it obvious why, Mr. Woolrich? A line was knocked down somewhere in the storm; I remember the electric clock in my kitchen was half an hour slow the next morning. Current in this part of town was off half an hour, then. That's why the house was dark when Robinson came in; and that's why the lights came on all at once while Harrington was sitting at his desk. He didn't touch the switch. He couldn't, and get back to the desk while Robinson turned around. Those lights came on naturally when current was restored. See that?"

"Absurd!" Martin Woolrich said, but there was an uncertain expression in his

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eyes. "Then you have John Harrington sitting here in the dark, watching a man jimmy open his files and take out his papers—you have him sitting there ten minutes maybe with a gun in his hand, watching all that, and not saying a word. Why?"

In a soft voice, as if he were talking to himself, Powell said: "Because he's dead. Because Louie Marion knocked him off before the storm began, before he had a chance to use the gun he'd pulled, and left him sitting there. Then the lights go off and Robinson comes; and they go on and he's blinded a little and he sees Harrington and he's in a panic and he fires before he gets a good look at him and Harrington falls across the desk and Robinson runs out of here without even touching him. He's dead, sure. Only he was dead before Robinson fired at him. He had to be."

It was so quiet in the room after he stopped speaking that Walter felt the silence in the beating of his own heart. "What?" Martin Woolrich asked, in a dazed voice. "What?"

"He was dead sitting there," Powell said, not persuasively or with any effort at conviction—just as if he were stating a dry surety of fact. "A living man would have said something; one as yellow as Harrington would have plugged you without taking a chance, without turning on the lights, from the back. Kneeling there with a flashlight you were a perfect setup. The lights were the thing that fooled you, like they fooled me; when they came on you'd think a living man turned them on, and when you saw only Harrington in the room, sitting there, you'd figure he was the living man. All the time it was only the current being restored."

Martin Woolrich smashed a fist on the desk. "Maybe we're both crazy. We convict a man for a crime and he claims he's innocent. We don't believe him. A man comes to us and confesses and we don't believe him. You're trying to clear him now, Powell. And I'm crazy enough to believe you may be right. And just to make it perfect it's ten o'clock. One hour left! My Lord," he ended hopelessly, rubbing his face and staring at Walter. "You said Harrington fell forward across the desk after you fired. How did that happen—if he was already dead? There was only one bullet hole in his body."

CROSSING to the files, Powell knelt down in front of them and faced the desk. Walter watched him, afraid to move or speak, an enormous iron hand seeming to take his body, shake it down its length, release it and grasp it again in time to the pounding in his chest that couldn't be his heart.

The empty desk chair, upholstered in leather, with deep wings on either side of it and the impression of a body still darkening in a clear imprint the back between the wings, was ten feet from them.

"You fired," Powell said slowly. "Say you missed him. Then you had to hit the chair. You had to."

Very cold, rigid between the shakings of that enormous hand, Walter seemed able to move only his head, turning it slowly, with Powell, as the big man crossed the room, and unclasped a pen-knife when he had reached the chair.

Swiftly, with a faint hissing sound, the blade cut through the leather covering the right wing. Strips of dirty gray cotton batting curled out in Powell's hand until the wooden support was revealed behind them. After a while he muttered something softly, straightened, and swiveled the chair around so that the other wing was before him.

Perspiration beaded his forehead as he bent above it. The knife slashed again. But no bullet would be there, Walter thought; and if it wasn't there it

was nowhere, for there was no mark of its passage in the smooth leather stretched across the back. This was insane. He'd killed a man and nothing could change that. Nothing could—

The bullet was about six inches down from the top, imbedded deeply in the wooden support. When Powell had carved it free, very slowly and carefully, he balanced it for an instant in his palm before extending it to Martin Woolrich.

"Your gun," he asked Walter. "What was it?"

Walter stared up at him. A voice that didn't seem to move his frozen lips said thickly: "A thirty-eight. It's home. It's—the papers said a forty-one killed him; I know that. But I thought somebody had made a mistake—or that it was a trick, perhaps, that they suspected someone else had killed him and put that in as a trap. I never thought it meant I didn't kill him. Mr. Powell—"

BUT Powell was looking at Martin Woolrich. "A forty-one," he said, "did kill Harrington. This thirty-eight didn't even touch him. And Robinson wouldn't know—couldn't know—that this was a thirty-eight unless he fired it himself. You see that, Mr. Woolrich? He ain't been within ten feet of it since I dug it out. His thirty-eight didn't kill Harrington—it just lodged in here, between the wing of the chair and the back, in the crack there that just closed over it without leaving any mark. That's why we didn't find it before; that's why I knew tonight it had to be in that crack if it was any place. This thirty-eight only knocked the chair back. It's swiveled, Mr. Woolrich. See?"

With one hand he pressed the back away from him. As soon as he released it the seat tilted forward again and remained a moment swinging uneasily.

"The bullet knocked it back all the way, with enough impetus in the rebound to jerk it forward again. Harrington's dead weight toppled him across the desk. That's how he fell."

There was a funny, ringing emptiness in Walter's mind that told him all this was unbelievable, a dream; it hadn't really happened. Not even if Martin Woolrich was looking down at him and saying something in a puzzled tone about unlawful entry. Armed, too. That—

"You're figuring loan sharks are human," Powell said. "I never did, myself. Me, I'd remember this Robinson's got two kids and he needs his job. If I was a betting man I'd lay five to one he's going to turn green the next time he sees a stock market report in the paper."

Martin Woolrich looked thoughtful. "You could be right. What on earth could I charge him with? You can't attempt murder on a dead man. Or can you, Powell?"

He frowned at Walter. Then the phone on the desk tinkled and he looked at that, but he didn't pick it up. Then they were in the car again, and it stopped at the corner of Shepherd Avenue and Powell opened the door. Walter got out. He turned when he reached the pavement and looked at them. "Can I—" he began, in a shaky voice.

"Go home," Martin Woolrich said moodily. "Don't bother me again. What the devil can I tell the governor for busting up his dinner party? Have you any ideas, Powell?"

Sadly, with a great deal of effort, Powell managed to wink at Walter.

"I guess," he said, "I'm fresh out of them, Mr. Woolrich."

From the corner, after they'd gone, Walter could see the lighted windows of his living room. He could think of Eleanor now; he knew she was waiting for him. He could run, too, through the dark quiet street, until he was at the steps, and up them, and opening the door.

Nobody Loves the Coxswain

Continued from page 17

this brief break from the elements. As the bows of the two shells slid into the flat stretch in the shadow of the bridge, he snapped through his megaphone: "All right, gang, here's where we jump it!" They lifted the count four points in a single stroke, the Columbia shell ran out with a new burst of life, they stole a little over a length in that hundred yards of good water; and a little over a length was the exact margin of Columbia's victory that year.

For a coxswain is more than just a hundred pounds of dead weight who sits facing forward and keeps the shell from bumping into things. He is the coach and the captain, the bos'n tight and the midshipmite, the brain that runs the show. He gives the orders—he is not responsible to anyone, the stroke or the captain of the crew, once that starting line is behind him. He watches the timing to see that all eight oars enter and leave the water together, calls them to set the keel up, to ease out the slides on the recovery, to swing up at the catch, to get the hands away sharp at the finish. It is his job to take advantage of every break, and meet every emergency. A coxswain only needs to make one mistake.

A floating railroad tie shows up dead ahead, bobbing dangerously not over fifty yards away. If he smacks it, the bottom will be torn out of the shell. If he jams too heavily on the rudder, not only the boat is thrown off keel but in addition the crew must row an extra length to get back in their lane. He judges his distance to the inch, takes the floating obstacle under the outriggers so that it hits neither the boat nor the oar blades, and passes over it so that not an unnecessary foot is lost.

Even when a coxswain is wrong, he doesn't dare admit it. There was the time, at Poughkeepsie, when the varsity cox tried to steal the good water from the jayvees and cut in too close to the railroad-bridge pier. The stone abutment sheared off two blades on the starboard side, and came within an ace of ruining a new fifteen-hundred-dollar shell. Back at the float, a menacing circle of oarsmen hemmed him in, and the head coach bore down on him with blood in his eyes. The coxswain looked around desperately for an avenue of

escape, thought fast and took a deep breath. He faced the coach almost accusingly.

"How can I help it," he shrugged, "if they move the bridge on me?"

He is the first member of the crew to report at the boathouse each day, the last to leave after practice is over. He gives the commands to carry the oars down to the float, to lift the shell off the racks, to walk it ahead down the ramp—"Watch the bow on the bulkhead, there, swing 'er around in the stern, easy, gang!"—to toe it over the edge of the float and lower it away. He must know the psychology of his men: when to goad a sluggish oarsman, when to wheedle a timid one, when to lay off a man who is overtrained and jumpy.

"Ten for the Old Man"

There is a story still told around the training camp at Poughkeepsie of a recent crew—to spare certain feelings, we'll call them the Blanks—who suffered a sudden and violent case of pre-race jitters. The timing was off, the kick was gone, and for the last few days the Old Man had been going around with a face as long as four miles of rough water as he saw his chances of victory fading away with each successive workout. An hour before time for the varsity crew to shove off for their event, a final stroke of disaster befell the Blank camp. It was the little coxswain who broke the bad news to the eight oarsmen, his voice hushed and a suspicious catch in his throat. "It's the Old Man, fellows," he confided. "I just heard Doc tell the rowing chairman. The old heart, you know. His ticker's about shot. They didn't even want to let him go out in the launch today." He looked around cautiously. "Don't let on you heard..."

The crew looked at one another, their own eyes suddenly moist. To be sure, they remembered now that the Old Man had been looking pretty bad the last few days. The river wouldn't seem the same without him any more. Well, there was one thing they could do for him. They could make his last race a real one...

They still talk at Poughkeepsie about that race. After the first half-mile it was just a procession. There was no need that day for the coxswain to call,

"Give 'er ten for the Old Man!" Every stroke over the whole four miles was rowed for the benefit of that beloved figure following them so gamely in the coaching launch.

Back at the float again, the whole crew stood in silence as the Old Man's launch slid alongside. One or two reached out solicitous hands to help him out onto the dock. The Old Man looked sharply from one to the other and his face clouded with anger.

"Who the hell's trying to treat me like a cripple?" he snorted, leaping nimbly over the side of the launch.

"But—but you're all right?" they gasped. "I mean, your heart—?"

"Heart?" He thumped his chest lustily. "Listen, I'll be doing handsprings around here when you kids are on crutches. Who said anything about my heart?"

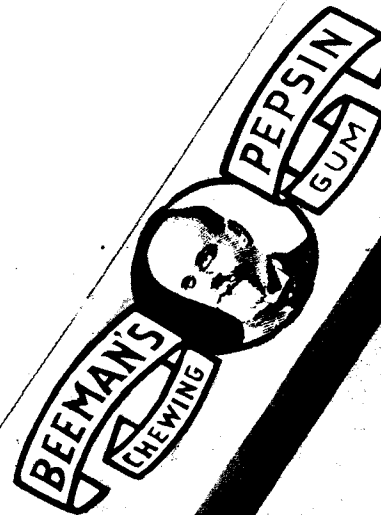
They turned as one; but it was too late. The little coxswain, standing at the end of the float, saw what was coming. With a muffled snort he covered his nose with one hand, took a running dive off the float and plunged into the water.

A coxswain is, in effect, a junior coach. It's up to him to catch any faults the moment they happen, and see that they are corrected before they are noticed from the coach's launch. A good coxswain often knows more about rowing than the oarsmen themselves.

There's always a running warfare between a cox and his crew. He nags them, they threaten dire revenge, the worst insult one oarsman can hurl at another is to wish him: "May all your sons be coxswains!" His sole reward, after running off a good race, is to be picked up by the seat of his pants and tossed into the drink. And yet, if by some chance the oarsmen should forget this gesture and neglect his final ducking there is no one who would be more heartbroken than that same coxswain.

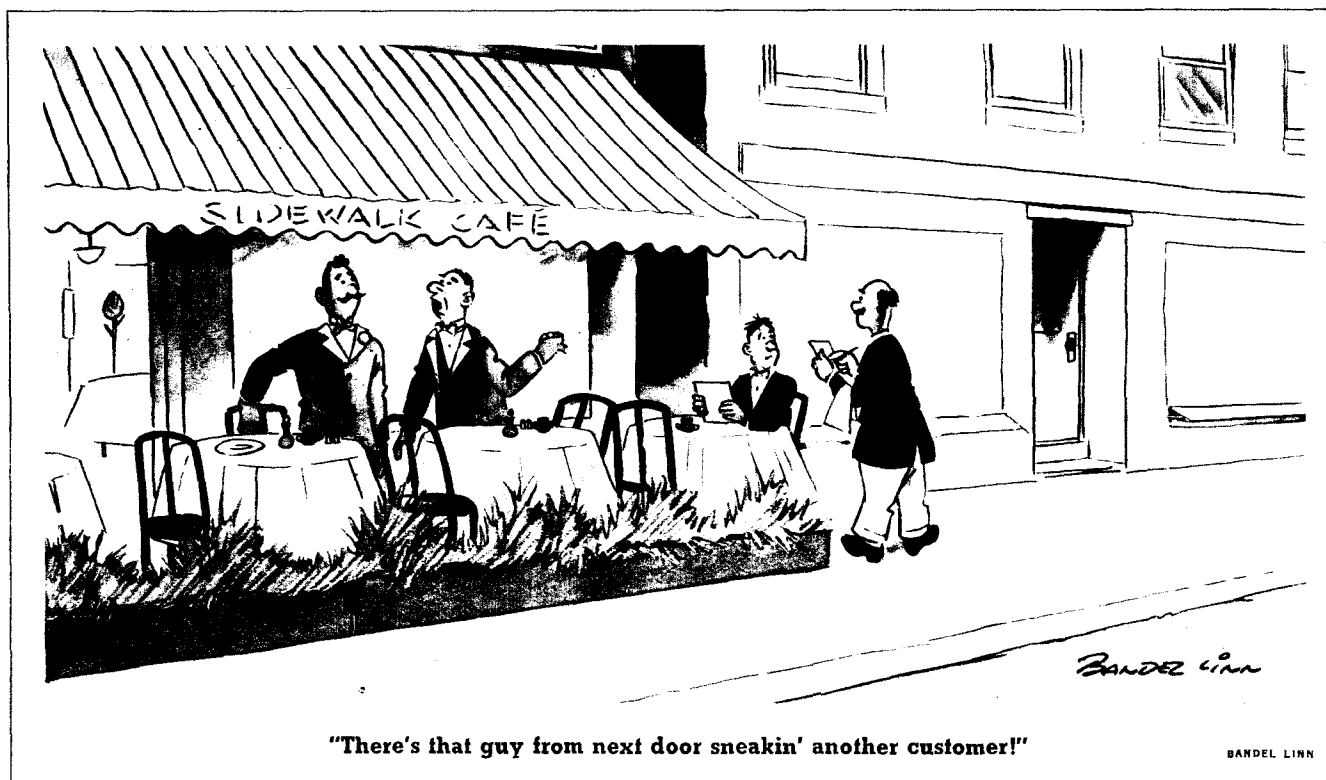
Why does he do it? Ask the coxswain of the Dearold crew, peeling off his sop-ping wet trousers and striding jauntily into the showers alongside the lather-covered giants who have just tried to drown him. "Say, it's worth it to get eight big guys out there on the river," he grins, "where you can give 'em hell and they can't talk back..."

"I WANT
AN ANSWER
YES OR NO?"



"It's yes, of course!

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"There's that guy from next door sneakin' another customer!"

BANDEL LINN

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

Six Golden Angels

By Max Brand

The Story Thus Far:

AT a dinner party given by rich old "J. J." Leggett in New York City, the guests drink a silent toast to Dorrie Innis, a young actress who, one year before, had disappeared. Less than two hours later, before the party breaks up, Martin, Leggett's valet, finds his master dead—shot to death, in his study!

The women guests, all beautiful blondes—the Countess Lalo, Marene Sutherland, Sydney Galloway, Leslie Carton, Eileen Durante and Elspeth Claussen—make their departure. The police arrive, pronounce Leggett's death suicide, go away.

David Ryder, Leggett's nephew, knows that the police are wrong, for beside his uncle's body he had found a small golden angel, one of six identical favors which each woman guest had received. He sets himself the task of finding the angel's owner. Hans Seelig, a detective whom he hires, shadows all of the women guests and also the men: Mike Ravenna, Leggett's dearest friend; Jimmy Hickey, a noted columnist; Porter Brant, a theatrical producer; and Elspeth Claussen's husband, Eric.

Leggett's latest will, by which he has bequeathed most of his fortune to David Ryder, has disappeared, and only an earlier will, by which Mike Ravenna receives the major bequest, can be found.

Then, one by one, Ryder finds the golden angels. Five he finds, actually sees; the sixth, which eludes him, is the property of—Leslie Carton! Seelig insists that Leslie is dangerous; he proves that she is the constant companion of Elia Gonelli, a ruthless killer. Nevertheless, Ryder cannot, will not, believe that she murdered his uncle; for he has come to love Leslie Carton—and Leslie Carton professes to love him.

Two more men—Porter Brant and one "Daley," who know too much concerning the crime—are murdered. Then, after a series of exciting adventures in the course of which several attempts are made to assassinate him, Ryder finds himself (only slightly nearer the solution of the mystery than he was when he began) dining with Mike Ravenna and Leslie Carton at Tony's, a restaurant to which he has gone while following a "lead." Earlier in the day, Eileen Durante, a protégé of Ravenna's who is in love with Ryder, has given him the missing will. Ryder shows it to Ravenna.

Leslie leaves the room, to use the telephone. Ravenna follows her, listens close by the booth while she puts in her call. "Give me the police," she says softly. Getting no response (the line is dead), she steps out of the booth. Instantly, Ravenna seizes her, forces her down a stairway into an old wine cellar.

There, aware that she is soon to die, the girl admits that Dorrie Innis was her sister, and that, playing the part of a detective, she has learned that Ravenna had brought about her death. Ravenna confesses to all of the murders. "My hired killer, Gonelli," he says, "loves you, Leslie. I admire the way you handled him!"



"If we row out into the river, we can stop that tug," she called to him. "But if we go back . . ." "Do as I tell you," shouted Ryder

Conclusion

I THOUGHT he might talk about you, Mike," the girl said, almost gently.

"But the horrible danger!" exclaimed Ravenna. "Thinking what you thought, to go out with Gonelli, and to a dark hell-hole like this!"

"Don't admire me too much," said the girl, with an irony which matched his. "I hoped I could make Elia turn against you. I was almost succeeding when you suddenly appeared tonight."

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" protested Ravenna. "You see what happens to wicked people who turn against old, fat Mike Ravenna? There was Brant; now there's Leslie. But I am tired of danger, my dear. I've had too much of it recently. It was a shrewd moment, with a real bite to it, for instance, when Eileen and I were going through the drawers of the desk for the new will with Leggett dead beside us, and the hand of Brant tapping on the door. But that Eileen had the speed of a witch. She found the envelope by sheer instinct."

"You had the will but you left the

air-mail envelope behind?" she asked, with a quite impersonal excitement.

"Time was pressing us, darling."

"But if you had the will, how did it come into the hands of David tonight?"

"Ah, that was my darling Eileen. I've trained the child until she quite outdoes me. Such finesse! After we left the study, I thought I saw her burn the new will in the fire in the library. Of course it was only the envelope that she burned, the clever lass, and the will which gave thirty or forty millions to David she kept for herself. She would try to win our David; and if she won, she would produce the will. You see? Extraordinary child! She will hear from me tomorrow and learn how much I admire her. But with Leggett that night she was very wonderful, when she and I went into the study with him after dinner. Thanking him so prettily as he wrote out his check for five hundred . . . to help her education along, d'you see? Thanking him so adroitly that she entirely covered me as I brought the gun to his head. As a mat-

ter of fact, she did not quite know that I intended to shoot our philanthropist. Whatever she does in the future, I have to admire her for that night. . . . And again, when David was asking for the golden angels . . . she knew she had lost hers in the study . . . it was my sweet little Eileen, again, who went all by herself to your house and into your room and stole your dinner favor. Think of that!"

"Why mine, Mike?"

"She was a little afraid of your beauty, my dear, and wanted to point suspicion with her pretty finger in your direction. She had seen that her David was dazzled by you. . . . But you won him after all, and so you'll have David with you at the end! I'll bring him down to you as soon as Gonelli comes."

"Mike, will you listen to me?" asked the girl.

"There's a sweet huskiness in your voice that I could listen to forever," said Ravenna.

"I tell you this from my soul and my heart, Mike. David loves you. You can cover up my disappearance some way. It will never enter his mind to doubt anything you say. He trusts you perfectly because he has a great heart, Mike. If you murder him you're throwing a treasure away."

"Ah, my God, how moved I am!" cried Ravenna. "When I think of the children you could have had, you and David! . . . Well, you'll be together, presently, you and David."

He sighed profoundly and finished the sausage with one good bite, then flicked the empty skin of it away from him.

AND now, Leslie, for a bit of tape across the mouth . . . silence is the finest way of meeting the last great moment, you know," said Ravenna. "Or shall we wait for Gonelli? I think I hear him now at the river gate."

The heavy river gate shuddered as a force worked on it from the outside, then slid slowly ajar and showed the entering prow of a small boat, the black silhouette of the man in it, the long face of Gonelli, issuing pale into the light.

Beyond, Leslie Carton saw the outline of a tug, sliding swiftly with the tide. She threw back her head and screamed with all her power. Ravenna's great, thick hand instantly muffled her outcry.

Near at hand, she heard the river gate closing again. There was a silence. Then Ravenna was saying: "Ah, Gonelli; here you are in time. I had to take the girl first. Your friend Ryder is waiting for us upstairs."

He had removed his hand from her mouth and now she saw Gonelli bend above her with a gradual smile. The upper lip was stiff. His arms jumped around her suddenly. Sour wine was on his breath. With his head he pushed hers back and kissed her throat.

"Stop that, Gonelli! Stop it, beast!" shouted Ravenna.

Gonelli lifted his head, slowly.

"Well?" he asked.

"We have to put her aside for a moment while we bring down her man, Ryder. Have you forgotten that?"

"That David . . . yes, yes!" said Gonelli. "I am his Michelangelo. And I make him all new like stone, eh?"

THAT locked door and the voice of Julio outside it had let the truth fall in on Ryder like crumbling walls, and buried him alive in his fear. Gonelli was the key word in the arch. Ravenna must have been brushed aside by him. Poor, fat Mike, stifled and helpless in his own excess weight. It was only strange that both the girl and Mike had been taken in silence.

He thought as far as Ravenna and stopped his mind there. He would not let his speculation pass on to the girl.

He began to sweat, copiously, remem-



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bering that he had no gun. He had gone like a half-wit to hunt lions with his bare hands.

He sat down. The dreadful need of haste gathered in his heart and exploded into electric jitters of brain and hand. Then his blank eye went over the table. The black wine almost filled the glass of Leslie Carton; his own glass was empty with faded purple draining down the inside. Mike Ravenna had torn out the inside of a half-loaf and thumbed the soft bread to dough.

He looked to the window. The doubled pane of the upper half glittered like water; through the open lower part a faint wind breathed the heat of the city on him and kept the greenery of the window-box trembling.

He went past the bird cage where the canary slept, a ball of yellow, and dropped his hands on the window sill. He looked up and down the empty streets for a moment. A single light in the opposite house front would have been a blessing, but all was dark, with watery lights from the street lamps playing on the window glass.

If he yelled for help he might rouse the neighborhood, at last, but the first shout would open the door behind him and set the gun of Julio roaring.

HE LOOKED down the sheer, blank wall of the house to the pavement. It was too long a drop. An image of himself remained down there on the sidewalk with smashed legs, dragging itself on its hands like the great silversmith and liar, Cellini, escaping from Saint Angelo.

He looked up. The third story being shallow, the windows above were fairly close. One to the right took his eye, with the brackets to support a window box beneath it but no box as yet in place. It might be ten feet from his window sill to those brackets.

He turned back into the room.

Outside the door of the room, Julio was singing a Neapolitan song with infinite emotion. He broke off to say: "Signor Ryder!"

Ryder was shifting the dishes, the glasses, from the table cloth. He took off his coat and spread it on the chair so that he could put down the crockery soundlessly.

"Signor Ryder!" repeated Julio, tapping.

"Ah, be still, will you?" growled Ryder.

"A little conversation is a good thing. It keeps the eyes open, signore."

"A man of Ravenna's age ought to be tired of playing these practical jokes," said Ryder.

"Jokes? Yes, yes!" said Julio. "But Signor Ravenna is a boy. No? He has a fat boy's face, always ready to laugh!"

"When you reach the point of the joke, tell me," said Ryder. "I'm going to sleep."

"No, no, signore! Stay awake and talk to poor Julio!"

The fellow began to laugh very heartily. He was leaning a hand against the door, which shook with his mirth.

"Let me alone, Julio," commanded Ryder. "I'm dead for sleep and I'm going to have it. When Ravenna is tired of this damned nonsense, you can wake me up, and then I'll see if I can manage a laugh."

"Laugh? Yes! yes!" said Julio, more amused than ever.

"Good night," called Ryder, knotting the opposite corners of the tablecloth together.

"Good night, signore. But when will Signor Ravenna grow up?"

"Signor Ravenna be damned," said Ryder, and fetched a deep, groaning sigh, as a tired man will do when he relaxes for sleep.

He pulled off his shoes and, moving noiselessly to the window, stepped up on the sill. The long loop of the table-

cloth he flung up toward the brackets beneath the upper window, but the cloth fanned out in the air and doubled uselessly back. He tried again and again.

At last he gave up, and unknotting the ends of his rope, he sat down on the sill and twisted the length of the cloth into more compactness before he tied the corners together again. After that, when he stood up, he succeeded at the first cast. The loop of the cloth caught securely over the nearest bracket.

"Signor Ryder!" said the distinct voice of the waiter outside the door.

Ryder stood still.

"Signor Ryder . . . ah, well, sleep and be damned!" growled Julio.

Ryder tried his weight, then jerked with full force. He drew from the bracket only a faint grinding sound; it seemed firm enough to hold him. So he reached as high as he could and allowed his body to swing gently from the sill. The rub of his fist against the wall halted the pendulous motion when he was in a straight line beneath the bracket. After that, he handed himself up carefully. One arm-haul from the window sill, a loosened bit of plaster dropped into his face. The bracket iron was loosening audibly in its socket. He made the last pull with infinite care, reaching the bracket, then shifting at once to the iron beyond it. By foot and hand he climbed to the sill, holding desperately, for the window was closed.

If it were locked, he would have to try to make the return, handing himself down the cloth and then swinging back to the window he had just left—unless the loosened corner bracket gave way.

He tried the window where the two sashes joined. It was fast. Hoping the sash was merely lodged, not locked, he pressed on one side and then on the other. At the next effort the window gave upward an inch. A warmth of blood flooded his face and all his body with relief. Yet it needed careful work to get the sash up without noise, for it stuck continually at the left side.

As soon as there was a sufficient clearance, he wriggled his body in over the sill. He was sprawled, belly down, halfway in, when a man's voice groaned in the darkness and bedsprings creaked. He dropped to the floor. It seemed to him that a figure rose and took shape in the darkness. But that was imagination, for snoring commenced a moment later. The odor of sweat and bad breath was stifling in the hot, close room.

BY DEGREES, his hands found the way across the room, past the edge of a small round table, and then down the wall to the knob of a door.

He opened it carefully. The gray light of a night lamp showed him the hall as he closed the door behind him.

At his right, the back stairs circled into a well of darkness. He went down them softly to the dull glimmer of the hallway beneath. When he peered beneath he saw Julio seated on a canvas stool, with a big, black, polished automatic pointing over his knee at the door of the private dining room. He was enduring the passage of time with a sort of grim patience, his chin dropped in the heel of his left hand, his elbow on his knee.

By silent inches Ryder left the bottom step and drifted into the full light. It seemed to him that even the pressure of his eye would be enough to make the Italian turn his head.

He reached the head of the next flight and had put a foot on the first step when Julio lifted his head suddenly, stretched up an arm, and yawned prodigiously. Before that yawn ended, Ryder had glided down four or five steps into the lower shadow. There he waited for the sound of a footfall.

None came. He continued down the curve of the stairs into thick darkness,



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till he reached a level footing. His hands, outstretched to either side, touched first one wall and then another. He was walking down a corridor. Odors of cookery sweated obscurely out of the plaster. Then he heard a door opening, closing, and after this the most welcome sound in the world: the deep, murmuring boom of Ravenna's voice.

"Mike!" he called out, softly. "Mike, are you there?"

Two beats of silence followed; then three ceiling lights strung the hall with brilliance. Ravenna was there with an automatic steadied against the solid swell of his belly. Gonelli, beside him, carried a sub-machine gun casually under his arm. He was half turned, ready to spray the length of the hall with bullets.

"Ah, David, welcome, my boy! Welcome! Welcome!" said Ravenna. "Welcome to our party!"

A door broke the wall just at the left. Ryder looked toward it but did not try to reach it, for on the barrel of Gonelli's gun quivered a single ray of light, like that of an earnest eye.

"Why not now?" asked Gonelli, speaking softly, as though he feared the effect of even the vibration of his voice. "Why not now, and finish? So?"

"Don't be headlong," said the fat man. "This is a matter of many millions. It is not a question of winning, now. We have won. It is only a question of making the victory most complete."

"Then tape his hands. Tape his damned hands!" said Gonelli. "You watch this gun, Mr. Ryder. It could talk a lot of words all at once and you would have to hear them all."

Ravenna circled cautiously behind Ryder.

"Just drop your arms naturally at your side, David," said Ravenna, with the soothing, practiced voice of a tailor. "There is more behind this than you think. Just leave your arms loose. I'm forced to confine them behind your back. . . ."

"By God," breathed Ryder, "you are the man!"

IN THE days when prohibition fattened the purse and endangered the business at Tony's, Ravenna had built in this most outlying of his enterprises a strong room that was admirably conceived. It completely filled a small first-floor dining room. A shell of tool-proof steel furnished the core of the room, and outside and inside that steel skin, two feet of reinforced concrete strengthened the place. Within remained a chamber about ten feet long and wide and high in which a cache of the best liquor was maintained, only to be released when certain specialties commanded the highest prices in the market. In a corner of the room, Ravenna used to keep a small safe which contained his most important papers.

The door to this room was a masterpiece. It fitted into the outer wall as neatly as ever the mysterious patience of Egyptian masons jointed granite blocks invisibly together, and it was locked by a combination operated from the outside, and regularly set by Ravenna himself. On the inside, a simple bolt release took over the functions of the combination and made certain that no one could be locked accidentally inside the room.

This was the place which Ravenna naturally remembered when he had Ryder in his power. He sent his huge voice rolling up the stairs, first of all. "Julio! Julio!" he roared. "What are you doing? Sleeping? Signor Ryder is here, you fool! Come down!"

Julio came bounding; and while he still was on the stairs, he threw up his hands at the sight of the prisoner.

"Well, go home and try to get some sleep," said Ravenna. "That's the trou-

ble with you. You spend so much time sleeping that there's nothing left for you to live in."

"Signore, if even a mouse had stirred—if even a whisper—" pleaded Julio.

"Go home," said Ravenna, kindly, "and wash your eyes clean with a little sleep."

Julio disappeared, and Ravenna took Gonelli and Ryder into the strong room. A cheap deal table, its edges marked by the burns of cigarette stubs, was surrounded by half a dozen kitchen chairs.

"A SIMPLE place, eh?" said Ravenna. "But affairs have been settled here that have changed the city's policies—we've even touched Washington plans and congressional appropriations here. Please sit down."



"What good is talking? How can talking make something now?" asked Gonelli.

"Poor Gonelli!" said Ravenna. "What a rich man you would be if you could see beyond the tip of your nose! We are talking about forty million dollars, friend. I take from the pocket of David—pardon me, David—the last will and testament of Mr. Leggett. You see? When I destroy this, there remains only the other will in which fat Michael Ravenna gets forty per cent. Say sixteen millions. The remaining twenty-four millions go to what? To poor, starved, stupid cousins, people without the mind or the soul to digest such rich food. That is what I want to talk about—twenty-four million dollars, my dear Gonelli."

Gonelli shrugged his shoulders, and then pulled an eloquent finger across his throat.

"Wrong, Gonelli," said the fat man. "Here we have before us one of God's rare creatures: an honest man. Still more: an honest man in love. . . . David, we have Leslie. Will you bargain for her?"

"Yes," said Ryder. "She's unharmed, Ravenna?"

"Her sweet lips are closed only by tape, not by death," said Ravenna. "I offer her back to you. In return, I permit the law to execute this last will of Leggett, and you bind yourself to turn over to me the whole fortune except the ten per cent which the other will allows you."

Gonelli broke in: "Look! One man's tongue you can tie up. You buy him; but you cannot buy two tongues. The girl or the man. Either one speaks and Signor Ravenna sits in the chair and burns."

Ravenna was lifted from his chair by this speech.

At last he grunted: "Gonelli, go down and take care of Leslie Carton. We'll

"Nothing," said Ryder.

And yet he had heard something like the dull stroke of a church bell miles and miles away.

"For a moment," said Ravenna, smiling, "I thought I heard the fall of a tumbler in the lock. You see how a guilty conscience sets the nerves on tip-toe? By God, it is a pity that I am such a bad man, I could say so many good things for the world to remember me by! But you, David, are good. You have the strength of the good. I see it in the white iron of your face as you endure, now, and keep the thought of Leslie Carton in your eyes."

Ryder said: "I'll deal with you, Mike. I want Leslie and I want her quickly. Gonelli is with her now."

And yet all the while he was straining his senses for that same muffled bell-stroke, that infinitely small sound in the wall. As though his thought reappeared telepathically in the mind of Ravenna, the Italian said: "I still wait for another noise like a tumbler falling in the lock. I know it cannot be, but I like the picture of young, strong David imprisoned while outside, at the combination, an agent of virtue is trying to read the combination of the safe by the divine sense of touch."

"You were talking Leslie, and money," said Ryder.

"The whole fortune pours into the lap of David. And then he keeps sacred his agreement with old fat Mike Ravenna. This is the point: Is there any man in the world whose honor is so sacred that forty million dollars cannot corrupt it? What was that?"

"I moved my chair," said Ryder.

"I AM haunted by a cockroach in the wall," laughed Ravenna. "But I swear that I heard again—in my mind—the sound of a tumbler falling in the lock—Now let's consider this matter impersonally, objectively. If I trust you, I must trust Leslie Carton. There's the rub. Let me think. Oh, greed, how the thought of twenty million dollars rumbles in your paunch! Let it not deafen reason. And what does reason say? Oh, David, I fear the first look at reason's frowning face! It says: 'Murder, murder, murder!' A terrible face, David! And a terrible deep voice! It says: 'Remember Dorrie Innis! Remember Dorrie Innis!'"

"My God, how like a play this is, and the villain soliloquizing in the last act! But play or no play, the damnable truth I see clearly before me. I could trust you, my dear lad. I could trust you without an afterthought; but I never could trust Leslie Carton. She has been a crusader; she has gone to the bottom pit of hell to find poor, lost Dorrie Innis. . . . And so . . . What do I have to say? That you must die. A new Orpheus for his lost Eurydice!"

He began to sing, softly, with up-turned eyes, the famous air from Gluck's opera. And it was in the midst of this muffled music that Ryder heard again from the heart of the wall the imprisoned, clocklike note, but far more distinctly than before. He hoped that the Italian's song would drown out the sound but Ravenna broke off the melody with a grunt and whirled about.

The big round of the door sagged in at the same moment and through the opening crevice appeared the fallow face of Martin behind an automatic thrusting out before it. The Italian grasped the edge of the table instead of the weapon on it and leaned there, panting.

The bowed head of Ravenna did not lift until Martin had jerked the straps of tape from the wrists of Ryder.

Then Ravenna straightened. His face already was composed.

He said: "My guess was right, David. How plain it is that I should have been

decide this one way or the other, in the next five minutes."

Gonelli paused at the door and pointed a solemn finger at Ryder.

"I know him," he said. "He is bad luck. So!"

Then he disappeared through the door and closed it behind him. It bumped shut with a dull impact; a shuddering breath of air passed through the room. The paper fluttered on the table.

"NOW, that is the question," said Ravenna, walking up and down the room. "Talk to me, David. As I live, I swear to God that I mean well by you. Only, I am one of the poor souls who have their price, and I see mine shining before me. Can I bargain with you? Can I trust you? Or must you lose your life while Mike loses twenty millions?"

"You can trust me!" said Ryder.

"Love! Love! Blind, beautiful love!" said the rich voice of Ravenna. He stopped in his walking and caught up the automatic which he had laid on the table. "Did you hear something, David?" he murmured.

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United States Savings Bonds may be redeemed at any time after 60 days from issue date. The cash surrender value is never less than the purchase price, and increases at the end of the first year and each six months thereafter until the bonds mature at the end of ten years.

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\$75.00	\$100.00
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- Tax exempt both as to principal and interest to the same extent as other Treasury bonds, as more fully defined in Treasury Circular No. 571.
- \$10,000 maximum in one year. It is permissible under the law authorizing these bonds that \$10,000 (but not more than \$10,000) maturity value, issued during any one calendar year, (Jan. 1 to Dec. 31) may be held by any one person. An additional \$10,000 maturity value issued during each or any subsequent calendar year may be so held.

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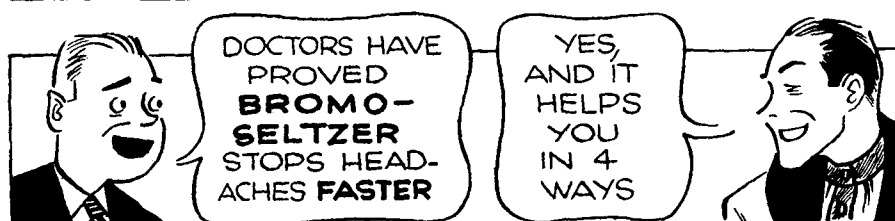
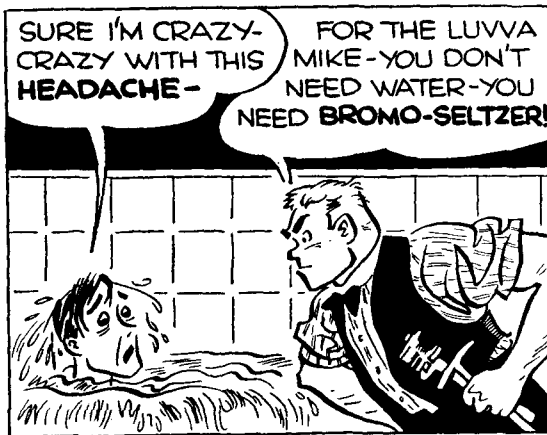
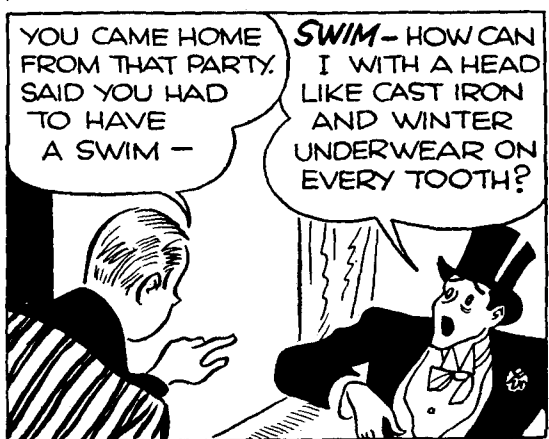
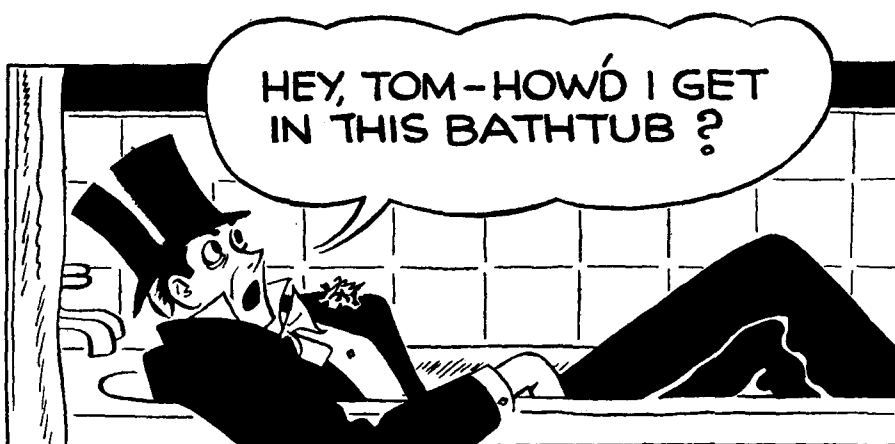
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a poet instead of a politician! . . . Martin, do you remember long ago when I said that a fellow with a step as soft as yours could be dangerous?"

Ryder asked: "How, Martin?"

Martin said: "I followed you to the house of Ravenna, sir. I came down here behind you. I waited under the porch of a house across the street. Queer things happened. A man got out a window and climbed up a rope like a burglar. Then that Julio came out and kept stopping and looking back at Tony's as he went away. So I decided to come in. I was inside when the two of them brought you through the hall to this place. When Gonelli went out again, I got to work."

Ryder laid a hand on his shoulder. The sticky feeling of his wrists where the tape had bound them still kept the nightmare alive in his flesh.

"Now, Mike," he said, looking no higher than the fat throat of the Italian, "where's Gonelli with Leslie Carton?"

"I must take you to them," said Ravenna, "if you make a little bargain with me, David."

"What bargain?"

"That when I show them to you, you let poor old Mike carry his sins away in peace."

"If I smash in your face with the heel of this gun, you'll still have a throat to talk with," said Ryder. "Will you take us to Gonelli or do I have to work on you first?"

"When I first saw you, David," answered Ravenna, "with that high head and that light, eager step, I knew that a tiger was abroad in the land. So I can't say that I'm surprised, now. . . . Will you follow me?"

Martin was using the same tape which had held the wrists of Ryder to bind the hands of Ravenna behind his back. And now the fat man led the way through the door, through the office beyond it, and into the hall. There he paused in front of a door.

"Open that," he said, and when it was set wide for him the flashlight which Martin shone through the darkness illumined a little room piled with boxes that left a narrow passage to a door on the other side of it. Ravenna, stepping onto the threshold, loosed the full power of his enormous voice, shouting: "Gonelli, get out with the girl!"

Ryder jerked the fat bulk of the man around by one shoulder and lifted his gun to strike into the fat face. Instead, he ran on, calling over his shoulder: "Stay with him, Martin!"

He had Martin's flashlight in his hand as he ran through the farther door of the room.

A STEEP flight of wooden steps descended into the big cellar. The shaft of the light flickered across a forest of rough wooden posts, with big spiderwebs glistening between the posts. Before him he heard a low rumbling sound such as weighted rollers make on an iron track and toward that noise he ran, past coal and wood bins and storage compartments into a long portion of the cellar walled with shelf-sections stacked full of bottles. To the right appeared a square of faintly gleaming water and dull starlight with a boat and boatman vaguely outlined inside that frame. The flashlight showed him the long face of Gonelli as he picked up the oars.

"Gonelli! Gonelli! Come back!" shouted Ryder.

He furrowed the water beside the boat with a bullet.

The Italian, dropping his oars, picked up a figure from the bottom of the boat and held it as a shield.

"You shoot for me and hit her!" he screamed. "She is to me! She is for mine . . . addio, signore!"

For the current of the East River, pulling with faint hands at the boat, now

drew it gradually out of the water gate of Tony's cellar.

Ryder ran for the water down the slope of the cement floor and flung himself forward in a flat dive. A flashlight in one hand and a revolver in the other made swimming impossible. He let them both go and saw the torch, still burning, send a dim cone of brilliance down through the water.

Gonelli dropped the burden of the girl and leaned forward with a gun. It jerked in his hand. Water dashed into the face of Ryder.

The gun spoke again but it missed utterly, for the little boat was wobbling crazily. Leslie Carton, at Gonelli's feet, flung her body from gunwale to gunwale to upset his aim.

"Dio—cane!" screamed Gonelli, and struck twice at the girl.

That was when the left hand of Ryder gripped the stern of the boat. Gonelli's gun-stroke smashed the fingers of that hand but they seemed to be glued in place by pain as Ryder hauled himself in.

THE gun exploded again, the echo shouting across the water—another miss as the stern of the boat jerked down to the water's edge. Ryder, hooking his left leg over the gunwale, kicked his right foot into the body of Gonelli and hurled him forward in the skiff.

Then Ryder was in the boat. He saw the girl crumpled up in a welter of water, her face upturned, blood streaked on it; then Gonelli rising to his knees—with empty hands! Ryder dived at him. His left hand was a useless mass of agony. He doubled the arm and struck the head of Gonelli with the elbow as he plunged. With his right hand he caught the shirt of the Italian at the throat and beat his head against a thwart. The head wobbled foolishly from side to side. The mouth of Gonelli hung open, the jaws champing together; his eyes were closed. And Ryder realized suddenly that he was murdering a senseless body. He left the Italian lying across two thwarts like a branch broken in two places, and when he turned he saw Leslie Carton sitting up in the bottom of the skiff.

His left hand was no good, but with the arm he could support her while he pulled away the tape that gagged and bound her. Blood ran down her face in a black trickle from a wound beneath her hair. But that did not matter. She had two good hands and that was what counted. "Take the oars," commanded Ryder. "And pull like hell back through the river gate, yonder. . . . Martin's in there, alone, with Mike Ravenna. We've got to get back to him."

He picked the gun of Gonelli out of the bottom of the boat and crouched forward, near the senseless Italian. The girl was at the oars.

"If we row out into the river, we can stop that tug," she called to him. "But if we go back into that horror. . . ."

"Do as I tell you!" shouted Ryder. "Martin—he's in there alone!"

She gave way on the oars, bracing one foot against the nearest thwart. He watched the oars dip, the bubbles streaming faintly out above and below the edges of the blade. He saw the feathering, the backward sweep outlined by the arc of waterdrops. Then he busied himself with strips of the tape he had taken from the girl, securing the hands of Gonelli, who began to stir and groan.

The voice of Leslie gasped at him as she tugged the oars. "David, did a bullet hit you? . . . What's happened to that hand?"

He hardly heard her. He was reconstructing Tony's as he knew it, wondering how far the noise of the gunshots might have echoed up through the building and roused some of the sleepers.

They might be stalking Martin now; and there was always the endlessly devising brain of Ravenna at work.

The girl had given herself wholly to rowing, throwing back her head as she pulled with all her might. The black mouth of the water gate opened about them. He could not believe that he was taking her back into the danger; but he thought again of the yellow face of Martin as the Frenchman had come into the strong room like a savage terrier into a fox's earth, and he redoubled the thrust of his hand against the oar.

He looked up to the lowering face of Tony's. It seemed to him that lights moved behind two of the windows, but that might be only the reflection from the water. Then the boat slid into the blackness of the cellar and the noise of it grounded on the shelving cement floor.

Gonelli sat up, suddenly. Ryder kept his grip on the man's shoulder as he asked: "Is there a light, Leslie?"

"Gonelli's," she answered. A cone of radiance sprang out from her hand and began to scan the shadows of the cellar. "Stand up and walk!" he commanded.

Gonelli said: "My neck is broken—my head is smashed in! . . . Signore, in the name of God I did not kill Dorrie Innis. It was Signor Ravenna; he used my hands; what could poor Gonelli do?"

They stood on the floor of the cellar now. The water was sluicing down from Ryder's clothes. The blood that ran from his torn hand seemed to be washing the pain away by degrees. The nausea of faintness left the pit of his stomach.

"I go first and you follow, Gonelli. Leslie, keep close behind him," he directed.

She picked up his shattered left hand in both of hers and looked up to him in a silent agony.

"What's that? It's nothing," said Ryder. "It's Martin who's given us our chance and we've got to get to him. . . ."

They had climbed the steps nearly to the top when the door at the head of the stairs swung wide, noiselessly; out

of the rectangle of darkness the voice of Martin said: "Who comes?"

"I come, Martin!" said Ryder. "Is it all right? Is he still with you?"

"Still safely with him, David," said the voice of Ravenna.

They all stood in the little storage room. The flashlight or its reflection gave them a sufficient illumination.

"Poor Gonelli!" said Ravenna. "How sorry I am for you, my boy! Was it very bad when that devil of a David jumped into the boat with you?"

"Ah—pig-face—" gasped Gonelli. "I am going to talk. Out of my mouth everything is going to come!"

"Of course you'll talk, Gonelli," said Ravenna. "But I, too, shall talk!"

When they reached the police station, Ryder went into a booth and rang Eileen Durante.

"Oh—David?" yawned her sleepy voice.

"Have you enough money to make a quick move?" he asked.

"Plenty," she answered. "How quick?"

"On the jump. They'll probably run you down, but I'm giving you a sporting chance."

"Who wants me?" she asked.

"The police."

"For what?" cried Eileen.

"Murder, my dear," said Ryder, and rang off.

THE police surgeon, working with a strange tenderness on the hand of Ryder, said to him: "Three snapped metacarpals—and that joint of the middle finger cracked—all of that will be straightened out. As for the cuts, I haven't had to take a dozen stitches. So you see? You've put a hand into the fire and it's refused to burn; a lucky fellow, Mr. Ryder."

Voices had been murmuring in the next room. Now a man began to scream out: "He made me kill her! My God—I—Gonelli—I am a good boy—I love her—signori—look—I beg Signor Ravenna: 'Do not kill her yet, signore! Let her

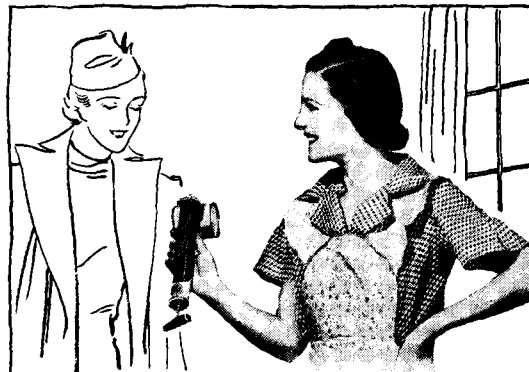
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"WELL, I LIKE THE NERVE OF THAT FLY!" EXCLAIMS MRS. OLIVER. "JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY GULFSPRAYER!"



"WHY, GLADYS," OBJECTS MRS. BLAKE. "EVERYTHING IN YOUR KITCHEN WILL TASTE OF THAT STUFF."



"GET UP TO DATE, MILDRED," REBUKES MRS. OLIVER, GENTLY. "I'M USING GULFSPRAY. IT'S THE SPRAY THAT DOESN'T TAINT FOOD."



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"He insisted this was his check, so what could I do?"

BARNLEY TOBEY



MRS. OLIVER IS DEAD RIGHT, GULF-SPRAY KILLS FLIES FASTER BECAUSE IT CONTAINS MORE PYRETHRINS, THE KILLING INGREDIENT.



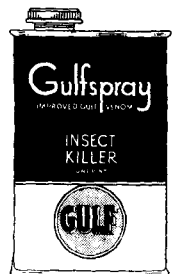
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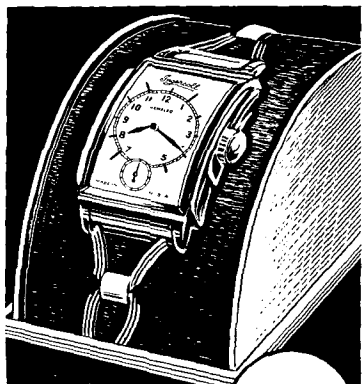
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**Lucky Tiger
SHAMPOO**

live for Gonelli!—but what can I do when he argues? He is an educated man; he knows!—I cannot say no when he tells me—but that river she is so black and poor Dorrie she is so young—

"Leslie, go home!" commanded Ryder. "Doctor, will you have an officer take her home?"

The girl came across the room to the couch on which Ryder was lying. She knelt on the side of it opposite the doctor.

"I'm staying with you, David," she said. "Stop that beast from screaming, will you, then?" asked Ryder of the doctor.

The surgeon laid the bandaged hand on the breast of Ryder and nodded at him.

"I'll try to stop him," he said. He looked for an instant at Leslie Carton and then left the room.

She picked up the uninjured hand of Ryder and pressed it over her face, blinding herself.

"I thought I wanted it, David," she whispered, "but I don't. I don't want them harmed. It's murder on top of murder—"

The yelling in the next room had ended.

"The law has them. There's mercy enough in the law," said Ryder.

HHE TRIED to sit up. The girl pressed him back.

"You're white and sick, David," she said. "Lie still. You have to rest."

"Five minutes," said Ryder. "Five minutes while I think myself forward to this minute. I haven't caught up with the facts, yet. I'm back there, somewhere, on the way to Tony's, still doubting you. What a sinner and a fool I was, Leslie, not to see the truth about you at once, and hold to it."

"Close your eyes," said the girl.

He closed his eyes.

"When we leave here, what a long, long way we're going!" she said.

"So far that we'll forget, won't we?"

"Everything!" said Ryder.

The police commissioner came in with Ravenna behind him, manacled to the arm of an officer. The commissioner was a tall, elderly fellow, his military shoulders just beginning to sag from their perfect squareness. He had risen from the force and the red of all weathers was in his face. Time had whitened the stiff brush of his eyebrows.

"Ah," said the deep, soft voice of Ravenna, "see the two of them, commissioner! . . . Can you think of that beast of a Gonelli striking such a lovely face? Can you so much as think of it? But at last she's to be happy. At last . . ."

"Ravenna, be silent," said the commissioner. He said to Ryder: "You're too done in for much talking, now. So is Miss Carton. And most of the story is straightened out, now. Gonelli has told everything about two murders. The killing of Daley was his second job. There's no doubt about the way Ravenna murdered Brant. But we're in doubt about Eileen Durante. What do you know about her, Mr. Ryder? Can you tell us where the trail of that little girl might lead us? She's disappeared from the city, it seems."

RYDER looked first into the face of Leslie Carton. Almost imperceptibly she shook her head.

"I hardly knew her," Ryder declared. "I seem to be a blank, so far as Eileen is concerned."

"Was she as pretty as all that; or just as clever as that?" said the commissioner.

"Perhaps she was both," said Ryder. "Whatever she is, I hope she has a second chance."

"Ravenna," said the commissioner, "will you tell me the truth? Did Eileen Durante have a share in the killing of John Leggett?"

Ravenna stared at Leslie Carton and her eyes gave him permission.

"Eileen had nothing whatever to do with it," he said. "Concerning my part in all this I'll write in detail. And perhaps in the end you'll feel that there's enough of me to die for all three crimes without involving anyone else except Gonelli."

"What is it, Ravenna?" asked the commissioner. "Repentance?"

"It's the first act of a new Ravenna," said the fat man. "The man that God had in mind from the first."

RYDER took Leslie Carton from the police station into the green-gray of the early morning.

"You're going home with me," he said. "I can't go there alone, you know," said she.

"You're going home with me."

She looked quickly at him.

"Of course I am," said Leslie.

Martin drove them uptown to the penthouse.

"I really ought to go home," said Leslie, when the car stopped at last.

"You can telephone. You have got quite a lot of telephoning to do," he told her.

The elevator took them swiftly to the top of the world where the morning was pouring into the penthouse.

Martin roused the place. A pan chimed like a gong in the kitchen; the voice of Gains murmured from the dining room.

"Come here to the window," said Ryder.

She stood beside him. Far beneath them, little pedestrians moved through the gloom. New York, wakening, groaned like the questing beast.

"All that darkness, all that unhappiness, we're leaving behind us," said Ryder.

She did not answer.

"We know how to shut up unhappiness in one room. We don't have to let it wander all over the house, do we?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"You'll telephone to your landlady to send all your things over."

"I must go to pack them."

"If you go back there, the past may get hold of you," said Ryder, "and steal you away from me. Whenever I have a nightmare, it will be to find myself walking up and down outside that little white house and you inside of it. Telephone, Leslie."

"Yes," she said.

"Then a long-distance to your home

and tell them that you're being married today."

"Yes," she agreed.

Someone entered the room. Ryder lifted his head.

"Martin," he said, "what is the best breakfast in the world?"

"Sliced peaches, monsieur," answered the voice of Martin, "dipped in white wine."

"What is the best white wine to dip them in?" asked Ryder.

"Some of the still Moselle that is getting ice-cold in your pantry, sir," said Martin.

"Arrange it," said Ryder.

"Yes, sir," said the departing voice of the valet.

"How did you know that it was Martin? I hardly heard him come in," said the girl.

"I knew by a special sort of happiness that came over me," said Ryder.

"What a kindness there is in you, David," said the girl.

"You talk like a silly girl who has fallen in love," said Ryder.

THEY sat opposite one another at the breakfast table. They were not breathing air but only the breath of the peaches and the bouquet of the wine.

"Martin," said Ryder, "what is the most beautiful place in the world?"

"Pau, monsieur."

"I don't think that's true," said Ryder.

"You forget the valley air," said Leslie, "the softness of it."

"Yes, madame," said Martin. "and even in the broad daylight a sort of happy sleep that one finds in Pau. . . ."

"He called me 'madame,'" said Leslie.

"Martin does not need to be told," said Ryder. "You were in Pau, Leslie?"

"Yes. On my way back from Spain."

"We're going to have a wander-year and not think a single thought except happiness," said Ryder.

"And Martin will come with us," said the girl.

"Martin will come with us," said Ryder. "We have to drink together, all of us. . . . I have a dark toast to propose. . . ."

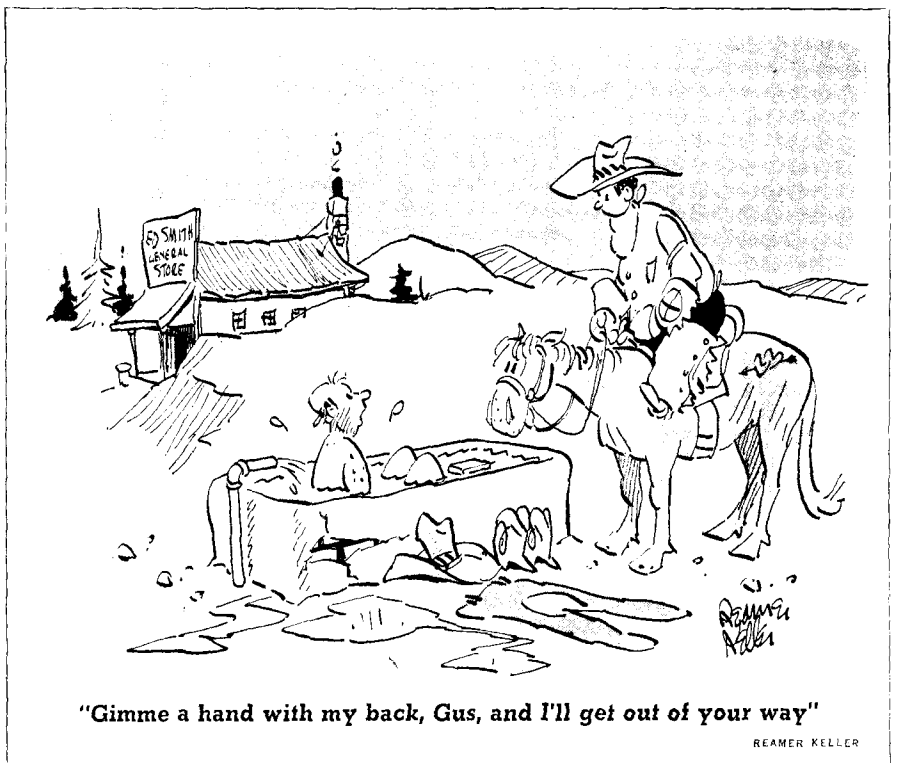
Martin, fill a glass for yourself."

"Yes, monsieur."

"I drink to a man I loved, to all that was in him worthy of loving," said Ryder. "I drink to a great man who is about to die. To Michael Ravenna!"

Only the girl hesitated a little; but it was plain that she had made a quick substitution of names. In her silent mind, before her smiling lips touched the wine.

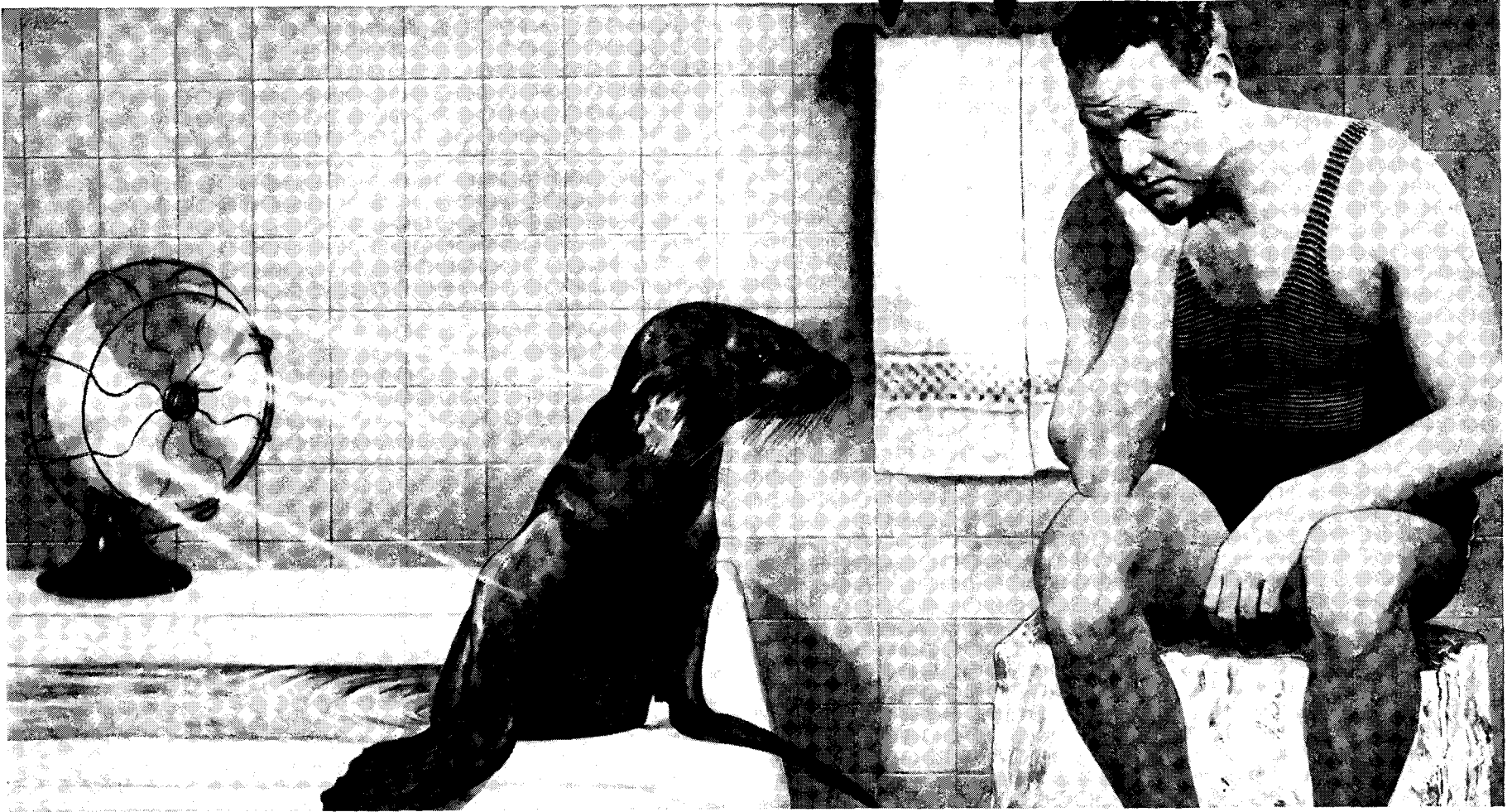
THE END



"Gimme a hand with my back, Gus, and I'll get out of your way"

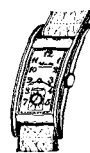
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Emergency Wife

Continued from page 16

ye bur-r-dens now—the sister and the family, and the old lady, eh? All gone?"

Linnet had been looking into the fire all the while she was telling them, softly and hurriedly, and at times brokenly, all these things. Now she turned and looked at Sir Andrew, and knew that he saw through her. His keen old eyes pierced deception, and reached the truth—that there was yet something she had not told.

But how tell them about Hero Winter?

Lady Porter said placidly: "We knew ye weren't a married woman when ye came in today. I know a married woman when I see her, my dear."

Linnet went on:

"You see, before I knew about Kenneth's new job, I had that very day signed a new contract for fifteen hundred a year with marriage banned."

They exclaimed softly together, but laughingly, so that she saw that in their smiling omnipotence they heard it all more or less lightly, because it was so soon and so easily to be set completely right, no other course being conceivable to them.

"I'd have made the same stipulation if I were the fir-r-m that engaged this beautiful young lady," Sir Andrew twinkled, "but then, ye see, my preinciple is to mak' a young man—if he's the right young man—able to support a beautiful young lady so that she needn't support herself! So ye mustn't think me brutal."

"But, Andrew, don't ye see that as soon as this young man hears of the big sum she's to earn if it's no' for him troubling her, it mak's him more difficult than ever. I suppose, my dear, it made him more difficult than befor-r-e?"

Linnet murmured that this was so.

"Eh, it's all happened awkwardly," Sir Andrew said, "but now—Mrs. Basil, what's yere real name?"

"March."

"Miss Mar-r-ch, ye're free of bur-r-dens. We think verra well indeed of your young man. We think verra well indeed of yourself! Will ye go out to China in a month's time and marry him? My wife and I have friends over there who'll mother and father ye and see ye through it."

LINNET asked herself desperately: What'll I say now?

And again the old woman in her high-backed armchair came unconsciously to her help.

"Eh, Andrew, he's gone off in a temper, maybe, because she puts others before him—as ye were bound to, my lassie. No doubt ye said to yeresel', 'We can wait.' But now ye'll go out and marry him in Peking?"

"Oh, if I could!" Linnet cried out involuntarily from her heart.

"Ye will."

She lay back in the big chair between them, stroking the dog's head. "You must be very, very angry with me, Lady Porter? Sir Andrew?"

"We'll come to that," said the old man. "We'll tell ye why I always insist that the men in the best-paid jobs should be married—or want to be married. It's because of what my wife and I went through when we were young and poorer than either of ye."

"So poor, my dear," from Lady Porter, "that I'd only one gown to my back. I worked in the post office in a little village about twenty miles north of Aber-r-deen. He was a young engineer's apprentice—a bit of a boy—at some wor-r-ks near by. But we weren't like yere man—told to marry; we were like ye were—told we mustna'. For we'd ten shillings a week between us. But

he wouldna' wait; would ye, Andrew?"

"I wouldna'."

"So we got married in secret in Aber-r-deen. We walked ten of the miles and got rides in any car-r-ts that were going along for the rest. The twenty miles back didna' seem so har-r-d as the twenty miles going because we were then man an' wife. He was eighteen and I was sixteen and a bittock, my dear."

"And the lies we told! The fabr-r-ications!" the old man boasted. "The bit lies and the play act ye and young Basil put over on poor Faverel ar-r-e just pure white beside it. And she lived on wi' her mither whom she had to help, and I lived on wi' the folk I boarded with—being an or-r-phan—and when we could meet. . . ."

A THOUSAND memories drifted into the long room and settled on the hearth.

"That's why," Lady Porter confirmed softly, "he mak's the rule about married men."

"But as it's no' because of preinciple—except the preinciple o' romance," Sir Andrew added, twinkling, "it is not necessary to be verra har-r-d in a case like this. So long as the romance is ther-r-e."

"So long," Lady Porter insisted, "as the romance is ther-r-e."

She leaned forward.

"Now that ye're no worried about yere sister's children, and yere poor aunt, ye'd gladly give up the fifteen hundred pounds a year to get yere man?"

"Gladly!" Linnet cried, and put her hands over her face and felt the tears oozing through her fingers.

"Whisht! Whisht, now!"

She must not cry. These tears must stop, and she must think fast and hard.

And she feared the two pairs of kind, keen eyes that watched her so all-seeingly.

"But I must wait till he asks me again," she said guilefully, "mustn't I?"

"I wouldna' wait long. I would pack up and go out to Peking and tak' him by sur-r-prise."

"I dinna know the young man," said Lady Porter thoughtfully, "and his temper. But dinna fret, my child. I shall talk fur-r-ther to Sir Andrew about it all. Now go to bed and to sleep, my child, after all yere tr-r-oubles. But they are all coming right in the end."

Linnet was glad to go. She shut herself into her firelit bedroom.

"I suppose Hero would call this playing my cards with Sir Andrew! If he only knew! If he could only have listened in!" She began to laugh to herself; but stopped and cried instead.

Hero?

I needn't see him till Monday night, she thought; and looked forward to tomorrow's quiet Sabbath here, though hating the hours to go.

SHE awoke as her breakfast tray was brought in.

Lady Porter, soft and gray in a soft gray dressing gown, followed it in.

"Good morning, child. Slept well?" A sharp, soft look that saw all. "Well, mind ye eat well, too. We're going to church, Sir Andrew and I. But we think ye should rest, and we'll see ye about noon."

A hand that would never quite recover from its hard-working days patted Linnet's shoulder.

"It'll be a grand wedding in Peking. We'll expect some fine pictures of ye both."

Safe, Linnet thought steadily. Kenneth's safe. For herself now she had no trouble; none. The die was cast. She

was to fling herself with Hero into the hurly-burly of his mysterious life. She shivered but assured herself: "Well, women have had to do worse." The day was very bright and soft, the park very green, a copse of leafless silver birches extremely beautiful against the sky. She looked from her window, and saw the old couple walking together down the drive toward the church spire which showed beyond the park and the trees; and she dressed, and went out, the red setter of last night's friendship following at her heels.

Peace.

This week end was just what I needed, she thought. All for myself; and no interruptions; Hero a hundred and thirty miles away.

AS SHE thus comforted herself, standing on the wide terrace, a car turned in at the lodge gates half a mile away and raced toward the house.

She knew at once: Hero. Even here, Hero.

Hero—and how magnificent!

He brought a long, powerful, shining sport car to a masterly standstill on the sweep of gravel just below her, and sat there at the wheel, looking up at the picture she made, with the air of a man thoroughly within his rights.

Indeed, he was within his rights. Nothing that he wants to claim can be disputed by me, she thought.

He was bareheaded, as she was; and wearing good tweeds that she had never seen him wear before. His coarse brown face and his reddish-brown eyes all registered pleasure. He was a personable visitor and looked, as usual, sure of a welcome.

He honked his horn, in sheer play.

"Well, m'dear!"

She walked very slowly down the

steps of the terrace, while he watched her, still sitting at the wheel of the car.

"Why, Hero," she said faintly, from the lowest step.

He beamed up at her.

"You didn't think you were going to get away with a whole week end, did you? Not when it's me concerned! Where are the lord and lady?"

"Sir Andrew and Lady Porter have gone to church."

"Moses! Great, ain't it? Real thing! Old country stuff. Well, I'm glad to have found you alone for a few minutes anyway. I dare say they'll ask me to lunch?"

She knew, certainly, that their hospitality would not fail Hero's bumptious impudence.

He got out, lightly for a man of his weight. He was feeling light-footed: also lighthearted, with his hand of trumps; and no more terror in his mind about that affair in the flat.

If one could use so slight a word for so dreadful a danger, it had all passed off prettily. Very prettily.

"You could show me the gardens, p'raps? I'd like to have a look around the place before we start back."

"We?"

"I've run down to drive you up."

"Of course," she consented expressionlessly.

He stood beside her, staring eagerly at her face.

"You haven't asked whose car."

"Well, whose car is it?"

"A garage proprietor's. I've been doing a bit of insurance with him; and he wants to sell the car, and I told him I'd got friends who wanted one, down in Dorset, and would show it if he liked. The bunk worked. Here I am."

He moved beside her, putting a hand through her arm.



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"I should think we make a pretty good picture on these steps, with that dog by us, and the mansion behind us. I wish I could get a photograph. Is there a butler? Would he take a snap of us, d'you think?"

"No," she said forcibly.

"I expect you know best as far as those little things are concerned. All right. But I can see the gardens?"

"Come to the hothouses."

"Anywhere you say. My word! It's a grand place. Think I could do any insurance with Sir Andrew? I'd get him close terms."

"No."

"All right. Just keep 'em as friends, eh?"

She had him out of range of the lower windows now, in the great walled garden, where the hothouses were. When they were thus out of sight, his manner changed a little, and she knew that his leisurely joviality had been part of the picture of tweeds and sport car. He had quick questions to put:

"How've you got on here?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you know! What do they think about you and Ken Basil? I suppose you want me to help you to keep up the deception that you're married?"

"I shan't ask you to do anything of the sort. There's no need any more. I've told them we're not."

"I say!" He was disappointed, and she saw it. He wanted to have every one of her sins of omission and commission in his hands and at his mercy.

"Pretty cool of you, wasn't it? And how did they take it?"

"They were marvelous. They understood."

"Understood what? Because you never intended when you started that dinner-party business to marry Ken Basil, whatever you've felt like since. So—understood what?"

"I mean, they understood how I was bound by my contract, and about my sister's children, and my responsibilities to Great-Aunt. They thought it all justifiable. Only they think, of course, that there's to be a wedding—in Peking."

"Peking? He's going on then? To China?"

"It is almost certain that he will."

HE CONSIDERED for some while. "Well, upon my word, it doesn't work out so badly. We needn't consider Ken coming into the picture at least. You'll be able to keep your little mind off him, my girl. And now, I know your Great-Aunt's dead, and that's all off your shoulders, but what about those kids of your sister's? Because once you're Mrs. Winter, no big salary of your own in your pocket, I can tell you that—"

She silenced him. "Sir Andrew is giving my brother-in-law the living. They'll be all right."

"Oh, Linnet's had a busy week end! Atta girl! You surely know how to play the cards. Well, I'm glad. That leaves just you and me, as it should be; and we've just our own affairs to settle."

"But you're not to tell Sir Andrew and Lady Porter about . . . us."

"Oh! Got to be careful, have I? Very well—careful I will be. I'm just a friend of Ken's. . . . Well, they may have read my name in the newspaper report of the inquest, anyway. And I've dropped in on my way up from . . . where? Let's say Devonshire—to see if you'll have a lift."

She said: "Yes, Hero. That would do."

"Naturally, you're not going to decline the lift."

"No."

"Good. It's all clearing up nicely, isn't it?"

Then he stated bluntly:

"This time next week we'll be half across the Atlantic."

"I can't . . . so soon . . . my flat . . . the firm. I can't."

"You can and will, dear." He dropped his voice to quietness. "It's all done. I put your flat in the house agents' hands yesterday morning, and told a removal firm to collect and store your little bits and pieces on Wednesday afternoon, since we sail on Thursday."

"You haven't dared!"

"Linnet, my girl, you will leave things to me. I'm burning your boats for you. The only boat left for you—" he became a little humorous—"is an Atlantic liner. I know you too well, you women, to leave things undone! I've our steamer tickets here." He slapped his breast pocket. "We'll have a nice trip over, and not be too short of cash—I made a couple of hundred pounds last week—more than I've made in a year—some years. And that brings me to a point: What have you got in the bank?"

She said calmly: "Five pounds perhaps. I hadn't begun to draw my new salary yet—my big salary. And never will now."

"Seems a pity, doesn't it?" he exclaimed. "Fifteen hundred pounds a year!" And for a moment he paused in contemplation of the loss involved, so that wildly a hope fluttered up in her that in some degree he might change his mind. But he saw the hope and killed it promptly.

"Still, it can't be helped. This marriage is going to be open and above-board. Everybody'll know. You're not going to edge away into any hole or corner, and fob me off. No. All your cards'll

be put right on top of the table from now on, Linnet."

"And your cards?"

"Where they always are. Up my sleeve," he said with a laugh.

Then he said: "So—you're down to five pounds."

"I always had a lot of expenses; and I've paid Great-Aunt's funeral. It amounted to something, you know."

"More fool you! I'll be able to teach you better finance now. I'll teach you how to make other people pay! Well, never mind about the money. You've got some swell clothes. And I generally do pretty well at poker on these voyages."

"I expect you do."

"About the wedding—tomorrow at twelve-thirty."

"Tomorrow!"

"I GOT a special license. The cost of it! And it's not so easy to get, mind you. I had to plead sudden departure and special circumstances and I don't know what. Anyhow, they issued it all right in the end."

"You didn't tell me you were—already—doing all this."

"I wanted to get things all set without troubling you."

"No. You wanted to rush me."

"Well, what of it? As a woman, why not feel flattered?"

"I'm afraid of you," she said suddenly; weakly.

"You needn't be."

"You do all this—you ride roughshod over me with all these arrangements—"





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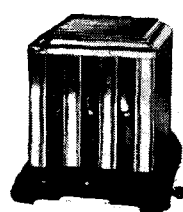
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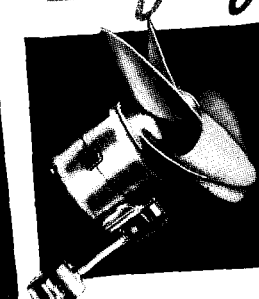
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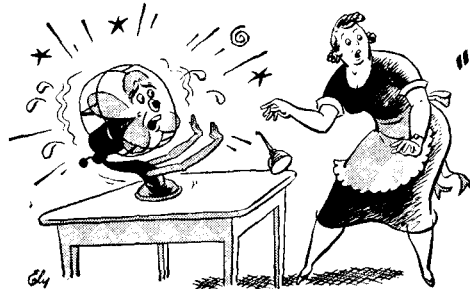


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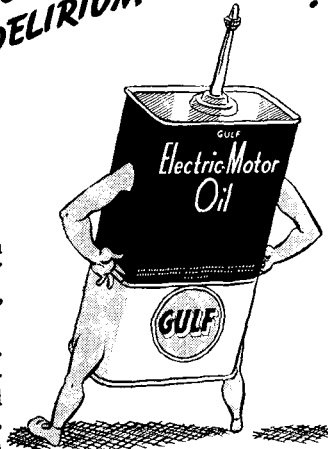
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and then you say I have no cause to be afraid!"

"I only do it all like this because I'm still jumpy about losing you."

"You're sure you don't ask for love, Hero?"

"I ask it and I pray for it," he said passionately. "And it shall come—presently. I want *everything*. I must have it all!"

She could not fathom the thought running in his head, behind the coarse-grained brown mask of his face. It was a mask of many expressions—indefinitely mobile—and one of them the truth. So much she knew; business taught even a young woman of only twenty-three years how to judge shady customers. But she could not read his motives and his intentions nor the urgent secrets that she divined behind all this desperate and determined haste.

"**W**HY can't you give me a little more time?"

"Because there *isn't* more time!" He checked himself. "Business—everything—I mean, little as you may think it, my own humble affairs are pressing!" He looked at her, and made a sweep of his hand in the air. "Brush Ken Basil out of your mind like *that*! If you are hankering after him, get it into your head that he *daren't* come back."

"I know it."

"So—he won't come back. And he doesn't even know what has happened over here after he left Faverel lying in your flat. He won't have seen an English newspaper except the Continental British News. And this quiet little murder of ours—"

"Not murder! Manslaughter—an accident—"

"Have it your own way. It's murder enough to make him want to keep clear. Well, this job—call it a job, then—isn't headline news for the Continental editions. He'll be in his Roumanian mountains by now—end-of-the-world sort of country, I'll bet; mule tracks and mountains, and a few stupid peasants, and this mine."

She tried intently to follow Hero's thought; and in some measure succeeded: "You mean, we'll be married before he knows anything?"

"He never will know anything more about us, in years, Linnet. Now, brush it all away." He gestured again violently. "You know I'm right?"

"Yes. There was no other answer. She knew he was right."

"Here come the lord and lady!"

Sir Andrew and Lady Porter, Sabatally attired, were advancing through the gardens for their Sunday-morning inspection of the hothouses.

"Introduce me."

"Lady Porter," Linnet said clearly—Hero was again proud of her and his impending ownership. "This is Mr. Winter, a friend of Kenneth Basil's, who has called here on his way up from Devonshire to know if he could drive me home this afternoon."

"I'm afraid you'll remember my name only too well, Lady Porter," Hero said deferentially, hat in hand. "I have to crop up as witness in that terrible case."

His voice, quieted, was strangely pleasant. Linnet hardly knew the respectful voice.

"Indeed, yes," the old woman answered graciously, but sadly, too.

She looked him over with her soft, gray, keen eyes.

Sir Andrew said: "Ye'll stay to luncheon?"

"Thank you, Sir Andrew. I feel I am an intruder; you'll forgive it? I was anxious to save Miss March all fatigue, and so—"

"That's quite right of ye," Lady Porter approved. They all turned and went back to the house.

Hero became pleased, titillated at his

welcome here. It was hard enough for a man like himself to meet socially the worth-while people; and here he was, on pleasant terms already, all through Linnet.

She would bring him luck.

He showed himself quiet and attentive; unassuming. There they were, all together, in the quiet, vast hall with its old chests and settles and great comfortable chairs; all the Sunday newspapers spread neatly on a large Jacobean table; and the butler bringing his tray with sherry.

Roaring fire; massed chrysanthemums in tremendous bowls. . . . He liked it all and ached in every greedy bone for like possessions.

The old couple under their gracious formality were assessing him, and he knew it. They had not actually disliked him on sight—many people did—and he knew that also. He was at his careful best, and most disarming.

Luck ran his way here, as it was doing lately—even including that horrific five minutes last Wednesday in Linnet's flat.

Even that danger and menace had been turned to his own account.

Rough on the dead man; but Hero had known things rougher on many men now dead.

Actually his queasy sensitiveness was so great that he had gone to sleep each night since, asseverating: "I shan't blame myself."

His quality of resilience was such that he had recovered more than his former poise. He was that most dangerous of all liars; a liar who can believe even himself.

I don't blame myself.

Luck was on his side after lunch—a solemn comfortable meal which impressed him by the very homeliness of its fare. He drank beer from a silver tankard, as did Sir Andrew. And, searching for some way to impress them favorably, trying out topics, he lighted on horses.

The old man loved horses.

They visited the stables after luncheon, therefore, again in a body.

"There's a fine colt," Sir Andrew said, "but nobody can ride him."

"I can ride your colt, Sir Andrew."

"Put the saddle on him, then," the old man said, grimly, to the groom.

Now he's going to test whether he'll like me or dislike me, Hero thought, in high feather. And he said: "No. Just a bridle. And only a snaffle at that."

The groom ran from the stables, pulled by the plunging, rearing youngster, and in a moment Sir Andrew, Lady Porter and Linnet saw Hero on his back.

He had vaulted up lightly and surely and without warning.

The colt stood still.

"Loose his bridle," Hero ordered the groom.

THE groom was glad to jump away, and the stampede began. Horse and rider were over the stable-yard wall, and into the park and away.

"Eh, he's a fine rough rider," Sir Andrew said.

For half an hour they watched spell-bound the magnificence of Hero with an equine devil. Stableboys and gardeners ran from their cottages near by; the wall was lined with onlookers. The colt, bucking like a Westerner, went round the park twice before he showed a sign of calming. But presently he was in hand, and then, quiet and easy, safe as if glued on his back, Hero jumped him over any obstacle he could find; a gate—over and back; a fallen giant of a tree; some easy practice fences. "Verra fine; verri fine, Andrew," the old lady said.

And Sir Andrew: "Neither whip, nor spur, nor curb. That's riding, that is."

And the grooms: "Never seen the like, your ladyship. Never seen the like. No, never!"

But it was really for Linnet that Hero rode that afternoon; and it was beside her, as she stood a little apart from the others, that he finally reined up.

"Didn't make you nervous, I hope, m'dear?"

She did not answer; and he moved the colt on to his owner. "Lovely horse, Sir Andrew. Nice mouth, too, if you don't let anybody spoil it. He's not sweating overmuch. I've not given him too much of a doing, I hope, sir?"

"Ye've shown us some verra fine horsemanship, sir."

"I've ridden worse ones before. It's just a knack," Hero said modestly. "It's been a treat to me to get across a horse again."

He patted the young horse; talked to him, flung himself off lightly; and actually the colt followed him back to his loose box.

"He's no' such a bad fellow," Sir Andrew said cautiously to his wife.

But Lady Porter walked over to Linnet, where she stood quite still, and very

white; and she whispered: "Why did ye so much want that man to break his neck, my dear?"

They were away in the big sport car. Hero could be very simple sometimes; childish in the depths of his little disappointments.

"You've not asked me yet how I came by this suit of clothes."

"Well," Linnet asked, "how did you?"

"A man, my size, owed me money. I took these to come down and see you in. That colt hasn't done 'em any good. But the tailor'll have to press 'em up again. They're better than any I'd be likely to buy; and I want 'em for the wedding."

Greystones fell behind; and the kind old lovers, and honor and decency and happiness and peace.

"Tomorrow's our wedding day," Hero said again.

She had no interest or care for where they should go after the ceremony at the registrar's office; it was all left to Hero.



"I say! I'm 'orribly sorry, old top! Are you 'urt?"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!



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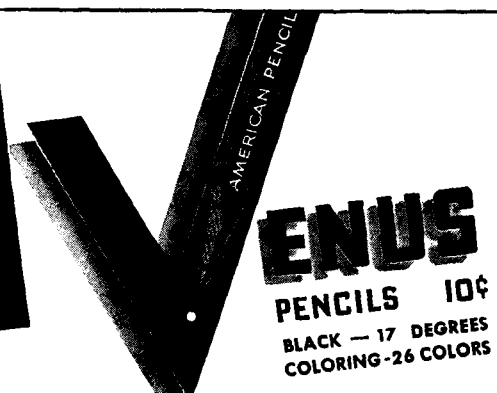
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He did things very thoroughly.

He had fetched her from the office—where she had gone as usual, because he could not be with her there—just before the lunch hour.

It was difficult to believe that the scant few minutes in a bleak office, with strangers for witnesses, should make them man and wife. But it was done; they were in the street again, Hero's hand in her arm.

"Where's your favorite place for lunch?"

Anywhere would do, and because it came into her head, she said limply: "Duke's."

But when they were seated there, and Hero was ordering oysters, she remembered Favere! and told him:

"We oughtn't to have come here. I was here with Mr. Favere! the only other time I've ever been in."

"The devil you were! Well, that shan't spoil our wedding breakfast!"

She was more attractive, more devastating than ever, he thought, in her pallor, which her dusky eyes and rose-colored mouth exotically enlivened. He had brought her orchids to wear and she had pinned them into her furs. He had beamed on the whole office—especially on that cunning little secretary—as he swept their Miss March away with his demanding impetuosity. It was a great day and an anxious day for him; and not for a moment had he let Linnet see what a frightened man he was.

Yes. He was afraid of her; and all the more because she had told him she was afraid of him.

He felt it essential to his very life itself that he should make her feel differently.

In Babylon there must have been many beautiful despairing slaves hating their captors and masters; and there was just that touch about her now—beautiful despairing slave. It appealed to the worst and shocked the best in him.

"Linnet," he said, over the lunch table, "you're thinking I've bought you; and so I have. I'd like you anyway to think, as well, that Ken isn't worth the price you pay. But you women are so queer—I dare say he's still everything and I'm nothing. I'll say that I'm not worthy of you—and that's a big admission for me to make, and against my policy. But if you'll make the best of me, I shan't be so bad."

She whispered: "Let's not talk. Let's just go through with it."

"It's bitter for a man to hear the woman he loves say that," he said, more sensitively than she had ever heard him speak.

"Is it, Hero?"

WHEN she finished her oysters she could eat no more.

"I must go back to the office, Hero," she said, after a time.

"I'm going back with you."

"Please not."

"Yes."

He finished his oysters too—having ordered himself three times the number that she had consented to have, and professed himself satisfied.

"A good dinner at the flat tonight, Lin? Just to show me the beginnings of what it'll mean to have a real home? Just you and me."

"If you like, Hero."

"Of course I like!"

He paid the bill grandly—mean with the waiter's tip however—and they walked out.

When Linnet entered Pelham and Penley's with Hero a step behind—he had only just checked his crude instinct—now released—to walk in front of her, Clare Lent was to be seen busy at her desk. Hero cast at her a glowing, conquering glance and fairly hurled himself at her across the room.

His voice was all smiles, broad and rich.

"Miss Lent?"

The secretary looked up, and rose politely.

She looked from him to Linnet, with orchids pinned in her dark furs, and a very white face above them. And she knew in a second, apprised by her long, chafing patience, that she herself stood at a milestone in her so-far frustrated career.

"My name's Winter. Allow me to present you to Mrs. Winter."

Clare Lent's face!

It flushed red; and faded again to white; her face showed astonished and suspicious and angry; and in one more moment, very glad. Very, very glad.

Her pleasure was plainly derisive; not to be misunderstood.

"Oh, Miss March! I mean . . . Mrs. Winter!" She gasped; and laughed excitedly.

"You're surprised, of course, Miss Lent?" Hero said, smiling back at her.

"Oh, awfully surprised. Really, I don't understand—never guessed. . . . But . . . I do . . . wish you every happiness, both of you."

SHE managed this, laughing again; staring at Linnet, who was registering every faintest depth of her sick dismay.

"Thanks," said Hero robustly, his hand in Linnet's arm, "thanks very much indeed from us both." He cleared his throat: "We're rather pressed for time—or we wouldn't have sprung this on you like this. You must be shocked!"

Clare looked up at him from her little height, and they sprang subtly and silently to appreciation of each other.

Clever little cat, I'll be bound; and as treacherous as hell!

So this is what she's married after all, Clare thought.

Catching to her the remnants of her lost dignity, Linnet spoke, forcing her smile:

"Are the partners in, Miss Lent?"

"Yes, Miss March—Mrs. Winter." The little excited laugh again. "They wished to see you when you came in from lunch." Her look added: "What will they say!"

"I'll go in now."

"Taking me with you, Lin," said Hero promptly, with the air of one making a witticism, hoping for the secretary's appreciative laugh.

And he lingered behind Linnet a moment, to speak in Clare's ear.

Her ear was ready; ardent, avid for news.

He was in the mood to dispense largesse so long as it cost him nothing.

He stated with importance:

"My wife's handing in her resignation, naturally. With your permission, I shall propose you for her shoes."

Linnet thought: How dare he! But remained silent. Clare cried:

"Oh, if you would! If I could . . . !"

"I will; and you will, little girl. My wife'll speak for you, too."

He caught Linnet hovering unhappily at a closed door. "Lin. A moment. Did you hear what I said to the young lady? Do somebody a good turn on your wedding day. Put her up for your job." He seized her arm, and they walked on together. "Charitable action—bring us luck maybe."

Linnet did not care now what happened. When the familiar voice of Penley answered her tap: "Come in," she entered, ghost-white, with her eyes—as Penley remarked to Pelham afterward—like smoking fires; a stranger to them was at her shoulder, all red-brown and blatant; red-brown tweeds and face and shining eyes.

The partners looked up; and rose, with one accord.

(To be concluded next week)

Dred Scott Marches On

Continued from page 18

him by his white folks, now put his mark on a petition that asked \$9,000 damages for false imprisonment. The Chaffees and Sanford fought the case to a successful conclusion, the federal judges finally upholding the Missouri Supreme Court in declaring that return to a slave state restored slave status.

Meanwhile ugly events were moving apace. The first Fugitive Slave law, passed in 1793, had become a good deal of a dead letter. Fully 20,000 escaped blacks were living in the North, and in 1850 the South succeeded in forcing the enactment of a second and more stringent act. The bill, signed by President Fillmore, not only gave slave owners the right to seize fugitive blacks when and wherever found, but compelled citizens to aid in the capture under penalty of fine and imprisonment. Daniel Webster supported the law, but public opinion in the free states refused to take account of constitutional provisions, and resistance to the new act became a matter of boasting. When agents of slave owners invaded Northern cities in the hunt for lost property, leading citizens joined mobs that fought to save the wretched blacks.

The Issue Was Clean-Cut

The Underground Railroad, maintained by Pennsylvania Quakers since 1840, became a huge, efficient organization, and each day saw a larger stream of runaway slaves moving from the South on their way to Canada. The "stations"—homes where the fugitives could be fed and hidden—were about twenty miles apart, and every resource of ingenuity was called upon for their transportation and concealment.

Up to this point, Mr. Blow had moved in the Dred Scott matter with no other concern than to rid himself of a burden and soak a Yankee, but now that a law of Congress was being flouted, he and his

fellow Southerners saw an opportunity to have the whole question of slavery passed upon by the country's highest tribunal. By the Lord, they would carry Dred's case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and have the issue settled once and for all.

It was at this precise moment that Senator Stephen A. Douglas stepped upon the stage and joined poor, humble Dred as an agent of destiny. Only forty years old, but easily the most brilliant figure in American political life, the Little Giant felt that he could capture the presidential nomination in 1856 if the South could be made to give him larger trust. It was this heightened favor that he now set about to win.

In effect, the Missouri Compromise of 1820 was a solemn agreement that slavery should be barred from all territory in the Louisiana Purchase north of Missouri's southern border, that state itself being the sole exception. While true that one Congress may not bind another, the Compromise had come to be regarded by the nation as an inviolable contract, and was the principal factor of equilibrium in the whole slavery dispute. Save for a few zealots, the fight of the North was not to abolish slavery, but merely to prevent its spread.

West and north of Missouri lay a 500,000-square-mile stretch of prairies, and it was this arid empire that Senator Douglas seized upon to further his ambitions. As Chairman of the Committee on Territories, he introduced a bill providing for the division of the vast tract into two territories to be known as Kansas and Nebraska, and in it was a clause that it should be the right of the people to decide whether they wanted slavery within their boundaries. A flat repeal of the Missouri Compromise, of course, for all of the territory was part of the Louisiana Purchase, north of the line where it had been agreed that slavery should stop, and straightway the free

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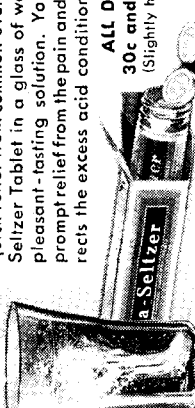
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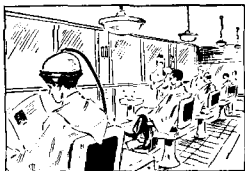



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states went mad. Douglas won by a display of genius without parallel in American parliamentary annals, but never was there a more barren victory, for not only did he split his party, but he lighted the powder train that was to explode at Fort Sumter.

The nine justices heard Dred's case on February 11, 1856. It attracted no attention at the time, and even when the court announced on May 12th that an application for reargument had been granted, public interest was not stirred, people having eyes and ears only for the presidential campaign. On the ruins of the Whig party, destroyed by its own cowardices, rose the new Republican party with passionate, headlong John Charles Fremont as its candidate. The Northern Democrats kicked Douglas aside in favor of James Buchanan, and the November elections saw a Democrat landslide.

Not once during the whole campaign was Dred Scott mentioned, but when the case came before the Supreme Court again for reargument on December 15th, one had only to look upon the new and distinguished counsel to realize that its importance was now fully appreciated. Reverdy Johnson, brilliant pleader and an ex-Attorney General, and Senator Henry Geyer, who had beaten the great Thomas H. Benton for re-election, appeared for the defense, and Dred's lawyers were Montgomery Blair and George T. Curtis of Boston, whose equally able brother sat on the bench before him.

The issue was clean-cut. The attorneys for the plaintiff contended that when Dr. Emerson took Dred Scott into free territory the slave became a free man. The lawyers for Sanford cited those provisions of the Constitution of the United States that specifically legalized slavery, and argued that slaves were property just as much as a house, a cow or a watch, and entitled to the same constitutional protection against confiscation. Shiftless Dred, singing and loafing back in St. Louis, had ceased to be an individual and was now a burning issue.

As the eminent counsel orated, a frail little old man leaned down from his high seat that he might miss no word. From his youth, Roger Brooke Taney had looked more like a sheet of parchment than like a human being, but there was that in his record that proved fire, courage and a will of chilled steel. As Andrew Jackson's Attorney General he had been Old Hickory's chief supporter and adviser in the attack on the Bank of the United States, and when the Secretary of the Treasury resigned rather than incur the odium of ordering the removal of government deposits, it was indomitable Taney that took the vacant office and dealt the bank its final crushing blow. For this the Senate censured him and refused to confirm his appointment, and in 1835 there was another bitter fight when Jackson named him to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court after John Marshall's death.

Justice Wayne's Bright Idea

The lawyers finished their arguments and the justices left the chamber. Even then the case excited no great interest, for the fundamental issue seemed technical: Was or was not Dred Scott a citizen with the right to sue? The court, however, went beyond this question, and two distinct theories are advanced as the reason for it: one, that McLean of Ohio, an ardent Free Soiler and perpetual candidate for the presidency, revealed that he meant to write a polemic against slavery no matter which way the decision went, and that Curtis would back him; the other when the discussion disclosed seven believers in the unconstitutionality of the Missouri Compromise, Justice Wayne had the bright idea that

here was the chance to settle the whole Kansas-Nebraska controversy. If the supreme tribunal, by a vote of 7 to 2, ruled that Congress had no right to exclude slavery from a territory, he argued that the judgment would be accepted by the country, putting an end to uproar.

Public suspense was not prolonged. On March 6th, just two days later, Chief Justice Taney rendered the Supreme Court's decision, supported by all of the justices but Curtis and McLean. Vigorously, explicitly, Dred was denied any of the rights that pertained to citizenship. Not only had England imposed slavery upon the colonies, but when the victorious colonies gathered to frame fundamental laws for the governance of the new republic, they had not seen fit to exclude the institution. On the contrary they had legalized it, making plain provision for the recovery of fugitive slaves escaping from one state to another, and specifically classing them as *property*. Until a territory took on the sovereign rights and powers of statehood, therefore, it was without voice in the matter of slavery's exclusion, for inasmuch as the Constitution considered slaves as property, it became the bounden duty of the federal government to safeguard their ownership in all public lands just as much as any other property. In consequence, legislation such as the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional.

Rushing to War

The name of Dred Scott was on every tongue. Rage destroyed even humor, for while Ohio, Indiana and Illinois defied the law in bold support of human rights above property rights, their own books were black with statutes that put Negroes on a level with beasts of the field.

Abraham Lincoln used Dred as a springboard for his leap into fame, for in his debates with Douglas he destroyed the Little Giant by this question: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits, prior to the formation of a state constitution?" Douglas answered that they could adopt or exclude slavery by popular vote, and this

flat contradiction of the Dred Scott decision again lost him the favor of the South.

As feeling deepened, the one great issue of the campaign of 1860 was whether Chief Justice Taney's opinion should be allowed to stand. Lincoln rejected it flatly, and in his inaugural address declared that "the policy of government upon vital questions affecting the whole people" could not and must not be left to the personal beliefs or prejudices of any small body of men, even though they sat on the Supreme Court bench. Even as he uttered the words there was a sound as of chariots rushing to war. Southerners, reared in the conviction that it was the right of a state to secede from the federal union whenever it pleased, a right asserted time after time by Massachusetts and other Northern commonwealths, unfurled the Stars and Bars, and for four terrible years the land ran red.

And what of Dred Scott? Slim pickings were his portion up to 1857, for he and Harriet and the two girls held to their fond faith that the Lord would provide, and while Taylor Blow looked after them between jobs, his patience wore pretty thin. On becoming a burning issue, however, conditions improved. Visitors and even citizens came to gaze upon the famous black, generous with their nickels and dimes, and his one bar to complete enjoyment was the fact that he never could quite grasp what it was all about.

Had poor Dred lived today, what a golden harvest he could have reaped from the press, vaudeville engagements, lectures and motion-picture contracts! As it was, the best he could do was a porter's job in Theron Barnum's hotel, living mostly on tips that grew fewer and fewer as curiosity dwindled.

Death came to him in September, 1858, and even as Lincoln and Douglas engaged in their tremendous grapple over the rights of his case, he was dumped into an unmarked grave. Harriet followed shortly and what became of Eliza and Lizzie is not known. For a while the Negroes of St. Louis talked excitedly about putting up a monument over Dred, but something else came along and the project was forgotten.



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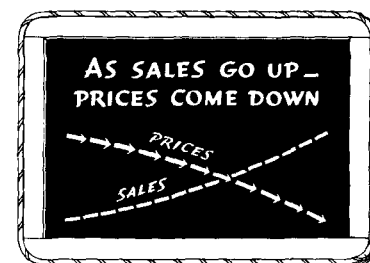
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Congratulate the Young

THE American boys and girls being graduated from schools and colleges this month are fortunate. They will have to scratch if they expect to get ahead but they will find opportunities. For those who came out of the schools five and six and seven years ago the pickings were leaner.

Now so far as opportunity to work is concerned we are back to normal American conditions. There is work to be had by the young. Responsibility is waiting for the competent and the ambitious. The boys and girls who are now taking up the responsibility of self-support can look to the future with confidence.

Never have opportunities been more numerous or more inviting to the young and the strong and the talented. Invention is proceeding at a swift pace and each new thing may open wide avenues for many. Industry is expanding rapidly along many new lines. Any mechanical object five years old seems dated and old-fashioned to 1937 eyes. Even the basic industries such as steel and coal are in the ferment of profound change.

Much thinking is going on in the United States, and out of that thinking our new civilization is emerging. We have heard much talk about planned progress during the past few years but up to now nobody has been able to predict accurately the precise lines along which we have actually developed.

Few had the slightest comprehension of the social and political consequences of the invention of the small gasoline engine. Yet the use of lightweight engines of tremendous power made possible the motorcar and the airplane.

Neither Marconi nor any of the other inventors and scientists responsible for the production of the modern radio had the faintest glimmering of a foreknowledge of the political changes which would follow the growth of broadcasting.

Nobody today has the slightest intimation of the social consequences of the new inventions now being accomplished. When a Hitler talks about controlling the destiny of the German people, or any people, during the next thousand years, he is uttering oratorical moonshine.

What we do know certainly is that in many lands a great number of gifted, well-trained people are devoting active minds to the development of new ideas and new machines. We may safely guess that the effects of this new science and new invention will be as profound as the changes brought about during the past ten years or the past half century. The only thing sure is that we are not standing still.

There is no doubt, however, concerning the opportunities which must come in the wake of



this application of scientifically disciplined imagination to the problems of living. The boys and girls who are now coming to maturity will have to bear the responsibilities of one of the great historic periods of expansion.

It is great to be young at such a time. The opportunities which unfold are comparable to those which lay before men at the time of the Renaissance and later when the explorers were opening the American continents to the settlement and exploitation of white men from Europe. Reputations will be won and vast power exercised.

A hundred and fifty-odd years ago young Americans confronted a similar opportunity. The American Revolution was fought and won by young men. Our government, which was a new thing in the world, is the fruit of the wisdom and the sound character of an exceptionally gifted company of young men. To their opportunity they brought generous vision and deep understanding.

Those who are coming to maturity today will be fortunate if their tasks are accomplished in a similar spirit of public service. The boys and girls of this summer will have opportunities not merely to find jobs and individual preferment and promotion. Inevitably also they will be compelled to think about the larger problem of government and of human relations.

For not only industry and social affairs are now fluid and changing but likewise governmental forms and even the principles and ideas which underlie governments are being challenged, debated and considered with an intensity unapproached during long generations.

A generation ago most of the big questions seemed to have been answered finally. Democratic government seemed to be spreading throughout the world. The familiar principles of justice, equality and freedom appeared to be as firm as the Rock of Ages. Nothing is now beyond question nor safe from assault. Even the churches, which preach religion and inculcate virtue, are fighting for survival in many lands.

In the long run good causes have tended to prevail. Man has preferred truth to falsehood, virtue to vice, enlightenment to ignorance, freedom to tyranny, for a long time. It is not probable that we shall now abandon enduring ideals. But meanwhile there is work to be done, if the heritage is to be preserved.

It is exhilarating to take part in great struggles. To make sacrifices for honorable causes brings out the noblest qualities. Congratulate the young who are now coming to maturity and responsibility. They will have opportunity to prove their mettle.

*I*T'S the quiet, unobtrusive whiskey-and-soda that gives a drink its best-flavored briskness.

So be wise! In following the trend to whiskey-and-soda, be mighty careful to make yours with a *dry* whiskey—with *Paul Jones*.

For, straight or in mixed drinks, Paul Jones is a truly *dry* whiskey—full and hearty, yet without a trace of sweetness. And in its dry, clean-flavored taste you'll find one of the reasons why, since 1865, Paul Jones has been known as "A Gentleman's Whiskey!"

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Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (90 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies. Also *Paul Jones Four Star Gin* (90 proof), distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.



Paul Jones

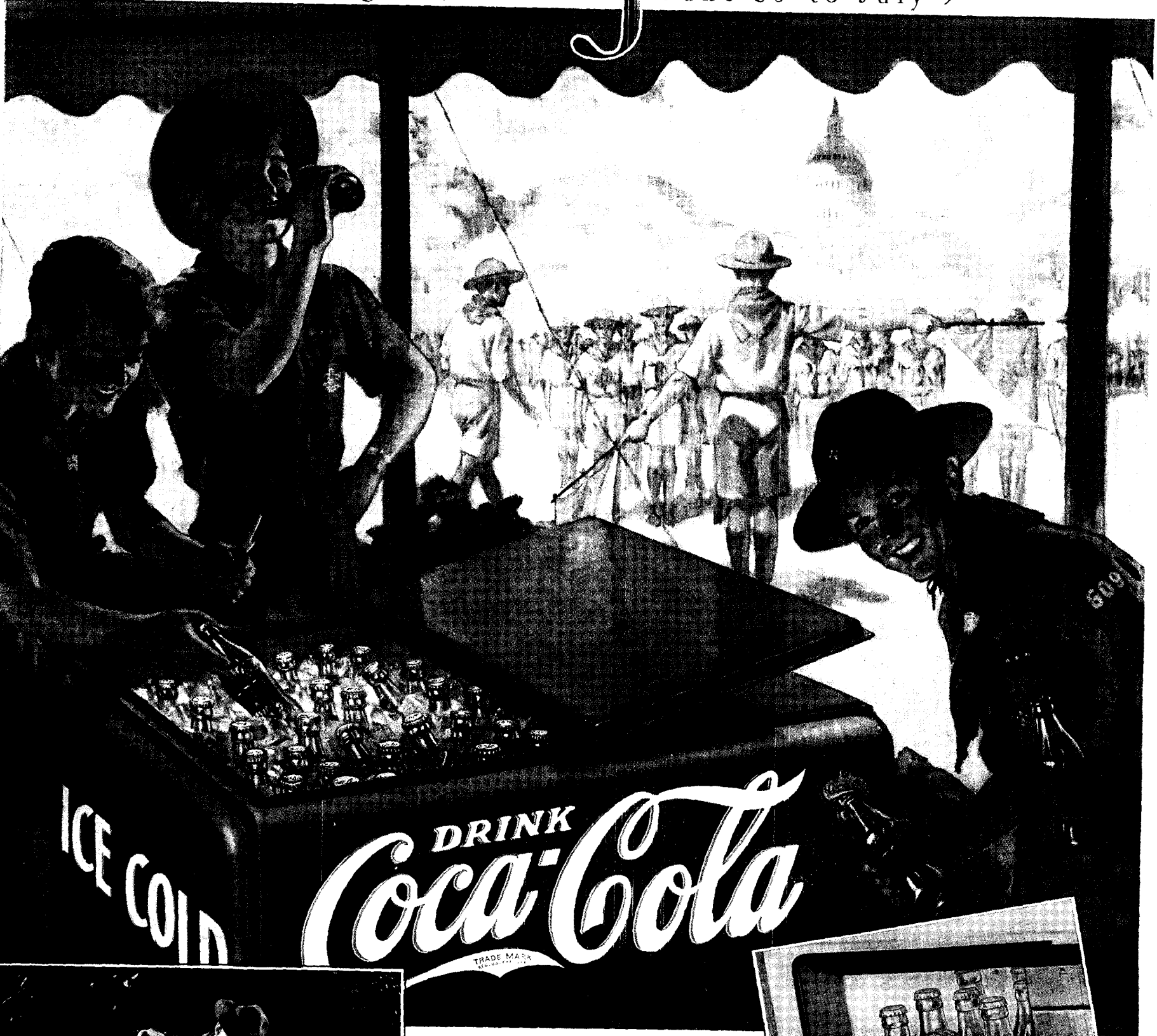
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Washington, D. C.

June 30 to July 9



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"On to Washington," shout the Boy Scouts of America...for their first National Jamboree. Ice-cold Coca-Cola will be there...at the soda fountains and refreshment stands of the city and in canteen tents at the vast encampment,... to make a pause *the pause that refreshes*. "On to Washington!"



You find ice-cold Coca-Cola, with its pure, wholesome refreshment, every place else; it belongs in your refrigerator at home.

